THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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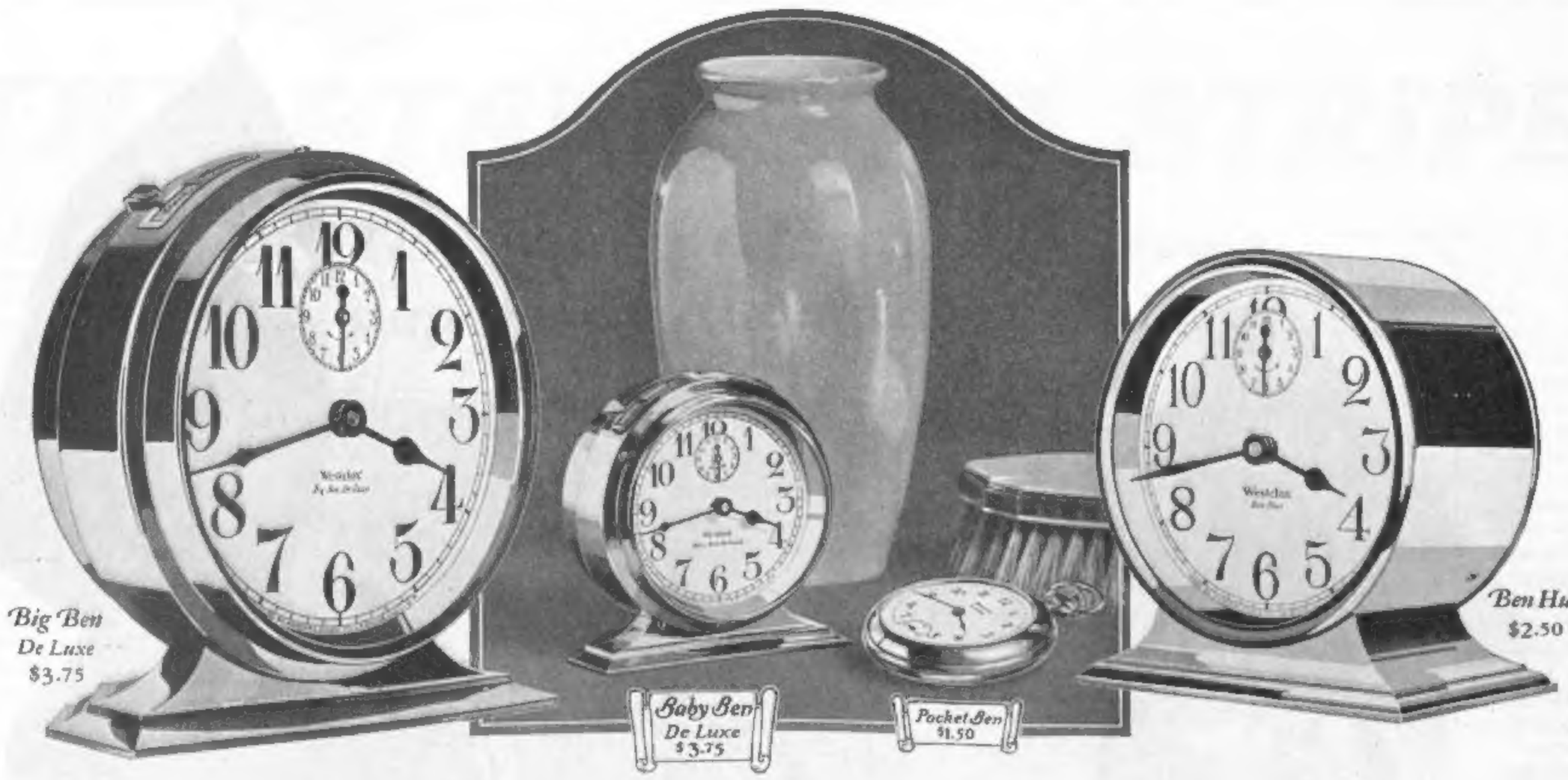

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THE STARS AND STRIPES

The Story of the A. E. F. Newspaper—By Alexander Woollcott

IT WAS the first commencement after the war and, half incredulous, I found myself a-stroll once more on the green inviting loveliness of the Hamilton College campus. There, among the shifting groups of alumni, undergraduates and variously piloted visitors, I ran into the frustrated pedagogue who, long years before, had tried without shining success to impart to me the rougher rudiments of sociology and economics. He seized my arm with a forgiving clutch and wheeled me around in front of his companion, a youngish man marked by that faintly military manner still traceable everywhere among the recently demobilized.

"Here, sergeant," said my dear teacher—"here is someone I want you to meet. This is Colonel Roosevelt. And this," he added, shaking me slightly for identification—"this is Sergeant Alexander Woollcott, who edited the Stars and Stripes for the boys in France."

The younger Theodore removed his wide-brimmed hat, clasped my hand with a grip of perceptible virility and bared all his teeth at once. He said only one word, but he put a lot of feeling into it. That word, projected between his clenched teeth, was "Bully."

Copies Hot From the Presses of "Le Petit Journal"

Starting feebly to disown the introduction, I tried to explain that the A. E. F. newspaper was edited by a group and that I had been merely one of the group. On which nice distinction the colonel's only comment—ah, you've guessed it—was "Bully."

An Unprecedented Adventure in Journalism

MY PROTEST was waste breath, and ever since I have found myself invariably introduced or described as the editor of the Stars and Stripes, including one exceptionally painful instance when, in addition to thus unduly exalting me, the New Orleans Picayune illustrated its remarks by a peculiarly repellent photograph—which, I trust, its readers thought had been taken either from a passport or the Rogues' Gallery—and published under the caption Soldier Author. My embarrassment at such unearned isolation has been somewhat tempered, however, by my observation that, one by one, all my colleagues have been similarly described, including one man whose sole association with that curious journalistic experiment lasted for only a few post-Armistice weeks and was limited to the helpful and praiseworthy but not strikingly editorial function of delivering the copies each Friday to the group of doughboys studying slightly at one of the French universities.

I was, however, one of the six enlisted men who constituted throughout the greater part of its history both the editorial council and the invisible directing force behind that fantastic and unprecedented adventure in modern journalism which was called the Stars and Stripes.

Under Order

THAT history is the story of a weekly American newspaper written, printed and delivered under grotesque difficulties on alien soil—a newspaper so free from all complicating economic necessity that it was an experiment in pure journalism wherein the principles, if any, of that art could be observed under the clarifying conditions that accrue to the study of any phenomenon, once it has been isolated, as in a retort or on a microscope slide.

Its story is the odd one of a weekly that reached, in its first year, a paid circulation of more than 550,000 copies, and then, six months later, went quietly and deliberately out of existence—the story of what I feel reasonably sure was the only activity of the armed forces of the United States which not only cost the docile taxpayer nothing but which actually turned back into the thunderstruck Treasury of that Government a profit of 3,500,000 francs; and that, mind you, at a time when six francs would buy a dollar's worth of anything in the market.

It is the history of an outfit which so comically combined the wildly conflicting characters of a newspaper office and a military establishment that I have seen a captain pause in the midst of composing a poem—which he was evolving under military orders—to perform the slap and straddle and other irksome intricacies of regulation setting-up exercises. And I have seen a reporter placed under arrest for being beaten by another newspaper.

The original staff was selected in the early weeks of 1918, by the simple process of looking through the enlisted personnel of the few outfits already in France for whatever scattered newspapermen had been careless about getting commissions before sailing off to war. Roughly, the method was to order them to report at once to Paris and there direct them, with that fine military mixture of brevity and buck-passing, to get out a newspaper.

This order found me at the ancient village of Savenay in the Loire-Inférieure, midway between Nantes and St.-Nazaire, where I was attached—not very deeply—to Base Hospital Number 8. This outfit, recruited to a considerable degree from among the undergraduates of Princeton and Rutgers—whose enlistment in May, 1917, had spared them the discomfort of the June exams—was started off with a great hurrah. On a sweltering day in July their transport—her decks garbed and her rails festooned with 2000 men in olive drab—valiantly set sail from Hoboken and got almost halfway across New York Harbor when she was rammed

and sunk by a steamer coming up from Panama. Undepressed even by that somewhat inglorious beginning, this fragment of the A. E. F. vanguard was returned by sundry craft to shore, outfitted afresh, shipped off again on another transport a week later; and after a submarine skirmish off Belle Isle that lasted nearly an hour but proved injurious only to the nerves and possibly to two U-boats, was poured onto the cobblestones of St.-Nazaire.

Welcomed With Plenty of Fireworks

THE first weeks at Savenay were stimulating enough, but by February the outfit was stale. A good portion of the men were born for the activities of the front line and fairly ached to escape to it. Others, less warlike, at least wanted to impress the folks at home with letters directed from some camp less obviously sheltered. Still others chafed because—although, as one of the nurses said at the time, the enlisted men ranked hell out of our officers in sex appeal—only the officers could traffic with the nurses in what you might call a social way. Still others were just plain discontented, and there were so many applications for transfer that our colonel got into the habit of vetoing every one at sight and would cast men into the brig for the mere effort to negotiate for such transfer.

This chieftain was fortunately on duty at a court-martial at Neufchâteau one Sunday night in February, 1918, when a wire came in from the surgeon-general's office at Tours, saying that Private Alexander Woollcott, sometime dramatic critic of the New York Times, had been requisitioned for the Stars and Stripes and asking if the colonel had any objections. I was just homing from an evening of pancakes and honey at Madame Cocaud's *buvette* in the village when the adjutant, a genial and lawless soul, called me stealthily into his office, showed me the telegram and explained that he would have to answer it in the colonel's absence. The reply which we finally composed, and to which we blandly signed the colonel's name, read as follows:

Sergeant Alexander Woollcott has done magnificent work here, but can be spared.

The proper travel orders came through a few days later, directing me to report forthwith at the Hôtel Ste. Anne in Paris, and myself and barrack bag were on the way down the road in an ambulance before our returning colonel learned for the first time of this terrible loss to Savenay and medicine.

Arriving in the City of Light so late that I could not expect to report until the following morning, I went for one last night of civilian swank to the Hôtel Continental, ascended to a room on the top floor, dumped my barrack bag on the floor, took off my blouse, loosened my collar and walked out on the balcony to look at Paris. As if this had been the signal for which the Kaiser had been impatiently waiting, the entire sky burst into a hysteria of aerial warfare. Planes engaged in visible duels. Bombs shook the shuddering city. Sirens shrieked till your ears hummed with them. And the whole night was red with explosion. It looked like the Hippodrome director's notion of warfare. I was impressed at once with the reticence and stoicism of the French that Paris could be like this every night without a word of it seeping as far as Brittany. It was not until next morning that I learned that this had been the most devastating air raid that Paris suffered during the entire war, and it was easily more spectacular than any of the sixty which I subsequently experienced.

That next morning I was peering uneasily into a small dinky room in the Hôtel Ste. Anne, where, at three little cast-iron tables which in happier days had stood on the sidewalk in front of a cheerful café, there sat busily scribbling three of the strangest looking and, by strictly military standards, the least alarming soldiers I ever saw before or since. There was, it seems, to be an A. E. F. weekly newspaper to be called the Stars and Stripes. In fact, three or four numbers of it had already been printed. These three had written most of the first issues among them, then made them up, corrected proof, folded them, addressed them and carried them to the post office.

The first was Hudson Hawley, who, as the famous Box Hawley of the class of '12, had edited the Yale Record and, despite several years on the Hartford Courant and the New York Sun, was still faintly collegiate and rather given to reciting limericks. He had crossed the sea as a machine gunner with the Twenty-sixth Division and had just been dug out of the mud near Neufchâteau.

The second was John T. Winterich, late of Brown University and the Springfield Republican. He had worked a good deal as a trolley-car conductor to put himself through Brown and had published several stories in the Railroad Magazine, so that it seemed to him an earnest of romance when, as part of an aero squadron, he arrived in wartime Paris and found trams manned—if that is the proper word—by women conductors and motormen. Indeed, he was already quite covered with bruises from being thrown off onto the Parisian cobblestones.

The third was Harold W. Ross, a reporter, who at twenty-four had known all the city rooms from Salt Lake City to New Orleans, including Atlanta and Jersey City—one of those reporters who, if they stay more than three months on any newspaper, feel that they are getting into a rut. Ross and Hugh Wiley—of Wildcat fame—had enrolled each other into the Eighteenth Engineers in San Francisco and had crossed the seas with that stormy outfit. Smelling printer's ink from afar, Ross had left an officers' training school at Langres and had run all the way from there to Paris.

Stars of the Stars and Stripes

THESE were the original three, privates all, and gentlemen fairly unafraid. Hawley was even then manifesting an incurable passion for Paris, and until his recent transfer to Rome, was still a familiar figure along the boulevards, whence he sent daily dispatches to the home office of the Associated Press. Winterich is now a parent, a suburbanite, a collector of the less costly first editions and editor of the American Legion Monthly. Ross founded and still edits single-handed that urbane weekly known as the New Yorker.

These were the original three who eyed me darkly as I entered their sanctum and suspiciously inspected my orders. Ross, with your Westerner's instinctive contempt for all New York newspapermen, asked what I had done in a journalistic way back home. I explained that I had been a dramatic critic. At that he howled with maniacal laughter.

A. E. F. Boys at the Typesetting Machines of "The Daily Mail." Above—At the Compositor's Stone

The next member of the staff to roll in was Private Wallgren, U. S. M. C. He had been, in civilian and quasi-private life, Abian A. Wallgren of West Philadelphia, but he was known to readers of the Stars and Stripes, to the M. P.'s of Paris and to the night watch of the Marine brig as Wally. Wally had been eight months in France and, when I first saw him, had just been exhumed from the chill gray ooze of Gondrecourt. In strong contrast to his new fellow workers, he was a superb physical specimen and he was also a crack marksman. He had not yet had a shot at the Germans, but he had already met and defeated the Marines. Of course his minor infractions of their code had never quite justified his being shot at dawn. They had tried locking him up and confiscating his pay for months ahead. But he had merely used this enforced leisure in drawing picture post cards of the Fifth Regiment's personnel, selling the portraits of the enlisted men for five francs each and those of the officers for ten francs, a class discrimination directly

traceable to his deep inveterate dislike of officers. By this means he had maintained, though impoverished by court-martial, an income larger than that enjoyed even by his general.

Thereafter, from first to last, he did a weekly comic strip for the Stars and Stripes which was manna in the wilderness to the doughboys, so perfect was this an expression of their own humor, their own argot, their own nostalgia and their own animosities. Getting this strip out of Wally in time for the dead line exhausted all the disciplinary resources of the entire organization. Such a strip is at its best when it is produced by a vagrant mind, and the better his work was the harder it was to get it out of him.

"Corned Willy and Aleck" by C. Le Roy Baldridge, Fifth Infantry, 1918

One man was detailed each week just to keep an eye on Wallgren, and by the end of the week this bodyguard would be ready to drop from exhaustion. The experiment of arresting him and flinging him into the brig availed nothing, for the Marines were then policing Paris and Wally was so adored by them all that they made his cell a charming little den. Whatever he called for was delivered to him as if he were stopping at the University Club. They formed bucket brigades to bring him refreshments.

Heroes of the Cartoon

IN THE absence of any already established Mutt and Jeff for his strip, he employed Private Hawley and myself as reluctant but helpless models. The incurably military Hawley was always shown as saluting with the vehemence of a Catherine wheel if a Polish second lieutenant chanced to pass by a block away. I was always pictured as stout and timorous, and the likeness—though unkind—was so striking that passing truckloads of soldiers, seeing me on the road, would shout at me and ask me how I had escaped from the picture. It was Wallgren's delight to show me swooning with fear because a tire had just blown out in my vicinity. He always used to draft his strip in pencil and then at the last minute ink in the final version. Whenever I was in Paris he would invariably sketch me as one complying with all the regulations—oversea cap, wrap leggings, service stripes, and so forth, but to my deep confusion, carrying a single lovely rose. This libel he would show me just before the inking-in process would rivet it for posterity. There would be a silent exchange of glances between us.

"Get your hat," I would say, and off we would retire to the nearest bar, where the blackmailer would smack his lips over cognac for which I paid.

The strip would then be published without the rose.

On this first day at the Hôtel Ste. Anne I persisted in my inquiries.

"And who is the officer in charge?" I asked.

In chorus they replied "Lieutenant Viskniskki."

The paper had been launched almost single-handed by this Guy T. Viskniskki, then a lieutenant of infantry, and sometime manager of syndicated newspaper features.

Viskniskki—perhaps because of the white-paper shortage and for the sake of euphony, it would be better to refer to him henceforth by the nickname we always used in speaking about him. Well, then, Visk had been a sergeant in the Spanish-American War, and at the first whiff of grapeshot in President Wilson's message he was off to a training camp. He was past forty, I should think, and gray at the temples. He had a business in New York, and he had a wife, children and a homestead. But off he went to war just the same, and had already been commissioned at Camp Meade late in 1917, when Frederick Palmer, the old-time war correspondent who was on Pershing's staff, sent for him to help soothe and censor the new generation of war correspondents then cooped up morosely in Neufchâteau.

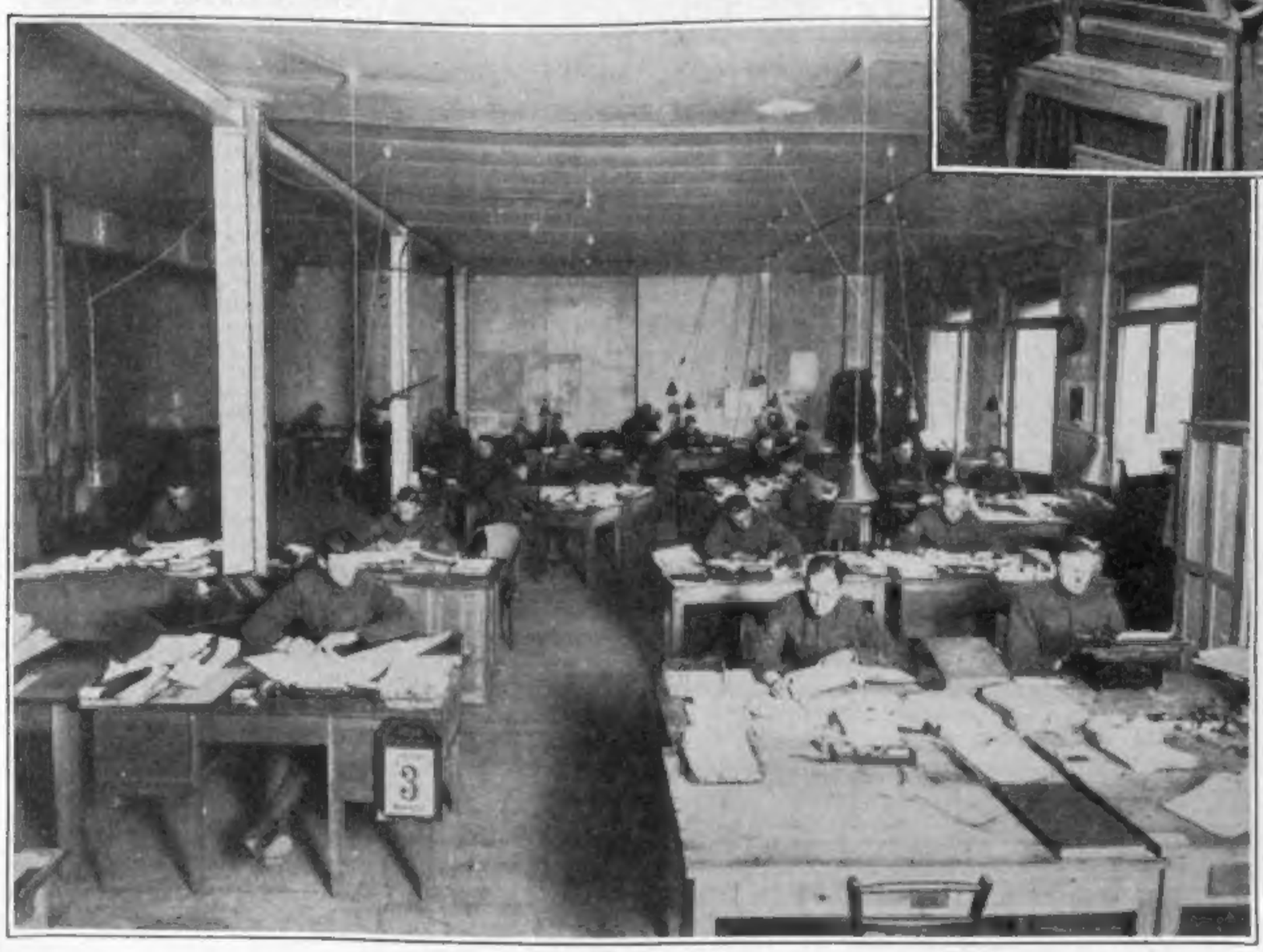
The A. E. F. was at that time small, inexperienced, scattered and somewhat low in its mind. Only a few outfits had arrived in France and these were merely marking time, while the folks at home were greedy for news of great exploits. Dispatches from the Neufchâteau Front recounted their splendid morale and brashly reported every man as fairly itching to have at the enemy. In cold truth, too long a time had inevitably elapsed after the first rush of April, 1917, and the fine fire had died down. The men were cold, moody, bored and homesick.

An Army From Reënforcements

THEIR outfits were so dispersed from Havre to the Pyrenees that they had no sense of belonging to one great army marching as to war. And, indeed, the high command of the Allied forces did not then envisage them as a single army at all, but as inexhaustible reënforcements to be poured into the decimated divisions of the French and the English. This idea Pershing had resisted with all of his considerable stock of granite. He was determined that, like the French and the British, the Americans should function as an army with their own battlefield, their own line of communications and their own objective.

While seeking on the one hand to convince Foch and Clemenceau that the A. E. F. was rarin' to go, he had, on the other hand in some way to convince the somewhat dubious A. E. F. of the same inspiring fact, and the need of a medium for colloquial communication between himself and them was so obvious that suggestions for this or that kind of publication poured in from every corner of France. One of these was the prospectus for a weekly newspaper drawn up by Lieutenant Viskniskki at Neufchâteau. He was told to go ahead.

Private Hawley Directing Make-Up in the Composing Room of "The Daily Mail" At Left—The Business Office



Now there was no provision for any such activity in the laws governing the War Department, and there was no fund set aside for its subvention. Adequate funds might have been forthcoming from Washington, but only after the War Department had discussed it for several priceless months. Another than Viskniskki might have cooled his heels and chewed his nails in Neufchâteau while wiser men in Washington pointed out that there was no plant in which such a publication could be printed, that the shortage of print paper was already making resentful tabloids out of the newspapers then published in France, that the youth of America had not gone to France to read.

A cooler head than Visk's would have seen that the whole idea was impracticable. But he just went to Paris and with 25,000 francs borrowed from the general staff, got out an issue, standing threateningly over Private Hawley, who, between salutes, wrote almost all of it. It was set up in the composing room of the Continental Daily Mail—one of the late Lord Northcliffe's string of publications—in the Rue du Sentier, near the office of the Matin, though it

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NONE SO BLIND

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

YES," she said, and "No," she said, as occasion demanded, with sweetly adult poise and charm, but her eyes held reticence and reservation. Nathaniel Mallory's daughter. Mallory's eyes, green-gray and friendly, looked out of her bobbed brown head, but with a difference. A matter, perhaps, of dark lashes, where her father's showed sandy; still, it was more, Michael felt, than just a smudge or a shadow. Something living behind those lashes—living and living deep—something Mallory hadn't got.

Through all his Jovian cracklings and thunderings—Mallory had asked Michael down to the shore for the week-end for the express purpose of telling him that his new manuscript, his book, his just-completed darling, was, from a publisher's standpoint, a disappointment and a shock, and would have to be revised before the public could be subjected to it—through all the pyrotechnical eloquence of her father's contending, Michael's refuting, the girl simply sat and smiled, seeming hardly to hear. Yet Michael felt somehow sure she did hear. Watching her across the table, sunset glamorous through long open windows behind her, candlelight vaguely golden upon her small pale face, he realized in her an extraordinary sense of a strained hearing; a listening almost for half tones and inferences. In the gleam behind those fringy lashes, wasn't there, Michael wondered, a sort of desperate attention? He rather thought there was.

It took his own attention from the quiet and charm of the room; from tea roses in a bowl of amber glass, between black candles burning with a shallow flame; from a splendid old mahogany sideboard, burdened with more than Victorian silver; from the portrait of a lady, obviously an ancestress, bare-bosomed, prim-lipped, smooth-browed. A delightful and satisfying room in which to dine, in which to smoke Nathaniel Mallory's cigarettes and drink his excellent coffee, while the sunset died along the sky and, across the water, a cool wind freshened. Michael's appreciation of Mallory and his room was arrested merely by the matter of Mallory's daughter.

Odd, the mold of her father's blunt, humorous features, denting and dimpling that fresh young flesh; his stubborn chin, his full-lipped mouth reproduced in rose leaf. What did she care, half child, half nymph that she looked, for the battle Michael and her father were waging? Not the first time, no doubt, she'd heard the paternal ukase go forth, heard her father cry thumbs down on art that wasn't pretty. At eighteen—Mallory had said she was eighteen, though she looked rather less—what did she care for art, or for art's sake either?

But if she didn't care, why, behind a far-away smile, was she watching and listening?

"I tell you, Deere," pronounced Mallory bluffly, "I thought you had better stuff in you. I'm frankly disappointed."

He ground out his cigarette on an ash tray, fixing Michael with an indulgent scowl.

"Sorry," said Michael briefly.

"Like all the rest of the youngsters, you've lost your balance," said Mallory. "Your sense of proportion has slipped a cog. You're taking yourself too seriously."

Michael said "Oh, I hardly think so," courteous but dogged.

"All this rot—this frightful half-baked rot about the younger generation going to perdition—I thought you were too farseeing for that. I thought you knew your wild oats." His robust laughter boomed across the roses.

Michael laughed, too, as became a guest—even a guest under fire.

"Your perspective's all wrong," said Mallory comfortably. "Youth's in no danger. It's in revolt, of course, but the revolt of youth is a recurrent gesture. Its manners are bad, not its morals. The public knows that. It is fed to the teeth with jazz babies and criminal collegians. What it wants now is the realism of decency." His phrase pleased him. He savored it a second time: "The decent reality."

"I think my story's fairly true to life. One doesn't take hearsay," said Michael quietly.

Across the roses he caught a lifted glance, dared a random challenge.

"Miss Mallory must be tired of so much shop."

"Caroline?" said her father, surprised and frankly affectionate. "Not a chance! She never hears anything else. She's her father's head man and severest critic, aren't you, Juggins?"

"I like books," said Caroline simply.

"Going to write 'em?" asked Michael, half mischievous. He smiled, trying deliberately to hold her.

"No, I like them too much for that."

"She's read your script," said Mallory casually.

"Really?" said Michael. He winced, surprised. "Did you —— Well, how did you like it, Miss Mallory?"

"I liked it more than usual," she told him.

Michael couldn't let that go uncertain. "More than most of mine?"

"More than most of other people's."

"Ah, you've got something, my boy!" said Mallory pleasantly. "I could put you over the top in six months. You've got both brilliance and sympathy—a rare combination. You're two-fisted as well. Only ——"

"Enter a faint damn," said Michael, grinning wryly.

"Well, upon my word, not so faint. Don't fool yourself," said Mallory. "The last of Virgin Soil is plain futility. Nothing answered. Life going to pot. Love ineffective. Your girl—what happens to her?"

"Herself," said Michael.

"That's good!" said Caroline, not loudly, a swift applauding murmur.

"Good sophistry!" said her father scornfully. "A neat turn of phrase, and no more. Life gets somewhere, make no mistake about it. Love has its miracles."

"Spoken as a disciple," inquired Michael coolly, "or as one keeping a finger on the public pulse?"

Mallory roared with laughter. "Mind you," he said, "I like your cocksure cynicism—within limits."

"Within miraculous limits," said Michael.

"But when it comes to finishing off a good story, I'll admit Virgin Soil is a peach of a story. When it comes to finishing it off with the girl disillusioned, defeated, alone, and not yet twenty ——"

"A girl can be alone at twenty," said Michael. "She can have that capacity."

"She can be alone at fifteen," said Caroline. She smiled to show that her remark had no importance.

"What do you know about it?" jeered her father.

"Not much, of course," said Caroline.

Michael inquired moodily, "You want me to sling in a happy ending—is that it, Mr. Mallory?"

"I want you to let Nature take its course," said Mallory. "Let your girl have her man. It's been done in this ——"

"—— best of all possible worlds?" suggested Michael gravely.

"Well, God's still in his heaven," said Mallory. "All the young calamity howlers with typewriters haven't laughed that off yet!"

"We don't pretend," said Michael, "to have got there to see. We have no personal assurance." He added thoughtfully, "And as I said a bit ago, we don't take hearsay." He repeated that intentionally. It had got across to her before. Her eyes had lifted, her mouth had stirred as if about to speak. Under all his own resentment and disquietude, his desire to fight back, and the stubborn spirit of denial which Mallory had aroused in him, Michael wanted strongly to know why Mallory's daughter should find the discussion vital.

"Don't you think, Miss Mallory," he demanded of her suddenly, "that the girl of the moment wants to understand what it's all about before she commits herself?"

Her answer, coming guarded and slow, disappointed him: "There are so many different sorts of girls."

"Even of the moment?" said Michael. "I see."

"You needn't look to her for any backing," chuckled Mallory. "She's her father's own child. Thank God, she's not infected with the poisonous curiosity in question! She's willing to take it for granted that older heads than hers have gathered ——"

"—— a certain amount of moss?" said Michael suavely.

And at that again, half startled, half approving, he caught the swift bright gleam from under quickly lowered eyelids. Emboldened, he flung down his gauntlet:

"The point I make is—we're all after the same thing—that heaven you speak of—which we, as much as you, ardently desire to find inhabited. But lying signposts won't get us there—inadequate information doesn't make maps—so you'll have to forgive us if we hold a brief for frankness. All we say is, we want to know and we want to tell what we know!"

"You—You'll Always Think of Me as a Little Fool," Said Caroline. "Perhaps—I'll Always Think of You," Said Michael

He finished with a flush deepening his healthy tan; he set his fine mouth hard.

Mallory grunted, unmoved. "So do little boys who chalk up discoveries on walls."

"I left myself open to that," said Michael good-humoredly. "I saw it coming."

Both men laughed. But Mallory's daughter only smiled her delicate young-girl smile, fresh lips scarcely parted.

"Aviators," she murmured—"don't they have to have a certain number of hours in the air before they let them fly solo?"

"What of it, kitten?" asked her father kindly.

"Nothing," said Caroline.

"Everything," said Michael quickly—"experience——"

"Rot!" said Mallory heartily. "Analogies are dangerous."

"So's life," said Michael. "You wouldn't give a sea captain false charts, or no charts at all, and expect him to make port."

Mallory flung out both hands with a magnificently dramatic gesture. Michael reflected, watching him, and kept tongue from cheek with difficulty, that just so, very likely, a De' Medici might have looked, putting some starveling poet in his place, pointing out to Benvenuto Cellini where the curve of a golden thigh might go smoother.

"It all comes back to this," said Mallory: "I'd like you to rewrite the last few chapters of that book of yours. I'd like you to give the girl a better break."

"Bring her to her knees," said Michael grimly.

"That," said Mallory, not even remotely nettled, "is as you see it."

"It's the only way I can write," said Michael—"as I see it."

"Then, open your eyes and try to see clear! Don't kid yourself into thinking the adolescent is the norm. Get over your growing pains."

"Rheumatism," said the girl beyond the roses suddenly, "is so much better."

But when her father cocked a doubtful eye and Michael broke into a laugh, she returned the naïvest of glances. A Greuze in a slim pale frock, with a ragged chiffon flower on one shoulder; a Greuze without her donkey—or was she thus isolate?

"Daddy," she said sweetly, "I don't want to spoil the party, but you promised to look over some letters with that young man from the office. He's been waiting quite a little while now."

"Who—Stickney?" said Mallory abruptly. He shoved back his chair and threw his napkin on the table. "When did he get here? How do you know he's come?"

"Yama told me," said his daughter with a pretty housewifely dignity.

The small Japanese butler had, indeed, paused an inconspicuous moment beside her chair, had unostentatiously whispered and departed some time since.

"Well, if you'll excuse me, Deere," said Mallory bluntly.

"I can take Mr. Deere down on the beach to watch the moonrise," said Caroline, "if he'd care for it."

Michael asserted instantly that moonrises were his secret vice, his most unbreakable habit. He sensed loose ends being gathered up, reins collected in a small unringed hand.

"That's a good idea!" cried Mallory, as pleased as if he had himself conceived it. "You'll get a nice view, Deere. . . . Better take your shawl, Caroline. I'll join you when I've finished with Stickney."

His deep voice, the invisible Stickney's deferential murmurs drifted from the library, as, having paused for the suggested shawl and draped its jade-green fringes, its impassioned, impossible roses primly about her slender shoulders, Caroline led Michael down the hall, across the veranda, across the close-clipped lawn.

"I think the moon will be full tonight," said Caroline. "Shall you mind just sitting on the sand?"

Michael replied with perfect truth that he should infinitely prefer it.

"There is a bench, but I hate a bench," said Caroline, "by the water."

"I have been feeling all evening," said Michael boldly, "that we agreed in hidden ways."

"Have you really?" said Caroline. "Or is that just a line?"

Once on the beach, a dimly lucent hiatus between the urban velvet of the turf, the darkly stirring freedom of the sea, she dropped down, crossing her legs, clutching her silken ankles in strong small hands, and shrugged impatiently, so that the shawl fell back and lay in a faintly fragrant huddle behind her.

Michael, himself presently at full length, saw her head go back and her lips part on a long sigh. She drew in the sea-salt air as if she would never have enough of it, as if something deep in her lungs starved for it. In that attitude, he was sharply aware of a kind of gallantry about her, of something advancing to the charge.

"I liked your book," she said abruptly. There on the sand, with the not-yet-risen moon paling the clear horizon, even her voice changed subtly. Shyness dropped from her and a certain contained demureness which, in the room with the ancestress and the tea roses, had been as visible as her silken garments. She said, "I liked it a lot. You know your stuff, don't you?"

Nathaniel Mallory's daughter!

Michael said briefly "I do," and waited on her pleasure.

"More," she said—"you know how to do it."

Mallory himself couldn't have bettered that for criticism. A fine distinction between knowing one's stuff and having a technic!

(Continued on Page 49)

"Is There Anything You Haven't Told?" Asked Stanley Bitterly. "No," Said Caroline, "There Isn't"

WHY CRIME WAVES?

By Charles Francis Coe

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

CRIME in America has reached a point where it demands of all right-thinking citizens some definite and constructive action. It is the lamentable truth that organized crime is daily visited upon us.

If the American has any outstanding trait, it is his ability to organize. There can be no question but what American business, by comparison with the commercial activities of other countries, has set a new standard. Just as a chain is as strong as its weakest link, so is American activity as strong as the organization which prosecutes it. It is safe to say that the ability to organize is inherent in the American make-up. It has never been more clearly revealed than in our politics.

Why, then, be surprised if we find crime organized? Why close our eyes to facts which must be perfectly obvious?

I see no reason to dwell upon the fact that crime in this country is organized—well organized. The assumption reconciles with the facts. However, for the benefit of those who may question the extent of this organization and the degree of perfection it attains in its manipulations, it is necessary only to cite the various organizations with which criminals must cope.

We know that we have burglaries; we know that we have robberies; we know that we have embezzlers; and we should know that none of these crimes is the outgrowth of passion, rage, or sudden impulse. They are, on the contrary, a determined effort on the part of predatory criminals to profit without labor.

Aid and Comfort for the Criminals

CRIME, therefore, is prima facie evidence of the organization which preceded it, else that crime could not be successful. It could not surmount the tremendous organizations of the law, created solely for its prevention. Without organization, 95 per cent of all criminals would meet with swift and certain justice.

In these articles we deal with the genuine criminal. In order to clarify our premise, it should be stated that the public's conception of the criminal is, perhaps, erroneous.

The sensational evidence printed in our daily press has virtually nothing to do with the crime wave, because crime waves are not passionate things, nor are they the fruit of rage, or of temporary insanity, or of any new diseases, or of angles developed by the psychiatrists or psychoanalysts.

Though crimes of sensational nature have occurred and will continue to occur, they do not merit 1 per cent of the serious consideration that should be given the organized efforts of hardened criminals to conjure with the law as might a Hindu mystic with the well-known serpent. It is with this latter class of criminals we deal in this article.

Anyone who has had close contact with criminals will, I am sure, agree with me that they divide themselves distinctly into classes, and these classes in turn are comprised of men of graduated but easily discernible education. In the course of my own investigations I have met fully one hundred hardened criminals. They are as easy to classify as the various grades of apples.

The swindler is undoubtedly the highest type of crook. Invariably he is also the best educated. One step downward in the scale brings us to the burglar. He is the sort of fellow who creeps into homes under the cover of shadows and removes whatever he can find of value. In his character you will detect many of the traits of the fox, but the main point with him is that, like the fox, when he sallies forth to forage, he does not know exactly what he seeks. He trusts to luck.

Lowest in the scale of intelligence is the gunman. He is the type who go armed, is quite prepared to shoot his way out, if needs must, and he, too, takes a chance on what his rewards may be. Sometimes his haul is a good one, sometimes a poor one. Because his intelligence is of a low order, he resorts to violence for the attainment of his ends.

That, broadly, covers the hardened criminal classes which are operating in this country today. Up to perhaps twenty years ago these men operated largely as individuals. The swindler schemed his schemes and brought them to fruition as best he could. The burglar prowled about at night, letting his campaign be governed by the outward appearance of a darkened home.

The gunman, pretty generally with the false courage of narcotics to aid him, acted on the spur of the moment and robbed people on the highways or in small places of business. He took his chances both as to capture and reward.

Then came tremendous strides in the development of public utilities. Telephone service reached a high degree of perfection. The wires of the telegraph company stretched across the continent in a network of efficiency. Wireless sputtered its mystic message through the air and, above all, the automobile came into useful existence. Time and space had dissolved in the palms of men and all the world was as one.

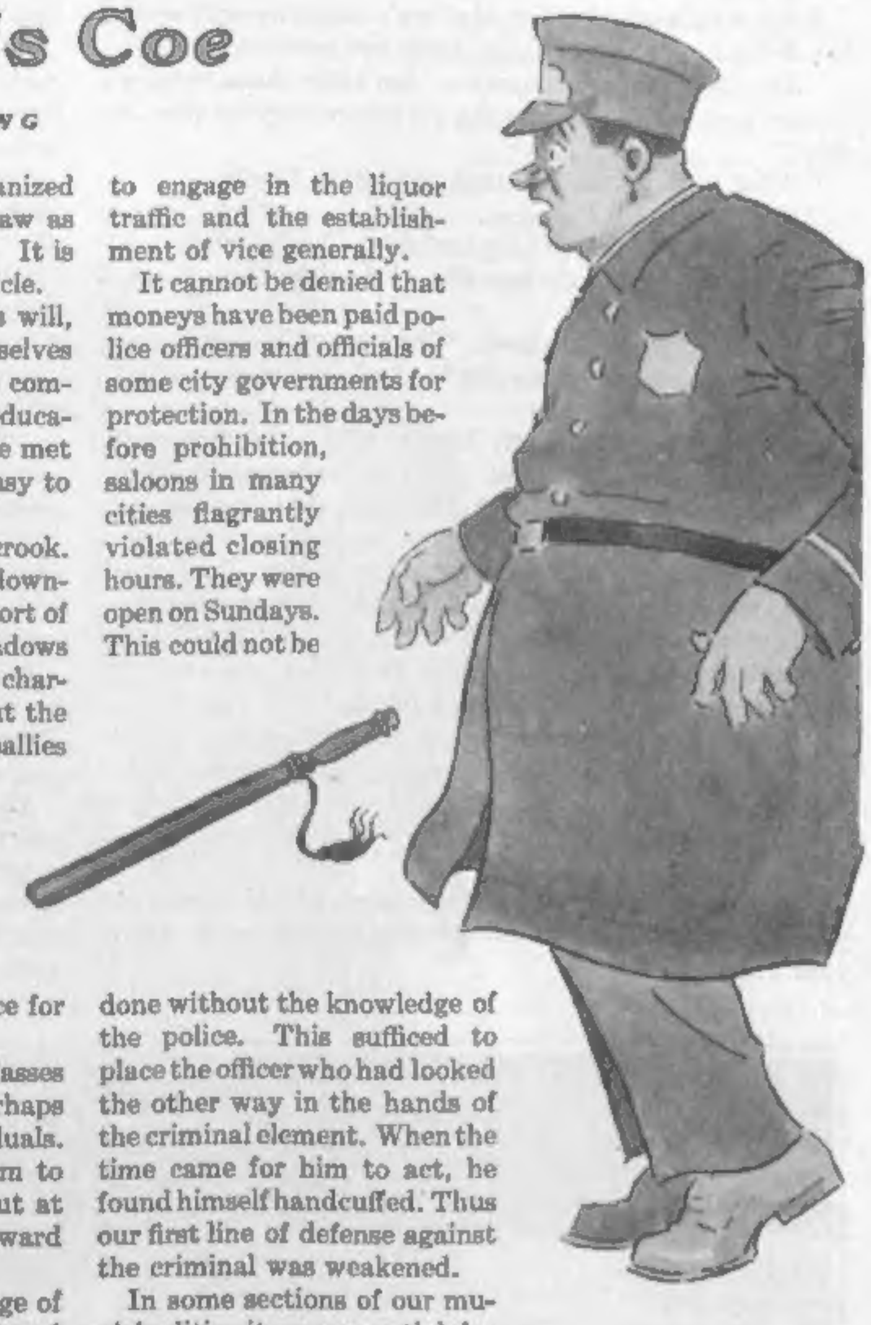
Typical American organization brought to its zenith the idea of concentrated land values. In New York City it is possible for a thousand people to live in a single apartment house and over a period of years never so much as speak to one another. Where there is concentrated land value, there is also concentrated wealth and concentrated population. Crowds are a great boon to the criminal. Governmental problems presented themselves. The automobile crowded our streets. The concentration of people in small areas overtaxed traction service. Municipal, state and Federal governments were obliged to resort to emergency legislation of various types.

Police departments had to be reorganized to meet new traffic problems, and while these fundamental conditions were exacting a huge toll from the powers of government, they were contributing steadily and invaluably to the comfort and safety of the criminal. The automobile made it possible for the criminal to leave the scene of his crime with terrific speed.

Certain of the higher types of criminals realized this. They formed gangs. Those gangs exist today. In their membership you will find some exceptionally clever legal minds. Under the direction of swindlers are to be found all classes of criminals—the gunman for the rough work, the burglar for pay-roll stickups and store robberies, and the swindler for planning out carefully in advance each step to be taken in a contemplated crime.

The inherent American flair for organization quickly asserted itself. Criminals gained power. They gained wealth. They realized the endless possibilities of preying upon concentrated wealth in concentrated areas. They quickly used their wealth and their organization for protective measures. They interested themselves in city politics. Where they could not bribe their way to safety, they threatened, and very often they made good their threats with violence. Their ill-gotten gains enabled them to engage in the liquor traffic and the establishment of vice generally.

It cannot be denied that moneys have been paid police officers and officials of some city governments for protection. In the days before prohibition, saloons in many cities flagrantly violated closing hours. They were open on Sundays. This could not be done without the knowledge of the police. This sufficed to place the officer who had looked the other way in the hands of the criminal element. When the time came for him to act, he found himself handcuffed. Thus our first line of defense against the criminal was weakened.



In some sections of our municipalities it was essential for any man holding an elective city office to have the friendship, the support and the vote of men whose operations are not legal. Our particular type of government lends itself tremendously to that sort of thing. The result is that our second line of defense against the criminal was materially weakened, because many legislators will tell you that if they would foster a bill, they must, in order to see that bill become a law, barter for the support of other legislators. It is the same old story: "If you vote for mine, I'll vote for yours."

In Union There is Strength

THE legislation proposed by the representative of certain areas of big cities is essentially beneficial to his constituents, which, in turn, sometimes means the law-violating element. It naturally came to pass that criminal organizations gained power. Quickly, and sensibly, the individual gunman, burglar or swindler discovered that he could not operate without the protection accorded the organized gangs. Woe unto the criminal who faces the law without having any influential friends! Thus he swore allegiance to leaders whose political fences had been erected. So we have our gangs.

The picture which I paint is perhaps an unpleasant one. It may appear to some that it attacks the very fundamentals of the republican form of government and that it preaches a doctrine contrary to American institutions. This, however, is not the case. Blinking at facts is the pastime of fools. Progress can come only through an understanding grasp of facts and, as I see it, the day is at hand in this country when the criminal has made of himself a genuine national problem.

For purposes of illustration, but without in any wise identifying either crime or criminals, I am going to relate certain happenings which have preceded crimes of violence in this country during the past ten years. The information I have has come to me direct from criminals. I have absolute faith in the bald truth of every statement I make, but for quite obvious reasons, cannot be too explicit as to details.

There is a certain large industrial plant in an American city which has a pay roll of approximately $70,000. Over a number of years the management of this plant had followed the policy of paying its employes in cash at the close of business each Friday. There was a paymaster and

assistant who took charge of this operation. Week in and week out they left the plant at a certain time, drove with two guards to the bank where the pay roll was made up, packed the money in a satchel, and returned with the money to the plant.

In due time a well-known criminal was forced to take cover from one of our large cities and decided to hide away in what might be called the slums of the city wherein this manufacturing plant was located. Because he was unknown there, he talked with a number of friends in his home town and thus was able to get the names of men in the strange city who would be glad to receive him as one of their kind. He quickly sought out these men, frankly admitted his identity and the purpose of his presence among them, and thus became acquainted. The conditions which he found were interesting.

Because the city was largely an industrial one, there was a wide-open segregated area operating under protection. The section was never closed. The patrolman on duty well knew his limitations.

A Quick Job and a Quick Get-Away

SHORTLY after his arrival there, the hiding criminal was told by the captain of police of the precinct that they knew who he was and why he was there, but so long as he behaved himself he would not be troubled. So he gained in confidence, picked up a few acquaintances, lived riotously until his money was low, then cast about for a source of revenue. His eye fell naturally and greedily upon the pay roll of the manufacturing plant. Very carefully he thought out each step of a campaign to secure the money satchel. He gathered about him a few of his new acquaintances, and he was able without difficulty to secure a high-powered motor car, two sawed-off shotguns and a machine gun.

Three successive Fridays he trailed the paymaster's party on its round trip and knew that their procedure was an unvaried one. On the fourth Friday, as the paymaster lifted the money satchel from the motor car and started the short walk into the offices of the manufacturing plant, this criminal, with three accomplices, two of whom were under the influence of narcotics, swept down upon them in the high-powered motor car. They blazed away with the machine gun, shot down one of the guards, secured the money satchel, and within three minutes of their appearance, disappeared at a speed of forty miles an hour, without possibility of immediate pursuit.

There is another phase of the situation which should be brought out at this point. That is the difficulty with which prosecutions are fraught. The paymaster who delivered the satchel into the hands of the robbers promptly identified the leader. This made a complete case. However, a week later, when asked to testify, the paymaster frankly admitted there was great doubt in his mind as to whether or not his identification was perfect.

The employers of the paymaster had no real motive in demanding that he stand by his guns because the pay roll was insured. The paymaster felt no sense of loyalty to the indemnity company, because losses are to be expected, and premiums, which had been paid, are actuarially determined.

Any right-thinking citizen is at liberty to hang a prosecution upon any peg which presents itself in the foregoing arraignment. What can the law do? What can honest officials do?

It is in such fetid hothouses that crime waves are incubated. It is a very profound certainty on the part of the criminal that success and protection are both his, which motivates him in his criminal activities. At heart, every criminal I have ever known is mighty careful and considerate of his own precious hide.

If we would understand crime waves, we must understand the crimes themselves. The evidence would indicate that in the mind of some American business men the only thing criminal is that which violates a written law. Morals and moral responsibility would appear to have no bearing on the issue. The criminal is fully aware of this fact. He capitalizes it. To wit:

A merchant operating a department store was subjected to a series of robbery losses which ran into large sums of money. His insurance company proceeded with an investigation which traced some of the stolen material to the rendezvous of an organized gang of crooks. The man in custody of the material was promptly placed under arrest, charged with its theft. Exercising his legal right, he communicated with his attorney. The attorney demanded bail and the law required that it be granted. It was promptly furnished and the accused released.

The attorney for the accused, however, immediately consulted with the merchant and brought out the fact that any identification of the material by the merchant was a dangerous procedure, because it would be impossible to prove that the loot recovered was the identical loot stolen. This, even though it was identical in its nature.

He proceeded to quote, as only criminal lawyers can quote, the criminal and civil law. After an hour's conference he succeeded in convincing the merchant that he could not identify the material within the meaning of identification by law. The evidence, in other words, might be dynamite, because it was general-run merchandise and might never have been in his store. The merchant, having agreed that this was so, proceeded to claim indemnity from the insurance company. Without the testimony of the merchant and his absolute identification, the insurance company was comparatively helpless. They simply paid their losses. And after a period of weeks the grand jury declined to bring a true bill against the accused.

This will indicate the weakness of many of our laws, but it indicates also the lack of moral responsibility of some of our citizens. The truth of the matter is that because our legislatures are so crowded with lawmaking lawyers, we often find trick phraseology, technical structure and legal nonsense attacking the spirit of the law.

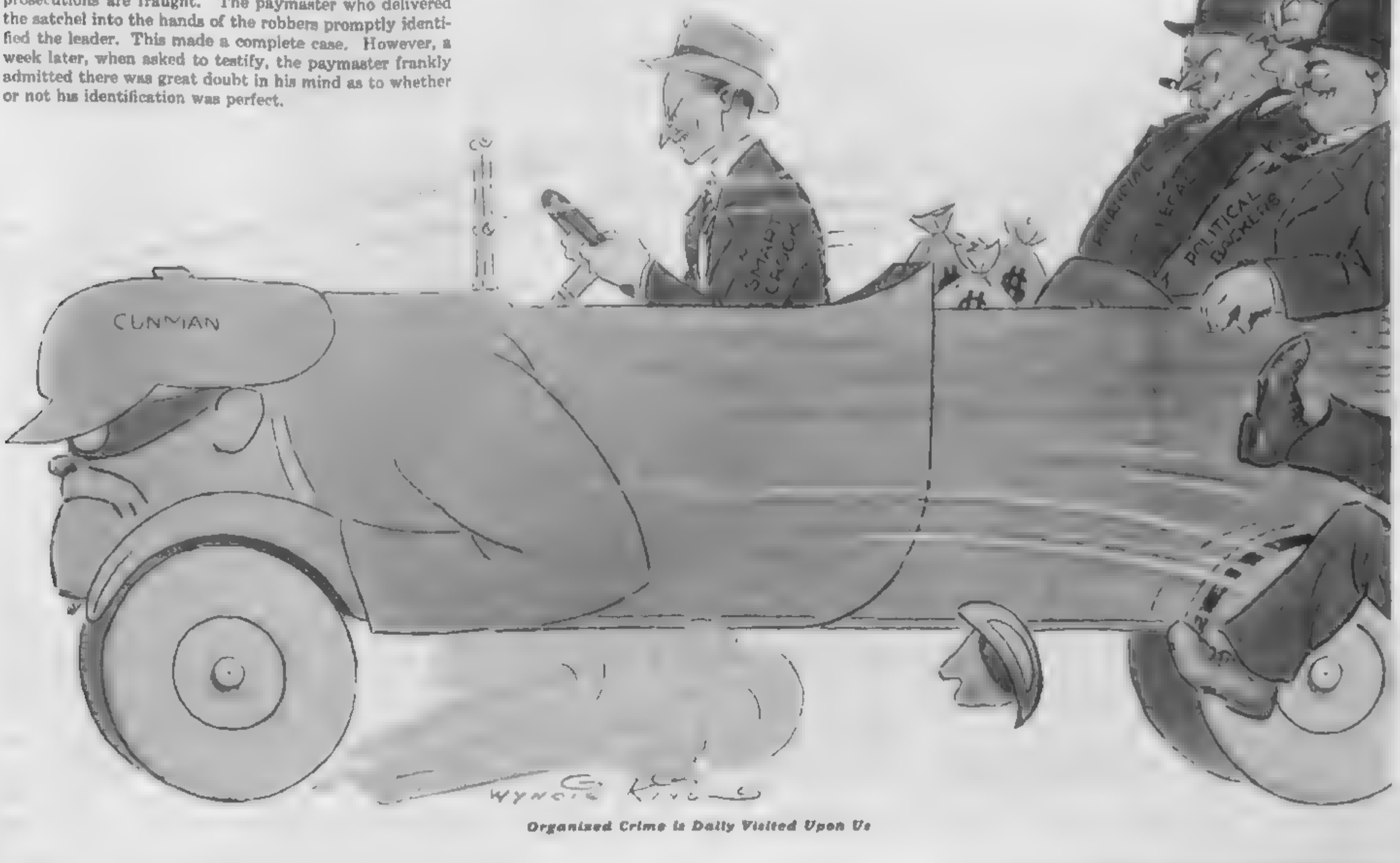
As Common as Dandelions

THE merchant in question appears in a bad light. However, a moment's consideration will convince one that in this case he is merely morally responsible.

These instances are cited, not because they are amazing but because they are typical. Psychology plays a great part in crime and the criminal is fully sensitive to the conditions he must meet and overcome.

It must be admitted that during the past few decades respect for law has suffered unspeakably in this country. There are so many laws of a business nature whose effect upon the multitudes is virtually unknown to the multitudes, that laws themselves are as common as dandelions, and just about as valuable. We have come to consider the criminal only as the violator of the written law, and his identity is so established in our courts and in our law books.

(Continued on Page 183)

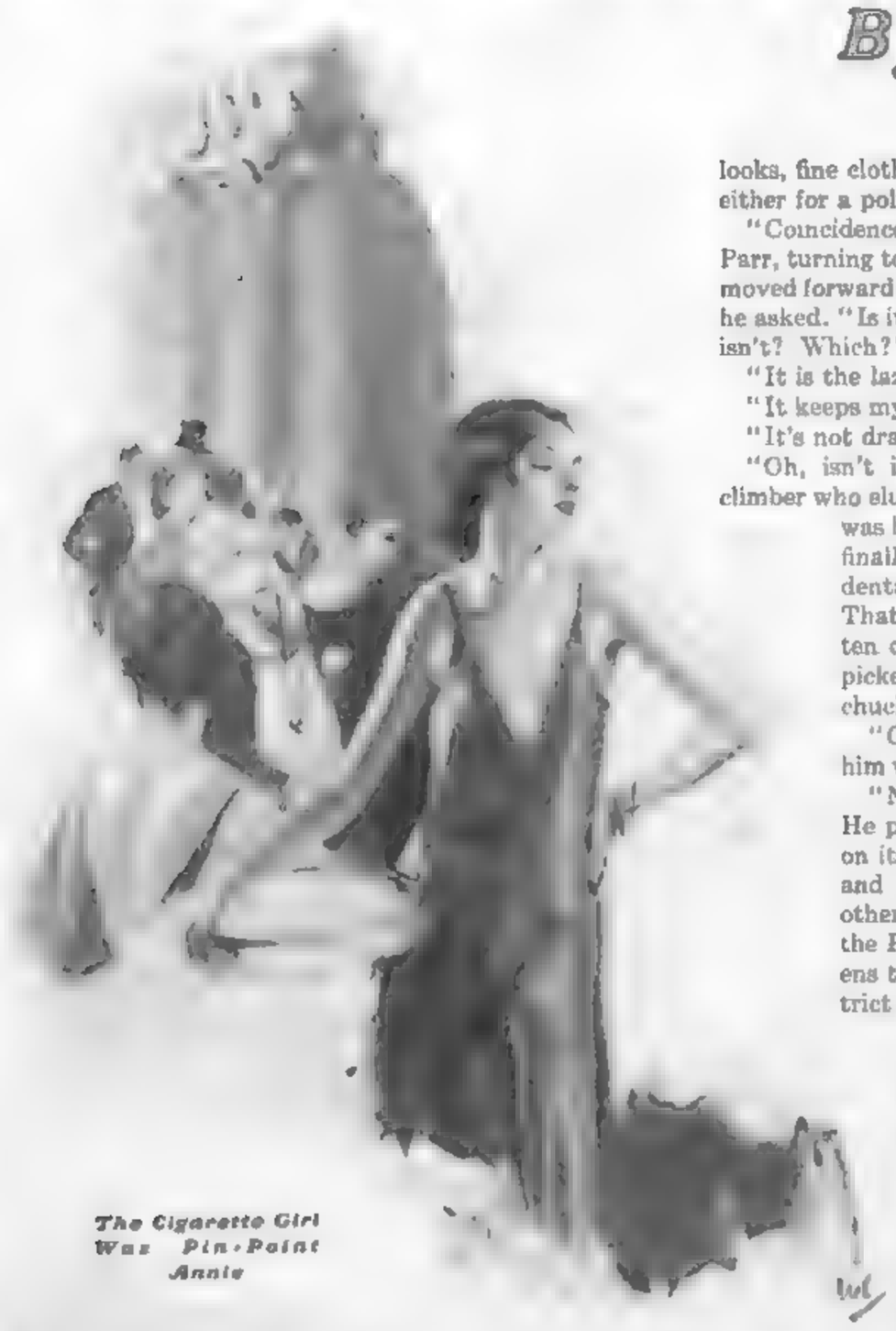


Organized Crime is Daily Visited Upon Us

The House of Many Mansions

By Frederick Irving Anderson

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LIEPSE



The Cigarette Girl Was Pin-Point Annie

"NEXT to the squealer," said Parr, the man hunter, making thoughtful repairs on a stogy, "the little tin god of coincidence gets all my joes. The average crook spends about two-thirds of his life in jail simply because, though he might beat the cops, the long arm of coincidence is longer than the long arm of the law. If it wasn't for chance," said the police deputy, his eye roving over the street crowds—and doubtless some mechanism in the back of his head clicking now and then as he identified some familiar face—"if it wasn't for chance, Oliver, I'd be a tailor—or maybe a shoemaker—like that fellow in the window."

He took off his hat and mopped his brow. It was one of those days of late winter when, though the city pavements are swept bare of every flake of snow that falls, there hangs in the air the smell of thaw from distant stream and wood. They paused for cross-tide traffic and there came alongside of them a shabby little fellow in two or three pairs of pants and a coat or two too many, who hugged himself, in addition, to keep warm. Parr regarded him as a strange bug.

"Yes," he went on, "one of those shoemakers in that window." He laughed. "Recent remedial legislation designed to put crooks in jail and keep them there," he said, "has thinned out the good shooting in my district, I admit. Still, with squealers and coincidence, I manage to bag a good trophy or two now and then." His eyes followed the little fellow, who, as rich in choice as any tramp with all time for his own, drifted over to the window where sat three shoemakers half-soling shoes for the edification of passers-by. Quite a little crowd stood watching, because city people are simple and easily amused.

Oliver Armiston chuckled to himself. Pelts! That shabby little fellow was Parr's man Friday, Pelts. The man hunter had undoubtedly recognized a "mug" out of his mental rogues' gallery in that shoemaker's window and had sent Pelts back to look it over. The deputy commissioner never walked abroad without this fellow Pelts trailing behind to keep watch of the wake, and his side partner, Morel, the handsome man, moving ahead as a scout. Pelts was undoubtedly a tramp at heart, whereas Morel looked like a society man—a profession requiring, as a starter, good looks, fine clothes, and a big income. No one would take either for a police detective.

"Coincidence is *verboten* in your business, isn't it?" said Parr, turning to his companion, the extinct author, as they moved forward again and swept into the Avenue. "Why?" he asked. "Is it because it is so true to life? Or because it isn't? Which?"

"It is the lazy man's way," explained Armiston.

"It keeps my jails full," said Parr complacently.

"It's not dramatic," said Oliver.

"Oh, isn't it? Listen! There was a famous porch climber who eluded us for three years—and all the time he was busy climbing porches. How did we get him finally? We didn't. He got himself. He accidentally stepped on the grass in the Park! That's a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or ten days in jail if it is flagrant. A sparrow cop picked him up and brought him in." Parr chuckled. "Clever, eh?"

"Clever of your desk lieutenant to recognize him when he was brought in," agreed Armiston.

"No; clever of the coincidence!" cried Parr. He produced his cane, which had been standing on its head in a very deep pocket of his ulster, and marched with it alongside. "Here is another! A crank writes a threatening letter to the President when he was in town last. Threatens to kill him. We trace the letter to the district it was mailed from. He probably votes. Such a man is apt to regard the franchise as a solemn duty. We examine the polling lists in that district. We find he has given his pedigree and signed his name in the same handwriting as the letter. Careless of him to mail that letter in the same district where he voted."

Parr's eyes moved this way and that, never still. He saw strange things in crowds, unseen by other eyes. Crooks knew him to the last hair. They studied him as rats study a cat they would like to hang a bell on. It was a legend that a ripple of fear accompanied Parr wherever he went.

"Here's another!" Parr was harping on the same string for the edification of his author friend. "Did you read of the holdup last night?"

Oliver nodded. It was one of those atrocious crimes that leave the city aghast. Pay-roll bandits had backed a messenger into a hallway and shot him dead without a word. They escaped in a stolen car held in waiting. Around the corner they changed to a second car, also stolen. Half a mile farther on they changed to still a third car, which they picked up in passing. Thus the police had no description of the third car for another hour, when the owner reported his loss.

"A cunning get-away!" said Oliver.

"Except for one thing," agreed Parr. "The second car was cold. It didn't start very well and they were in a hurry. One of them got out and pushed. He left his fingerprints for us. We happen to have copies of them downtown." Parr turned his cold eye on Armiston. "It is stylish among your type of philosophers," he expounded, "to say that nothing really ever happens, that things always occur. Isn't that a fact?"

"It is a fact that there is no effect without cause," agreed the bookish Armiston. "If that is what you mean."

"That is exactly what I mean," said Parr grimly. "Tell me, Mr. Philosopher, what induced this particular crook to get out and leave his mark on that car for me. It might just as well have been one of the others."

"Have you got him?"

"I will have him shortly," said the man hunter easily. His eyes beamed. "I expect to be decorated by the French Government when I turn him in."

"Oh! Who is he?"

"Aristide Leblanc." Parr's tone was just above his breath.

Inwardly Armiston recoiled as if at a shot. But outwardly he preserved his poker face. In fact, he managed a humorous twinkle to the smile and bow he gave some friends passing in a car. To walk and talk with Parr one must be imperturbable; there was no telling how many eyes stared at them from ambush.

Aristide Leblanc was an apache who had cunningly obtained employment in a wealthy household as a butler—the family of Worthington Horn, a banker. He locked the family in the wine vault and abandoned them to die miserably beyond the reach of help, while he looted the house and walked off. Horn had dug his way to freedom literally by his finger nails, and just in time, too, for his wife had been at the point of succumbing. So terrible had been the ordeal that the banker pledged his life and his fortune to the running down of the apache and bringing him to justice. At present Horn was in Paris conferring with the French police.

"He was in hiding here, then?" exclaimed Armiston, shading the incredulity in his voice. Where could such a marked man conceal himself! Never had there been such a price on a man's head, such a hue and cry.

"He's never been away," replied Parr.

"I'd have gambled he was following Horn," said Oliver. "Just one step behind, in the shadow of the pursuit. That would have been the safest place for him." Then he added with conviction, "That fellow has finesse as well as cunning. You'll never get him!"

"He's left his card," said Parr, smiling.

"He makes no effort to cover his tracks! He seems rather proud of them, in fact," put in Oliver.

"I'll have him shortly," reiterated Parr confidently. "The percentage in favor of the bank is beginning to work against him. He can't beat coincidence. It's Fate! There comes a time when these things work out very simply, in spite of you fiction writers. Hello! What a magnificent fellow we have here!"

It Was a Legend That a Ripple of Fear Accompanied Parr Wherever He Went

The exclamation was evoked by the sight of a door opener, in the regalia of a Dahomey potentate, handing into her landau a woman in gorgeous furs—a woman of the type known among dressmakers as a "larger" woman, as distinguished from a stylish stout. There is something particularly menial about opening doors, it seems; and people who can afford the indulgence have it done with as much pomp and circumstance as possible. This truly magnificent fellow was as tall as a Swiss Guard, and he wore a clanking cloak plastered with medals. He bowed and bowed to the lady, and when he shut her in with a final polish of the door handle he continued to bow and back away as if etiquette prescribed it.

"What a crib to crack!" muttered Oliver Armiston, looking up at the embellished façade and identifying it as that most opulent of recent apartment hotels, derisively

known as the Golden Shekel. "Did you ever have a squeal from there, Parr?" he asked.

Parr shook his head. No. He stopped at the next corner, looking down the Avenue and tapping the curb with the point of his stick. A taxi that might have been stalking him immediately drew up and proffered itself. Parr was in the act of stepping in, when a blond young man of the type the English call a nob came to a halt in front of the mail box and began frantically searching himself. It was evident that the dumb letter box had just reminded him that he was to mail a letter, but he had forgotten the letter. Parr looked him over with a smile of pride.

"That door-knob polisher," he was saying to Armiston, and he stepped into the taxi—"that door-knob polisher ——" and the taxi rolled forward. The young man was still canvassing his pockets for that letter. It was Morel, Parr's society specialist, called in for orders.

Oliver, for his part, would have liked to continue on foot because of all the rabbits Parr could kick up along the road. But the deputy evidently had something else on his mind. They ran into a traffic semaphore set against them, but they swung into the center of the Avenue with an angry honk and their car was put through, to an accompaniment of peremptory police whistles, as if it were the King of the Belgians in town on another visit of thanks. They had gone five blocks before the stalled traffic resumed. If Parr had been followed—as he usually was—this regal procedure snuffed out the lurking shadows. Half an hour later they arrived on foot at Oliver Armiston's home in a quiet side street in the lower Fifties.

Since the deputy had taken to calling on his friend Armiston, the extinct fiction writer, for an occasional *tour de force* of the imagination to help out in refractory cases, Parr had been coming here more and more, usually by some such devious route as he had just pursued. During the run of what was known as the insurance-widow case—in which one crook had obligingly snuffed out another for him—Parr had installed a private wire here in Armiston's study, and he had conveniently neglected to remove it. It connected directly with Central Office. Many of his most famous cases had been brought to a successful conclusion in the seclusion of this quiet side street.

The deputy had hardly arranged himself in his favorite elbow chair before the fire when his telephone muttered discreetly. It was Morel reporting.

"What's that? You say you never saw him before!" cried Parr with the utmost ferocity.

Morel expatiated; as an added precaution he had turned the well-thumbed leaves of the rogues' gallery, pages that swung on hinges, like museum specimens. But the deputy was not to be mollified.

"Go back!" he ordered. "Wait! Better get yourself invited to dinner. Can you?"

"I think I can arrange it, sir," said Morel meekly.

"Good! Find out what a crook is doing there as lookout. And don't tell me he isn't a crook!" He hung up.

"The carriage starter?" asked Oliver. "Did you recognize him as a crook?"

"No! He recognized me! Didn't you see how careful he was to keep his back turned to me?" cried Parr.

There must have been an unholy glamour about the person of the deputy for crooks, big and little. In their dread they were always fearful he would recognize them. And in their childish vanity they were almost afraid he wouldn't. So they were forever revealing themselves, torn between vainglory and terror. This fellow gave himself away. The hours passed.

Shortly after eight o'clock that evening the figure of a lithesome young dancing man such as any hostess might have been proud of emerged from the Golden Shekel and decided to walk a little, for the air. It was Morel. He must have passed some secret office, for hardly was he out of the block when a magic invisible curtain of espionage fell, without a rustle, about the house of many mansions. In another ten minutes so closely was the Golden Shekel invested by the police that not a shadow could have emerged unobserved. Comings and goings continued apparently as usual, but with each departure a shadow detached itself, unseen.

The telephone muttered again discreetly. Parr listened; his eyes glowed like dull coals.

"Good!" he cried, and hung up. He turned on Oliver. It is more of an art to hold a poker face on good news than bad. This was triumph.

"It's a den of thieves," he said. "The place is crawling with crooks from cellar to garret."

"I thought they were all post-deflation millionaires of the most noisome type!" cried Oliver, aghast, getting the feel of the excitement.

Parr guffawed.

"Oh, not the tenants!" he roared. "The help! Waiters, hallboys, maids, chefs, clerks—they are all crooks! And apparently on their good behavior. A kind of sanctuary!" Parr's face wore the smile of a benign cannibal. Then he added in his *soix blanche*, "Your friend Aristide Leblanc is the maitre d'hôtel."

Tossing this hand grenade into Oliver's lap, he sat back smiling and bowing.

Even the clocks for the moment seemed to forget their occasions and cease to tick; then they all began again, thudding on Oliver's eardrums. Parr, with the light touch of a watchmaker, deftly broke off the ash of his stogy. It wasn't often things fell out so nicely. He eyed Oliver.

"Rot!" snorted Armiston. He glared at Parr.

"Wait," counseled the deputy. He breathed triumph. Morel should be here any moment

"He is hiding there—Leblanc?" cried Oliver, unwilling to believe. *(Continued on Page 44)*

They Were Firemen With Lanterns and Fire Extinguishers, Mounting by Scaling Ladders

OPENED BY MISTAKE

By Frank Condon

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

C. W. Plank Stopped as Though Shot. In a Flash He Realized What Had Happened in His Absence

LONG before Doctor Plank ever became a surgeon—and he is a splendid surgeon—somebody named him Clarence. It was probably one of his parents—the one standing nearest him at the moment. No two parents could unite in mental effort and concertedly name a child Clarence, for one of them would be bound to have a restraining flash of reason and call the poor little thing Edward, Joseph, Melchizedek, or almost anything. However, the deed was done, Doctor Plank was entitled Clarence and from that day to this he has sneaked through life trying to conceal the stigma by signing his checks C. W.

He is a forceful, determined, successful man and frightens people, until they know him. It is a misnomer to call him Clarence, just as it would be to name a new battleship Sweetheart or Loveykins. He is built like a brick garage and swears with such terrifying virtuosity that the vice has made him famous.

At the Mayfair Country Club, where he can always be found when not engaged in patching up frayed interiors, he roars at everyone, and is permitted this liberty because he helped organize the club in the dim days when golf was barely respectable.

He is probably the noisiest human being in California, which is a state notable for the quality of its leather-lunged men. His ordinary conversational tone is two squeaks higher than a pig caller on a windy farm, and yet people like him, are actually fond of him, and rush to him in a panic when they decide to have one of the lower intestines transferred to an upper floor.

His business partner, lifelong friend, suffering confidant and the sharer of his woes is one George Butler, a large friendly man with a smile, who is also a high-grade surgeon. George is the quintessence of calmness. Clarence reverberates, but George never raises his voice and has not been known to lose his temper, even in the lowest depths of golfing disaster.

The two gentlemen labor together in their neat cutting room, play golf together and make a fine team, either with a brassy in hand or the surgeon's cutlass. They have been members of the Mayfair board of directors for years, and when the question first arose of whether to discharge David Hone, the pro, both surgeons voted to keep him on the pay roll.

"Dave's all right," said Doctor Plank.

"Certainly he is," agreed Doctor Butler.

The surgical votes preserved Dave Hone from the loss of his job and the pro seemed grateful in his melancholy way. At intervals the agitation to remove him starts up all over in our lovely club, and dissatisfied members clamor for a new man to teach them mashie pitches to the pin. Up to this time, Messrs. Butler and Plank have managed to stave off dismissal, and meanwhile Dave has jogged along, growing gloomier and gloomier. It was this sorrowful manner that made him unpopular in the beginning, and one would think that he might at least try to correct the defect.

No reasonable person expects a golf pro to laugh or relate funny stories as he goes around polishing clubs or showing beginners what to do with their thumbs. No golfer will demand that his club pro be a jocund fellow, filled with innocent merriment, dropping the jolly quip here and there along with the ten-foot putt. Everyone looks for a golf pro to be a serious man, an almost somber man, and yet there is such a thing as carrying glumness too far. At Mayfair plenty of our members felt that Dave was really a bit too murky. They said so, speaking out before the crowd.

"Well," boomed Plank, "what do you expect of a pro, you squawkers? Want him to sing little songs? If you crave amusement, why don't you go to the movies?"

"You stick up for him," retorted Homer Bell, of the Bell Trucking Company, "and we all know why, of course. But the truth is, Dave Hone has become a disagreeable, irritating fellow."

"Danged nonsense!" Clarence roared. "He attends to his job and he's a fine pro."

"He does not and he is not," said Homer, totally unabashed. "He never has a pleasant word for any member of this organization. He glowers at the golf players and scares the lady members, who would be glad to take lessons. Did you ever see him wearing a friendly smile? No. Does he ever have a nice word for anyone? No. He's just a plain grouch. And why he doesn't go somewhere and mix himself a dose of ground glass, I cannot see."

"Don't agree with you," said Plank. "You're prejudiced against Dave."

"Maybe," said Homer, "but I wouldn't take a lesson from him if I never learned golf."

"And you never will learn, anyhow," Clarence replied. "Nature designed you for anagrams."

At that the locker-room discussion became general, with certain gentlemen defending David Hone, while others reviled him and prophesied that Mayfair would never get anywhere as long as it retained an unpopular pro. Clarence Plank strode about thundering defiance, and presently George Butler strolled into the locker room bearing a frayed golf sock in one hand and a bottle of liquid used by surgeons in moments of depression. He sat down on a bench before his own locker, made tinkling preparations and listened to the debate.

"You know, Cud," he said to his pal, pouring carefully, "I can cure that boy."

"You can cure who?"

"This despondent pro of ours that everybody wants to fire."

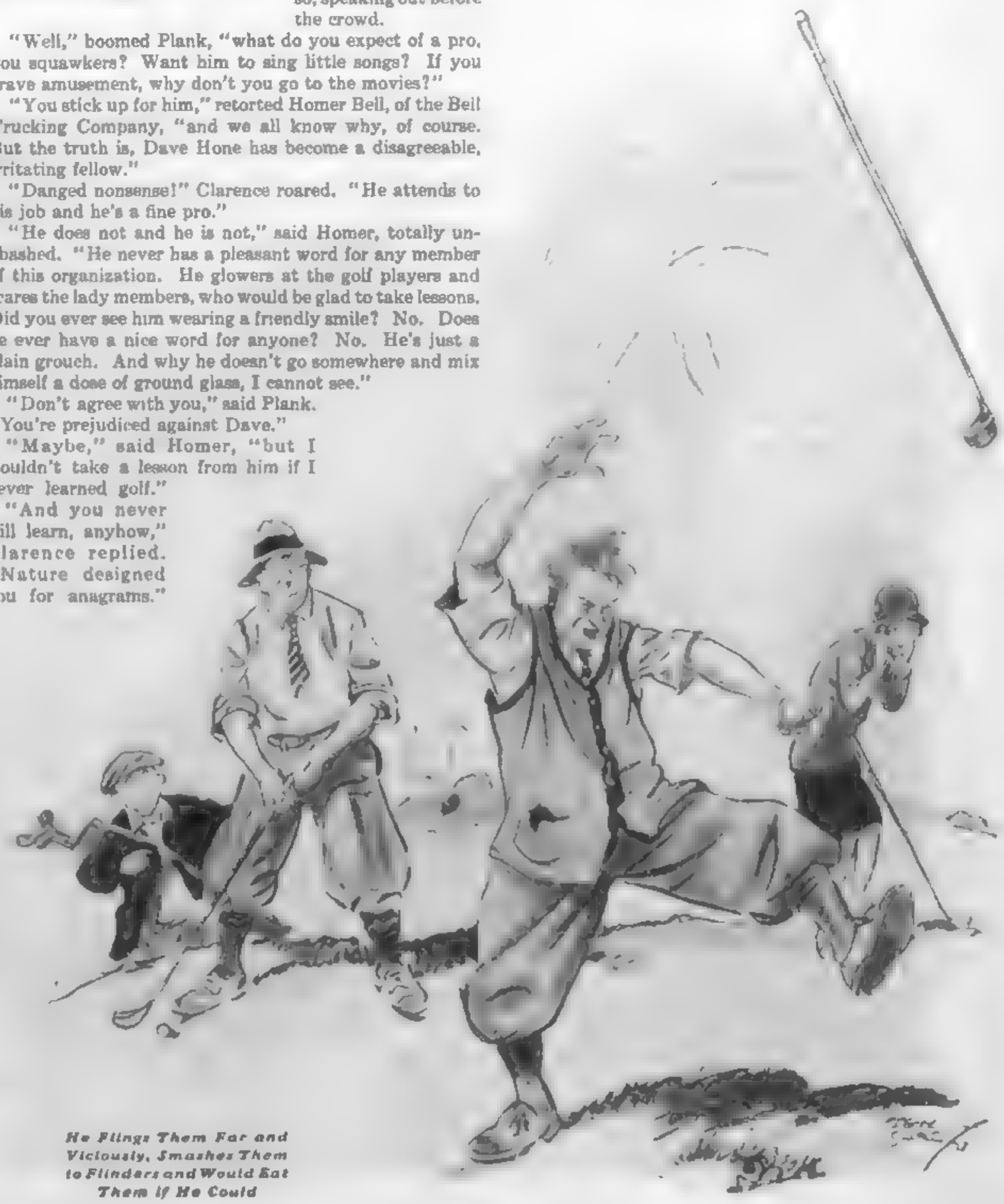
Clarence stared bellicosely at the jovial George and continued to dress.

"You know what's the matter with Dave, don't you?" George inquired.

"There's nothing the matter with him."

"Oh, yes, there is, doctor," George affirmed. "It's probably his condyloid."

Clarence Plank knows every bit as much about condyloids as George does, and probably more.



He Flings Them Far and Viciously, Smashes Them to Flinders and Would Eat Them if He Could

"Don't be an idiot," he advised George.

"Either that," the other persisted, "or perhaps his calcaneum."

Clarence continued to pull on his socks with a series of grunts, pausing merely to state that if George meant to be an idiot, nobody could help it, seeing all George's ancestors were idiots before him.

"I might be mistaken," George said mildly. "Every seven years I am mistaken, and it might turn out to be his tympanohyal or his prehallux."

At this point Doctor Plank opened up and called his mate some real names, and if George had suddenly murdered Clarence where he sat lacing his shoes, any jury in the world would have said not guilty and a good job done.

George merely waved his glass.

"Whatever it is that's the base of the trouble," he said cheerily, "I can fix our dismal pro, and I probably shall."

"You lay the weight of your finger on Dave," threatened the sitting surgeon, "and see what happens to you."

"Will You Please Shut Your Head," Clarence Requested, "and Put On Your Pants If You are Coming With Me?"

George and Clarence have done their surging together since the good old days when people telephoned the doctor to come and operate and bring the undertaker along, and the bond between them is amazing. They are even related by marriage, and cordially detest all their relatives. When one of them is employed to chase a reluctant appendix to its lair and drag it shrieking into the light of day, the other stands by, holding a surgical torch and making scathing comment. When they play golf together it is the same way. One putts and the other sneers at the result and offers to bet adversely.

They roll around together in the same blue limousine, calling on rich widows with poor digestions, and both tell the chauffeur where to go, the directions always conflicting. They are admittedly excellent and intrepid specialists, owning between them a huge pink hospital full of beautiful nurses and rubber mats. Their normal trade is strictly limousine, and rich people are forever dashing in and out of the Plank-Butler ménage, leaving stray chitterlings behind them.

The fees charged casually by George and Clarence are the gossip of the entire medical fraternity in California, and would normally scare the appendix out of the average citizen without a knife being honed. They golf three times a week whether the heavens fall, and they claim to have a definite understanding with the stork, which avoids their mansion of mercy Thursdays, Saturdays and all day Sunday.

"The chitinous," George rambled on, still thinking of gloomy Dave—"the chitinous ——"

"Will you please shut your head," Clarence requested, "and put on your pants if you are coming with me?"

George immediately emptied his glass of surgical poison, dressed rapidly, signed a few checks and stood ready. Mayfair's leading surgeons ambled out of the club, climbed into their machine and departed, quarreling contentedly as they faded into the pleasant shades of evening.

If the membership of Mayfair had stopped to take a vote the result probably would have closed the career of David Hone then and there. Dave was a man who never smiled. Laughter was a luxury in which he never indulged. He was a dolorous, cynical fellow, with an abrupt manner which was hurting his business, and his replies to the simplest questions either were or seemed to be sarcastic.

No golf club will long tolerate sarcasm from its pro. Our members, instead of spending their money at home, wandered away to foreign courses, where they corrected golfing mistakes and purchased by-products of the game, much to the distress of the Mayfair management. Lady players complained to their husbands, saying that David snarled at them as they struggled with the rudiments of a difficult sport, and they added that he was lacking in politeness. When a fair creature is paying four dollars an hour she expects plenty of politeness.

"He just stands there," wailed Mrs. Lily Bender, who is young and comely, "tells a person what to do and sneers when a person doesn't do it."

In the meantime David Hone murkily attended to his affairs, paying little attention to anyone. He began life as a caddie, and about the time he learned to carry a bag right end up and avoid coughing when a customer started to putt, the Great War uncoiled itself and gathered him in. He was precisely the right age to be shot, so, at Uncle Sam's pointed request, he set aside his golf bags and joined on.

He selected the Navy and stepped aboard a battleship, which steamed away to points unknown. Nothing happened to Dave except the influenza, of which he had a serious attack, and for some time it looked as if they would have to finish their war without the caddie.

Whether it was the war, the influenza or the monotony of life on a battleship, no one can truly say, but when the strife was over, David returned to the purlieus of Mayfair a permanently embittered soul with his mirthful days behind him. He began scowling, and optimistic golfers shunned him.

The influenza likewise robbed him of his hair, which may have had something to do with his pessimism, and his youthful dome glistened in the morning sun, giving him a slightly ridiculous aspect. After he found employment at Mayfair he met and fell in love with Nell Dunbar, daughter of the town's leading pharmacist and as nice a girl as any man could fancy. Looking at him for a long time, she began to feel sorry, and presently she promised to marry Dave, and this was the state of affairs when George Butler started in having his theories about the ravine in our pro's skull.

George is another of these kind-hearted Samaritans who are always getting into trouble. He goes about doing good deeds and succoring people whether they want it or not, and at the club he is pointed out as a fellow of noble impulses.

His personal conduct on a golf course is impeccable and lesser men try in vain to emulate him. He plays quietly and amiably, taking ill fortune as it comes and hoping the next shot will be better. This is in strong contrast with the style of Clarence the Untamed, who goes utterly haywire the moment he steps to the first tee and clutches a driver. Then the calm surgical look fades from his eye as he waggles his club head over the ball and his temperature mounts. He plays golf like a whirling dervish, rushing hither and yon, chasing innocent people out of his way and breaking all the rules of a noble pastime.

Naturally a rubicund man, with iron-gray hair and a jutting chin, he turns ruddier and ruddier as the mêlée advances, and when he winds up on the eighteenth green apoplexy seems to have him.

Where George Butler strolls meditatively from bunker to bunker, pausing to admire a distant cloud effect or Mrs. Lily Bender practicing an upright swing, Clarence Plank dashes from shot to shot, roaring complaints and swearing like a Barbary pirate. He gallops along in front of honest golfers about to putt in their proper turn; he shoots when he has no legal right to do so and he converses in loud, blatant tones when custom calls for silence. No matter whose honor it is on the next tee, Clarence races on ahead and bangs one down the fairway before his bulldozed companions can frustrate him; and if they protest he calls them terrible names and adds that they have no ears.

Worst of all, in his many moments of distress Doctor Plank throws his clubs, the implements of the game of golf, which are made of wood and steel and customarily are not thrown through the air because of the danger to human life.

Every six months the patient greens committee sends him a letter asking if he will please stop heaving his clubs, and every six months Clarence replies on his own hospital letterhead that if the Mayfair Country Club doesn't like the way he plays golf, then the Mayfair Country Club knows where it can go, and also what it can do en route. This usually ends the incident.

One would naturally assume that a successful surgeon, forty-six years old, with a lovely wife named Martha and three sturdy sons, would have sufficient self-control on a

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The Putter Struck Him on the Top of the Head and He Dropped as If He Had Been Shot Through the Heart

The American Stake in Canada

By Isaac F. Marcosson

The Factory of the General Motors of Canada

BECAUSE Europe and Latin America get so much press-agenting in one way or another, the average citizen of the United States believes that they are the two biggest outside American investment fields. If you include the $10,000,000,000 of war debts, Europe is predominantly first. In the matter of industrial enterprise on foreign soil, however, Canada leads. We have more capital employed in the Dominion than in any other single area under an alien flag.

Both our men and our money have become intimately a part of Canadian life and expansion. A common heritage of speech and tradition is matched by a kindred community of economic interest. For Canada, as for the United States, the dollar speaks the language of intensive exploitation.

More than $3,000,000,000 of American cash has found sanctuary beyond the northern border, which is double the sum we employ in Cuba, our next-ranking financial outpost. It has gone into a many-sided activity, ranging from pulp, asbestos and newsprint to motors and farm implements. We have given mining a rebirth, and our influence, human and otherwise, is strongly felt in agriculture, the backbone of the national wealth. Nearly every essential industry is represented in the 1400 branch factories that are American owned or operated.

But this productive empire constitutes only one phase. We underwrite a considerable portion of Canada's financial needs. Canadian issues, whether railway, provincial or municipal, are traded in daily on every big stock exchange in the United States, while our securities are active in Montreal and Toronto. Streams of gold flow back and forth. In a word, there is no financial frontier between the two countries. Fiscal kinship has a full mate in commercial intercourse. Canada is now our best customer and we are hers.

A Unity of Effort

MOREOVER, the Canadian, though sentimentally more attached to Britain, is essentially North American in manner and temperament. Propinquity has had something to do with the intimacy of the business association. Besides, the two neighboring nations have a common economic destiny. As a matter of fact, Canada is developing along the same lines that we followed once we struck the stride of real national expansion. Hence the unity of effort.

The magnitude of our Canadian interests brings to mind a fact that few Americans stop to consider. It is the march of our money wherever the trade winds blow. From $2,000,000,000, which represented our investments abroad in 1912, the total has grown to more than $13,000,000,000, the figure at the end of 1927. This does not include the $10,000,000,000 of war debts. Last year saw a new record for foreign issues publicly offered in the United States, the amount reaching $1,574,960,000. It was the fifth time that offerings for any twelve months passed the $1,000,000,000 mark. The other instances were in 1916, 1924, 1925 and 1926.

The American-Built Town of Arvida in Quebec

The Chelsea Hydro-Electric Plant of the Gatineau Power Company

When you analyze these figures you discover how conspicuously our Canadian stake stands out. In Latin America we have approximately $5,000,000,000 and in Europe about $4,000,000,000. These areas, however, comprise groups of countries. Canada is in a class by herself.

She represents nearly one-fourth of all the money we have employed throughout the world, outside the United States. Our capital in Cuba, as I have already intimated, is $1,500,000,000. Third, comes Mexico, with $1,400,000,000; while Germany is fourth, with $800,000,000. Next in order are France, with $650,000,000; Argentina, with $525,000,000; and Brazil, with $425,000,000. With these facts before you, you can readily see the premier place that our neighbor on the north holds in our international money fabric.

According to the Financial Post of Toronto, whose estimate is generally accepted, the entire amount of foreign capital in Canada is $5,310,000,000. Of this sum $3,100,000,000 is American money. You get some idea of our growth when I say that in 1909 we had only a bare $400,000,000 in mines, timber, packing plants, agricultural implements and land. Today our huge investment includes nearly $900,000,000 in government and municipal bonds, $450,000,000 in railways, $400,000,000 in pulp, paper and lumber, $265,000,000 in public utilities, $250,000,000 in mining, $100,000,000 in land and mortgages, a similar amount in retail establishments, $45,000,000 in finance and insurance, and the rest in various enterprises, in which oil, power, motor cars, aluminum and nickel have a big share.

A Friend in Need

THE British stake is mainly in railways. It accounts for nearly $1,000,000,000, or half their total funds in the Dominion. This partiality is not unusual. But when the American invests in alien lands he usually pins his faith to something that he himself can watch and expand.

Canada was one of the first foreign countries to attract American capital. Geographical proximity, racial understanding and language are only a few of the contributory factors. For one thing, Canada is a new country, with the kind of possibilities for development that stir the American imagination. The Canadian west today is what our own vast domain beyond the Mississippi was in the first few decades after the Civil War. Furthermore, commercial laws and business methods of the two countries are similar. In addition, the tariff policy of Canada has encouraged our manufacturers to establish branches which enable them to compete successfully in the Dominion market and at the same time enjoy imperial preference in other British countries.

Our close financial relationship with Canada began during the World War. Unable to obtain further capital from the old land, which was having all the burden that it could carry, Canada had to turn to new sources of supply. In 1915 she obtained $150,000,000 from us for government, municipal and other bonds, as compared with a normal total of $50,000,000 in preceding years. This was a drop in the bucket as compared with the billions that have streamed in since.

Though Canadians generally welcome this increasing cooperation, there is a tendency in some quarters to regard it as the preliminary to economic absorption. The phrase

"gobble up" is sometimes employed as a synonym for the Yankee advance. This, however, is not borne out by the facts. Most American enterprises in Canada have been thoroughly Canadianized. Practically every one of our large corporations doing business there has offered its securities in Canada, thereby enabling the people of the Dominion to become partners. They employ Canadians to operate the properties, and buy Canadian goods wherever possible. Thus American penetration and the oft-quoted menace of capitalistic conquest are strangers.

Canada is not by any means dependent upon the United States. Each year since the Armistice has witnessed a wider diffusion of her wealth. The much-heralded American invasion of Canada may be paralleled some day by a Canadian invasion of the United States. Canadian individuals or corporations have nearly $700,000,000 employed within our confines, as you will see in the next article. Joint underwriting of Canadian issues by American and Canadian institutions is becoming more and more frequent. Canadian investors are represented upon the boards of some of the largest corporations in the United States. Financially as well as politically, Canada is increasingly self-assertive.

So vast and ramified is the American interest in Canada that it is difficult to know where to begin the inventory. Perhaps it might be best to start with paper, because the romance of its astonishing development is the most compelling fact in contemporary Canadian industrial history. To comprehend just what we are doing you must understand the evolution that the past few years have wrought in the industry.

Up to 1910 American newsprint mills—newsprint is used for newspapers—produced all the paper needed by publishers in the United States, with a surplus sufficient to supply the requirements of Central American, South American and some Australian journals. We led the world in output. Paper, as most people know, is made from vegetable fibers. In the early days rags were used. The Germans, however, invented the process of production from wood, and wood pulp today is the most widely employed base.

Construction on the Power Plant for the Paper Mill in the Province of Ontario in Which the New York Times Has a Half Interest

Canada Takes First Place

THIS means that to obtain an adequate supply of pulp you must have ample forest area. With the beginning of the second decade of the twentieth century American manufacturers suddenly realized that their timber resources were nearing exhaustion. Coincident was a remarkable increase in newsprint consumption. For the past fifteen years it has grown at the rate of 7 per cent a year. The increase in 1926 over 1925 was 18 per cent. This was due to expansion in the size of newspapers and the growth of advertising.

Canada—and notably the Province of Quebec—offers the two requisites for paper manufacture—cheap power and timber—in practically inexhaustible quantities. The American producer began to annex them on such a scale that in 1926 the Dominion superseded the United States and took first place in production. Last year the Canadian output increased 11 per cent, while the American decreased 11 per cent. About 89 per cent of all the newsprint manufactured in Canada is exported to the United States. Both newsprint and pulp enter this country free of duty. Finer qualities of paper are subject to a tariff.

We can now see specifically what Americans have done to expand the infant industry of a few years ago into an industrial giant. The biggest part by far has been played by the International Paper Company. Beginning in 1898 with a merger of the leading pulp and paper companies in New York, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine, it has become, with its subsidiaries in Canada and elsewhere, the largest manufacturer of paper in the world and one of the most extensive holders of water power and timber in all North America. The capacity of its mills is more than twice as great as that of any other company on the continent. Its holdings of timber limits, as the phrase goes, in Canada and the United States aggregate 18,000,000 acres. These forests would cover more than the combined areas of Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island and Long Island.

The International's contribution to Canadian paper development serves to introduce a little-known figure of absorbing interest and achievement. I doubt if many persons outside his own particular field of activity are familiar with the name of Archibald R. Graustein. He was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, was graduated from the Harvard Law School in 1907 and joined a Boston law firm. As an attorney, he became interested in paper and emerged as the chief executive of the biggest group in the industry. The link with Canada followed.

In 1921 the Riordon Company, which had extensive pulp interests in Canada, became insolvent, and Graustein was named counsel for the protective committee of the dominant group of bondholders. The business and financial direction of the company had gone to pieces. Graustein, who had had no previous experience in paper, took hold so successfully that the bondholders whom he represented came out without loss, although it took four years to do the job. As a result of his work he was asked to take the presidency of the International, which he did. Knowing the potentialities of the Riordon properties, he had the International purchase them after the foreclosure sale.

Among the Riordon assets was the so-called Gatineau Valley enterprise, consisting of water power and timber limits in the Province of Quebec. The area gets its name from the Gatineau River, the largest tributary of the Ottawa.

Through the efforts of the International, the Gatineau has become the scene of one of the greatest hydro-electric developments in the Western world. In fact, few kindred undertakings anywhere approach it in scope and extent. This specific work is controlled by the Gatineau Power Company, all the common stock of which is held by the International.

Harnessing Horse Power

THE Gatineau River development is unique in many respects. For the first time in the history of Canada, perhaps in the history of the world, a whole river has been taken over, every available source of power marked out and the greater part of the energy harnessed to giant turbines. The river, therefore, is being exploited as a whole. Three huge power plants have been installed. They are at Paugan, Chelsea and Farmers.

The Paugan is the largest of the three projects. This unit alone has a total of 272,000 horse power, with provision for an increase to 476,000 horse power at some future date. The Chelsea plant will have an installed capacity of 170,000 horse power and the Farmers will be 120,000 horse power. These three installations alone will enable the International to utilize the total fall of the Gatineau River for sixty-two miles.

Allied with this immense power development is the construction of the Mercier Storage Dam. Lumbering operations have been conducted along the Gatineau and its tributaries for many years. In order to facilitate the floating of logs, timber dams were built on a number of the tributaries. Until recently this constituted the only attempt at regulation and was used solely for log driving. At present the company is building a large concrete dam, under the direction of the Quebec Streams Commission, on the Gatineau River, about thirty miles above Maniwaki.

The reservoir formed by this dam will have an estimated storage capacity of 95,000,000,000 cubic feet. The ultimate regulated flow of the river has been estimated to be between 10,000 and 11,000 cubic feet a second. This reservoir at Mercier will be the third largest artificial storage reservoir in the world. Only the lake above the

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An American Nickel Smelter at Copper Cliff, Ontario

COMEDY

By NUNNALLY JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

William Saw, Walking Hand in Hand Out Into the Amber Light, the Gold-and-Silver Girl and Harry Poultney

IT WAS five o'clock, the early night of autumn already approaching, and from a window at the end of the elevator corridor on the twenty-fifth floor of the Berger Building young Mr. William Fulton, twenty-two years old three days before, contemplated New York, darkening below him, with something akin to amused contempt.

Manhattan Island north of Times Square, thick and solid and seething, with the long glimmering streak of Broadway bending off toward the west; the insane staccato of flickering electric signs; the blood-curdling shrill of traffic whistles and the hoarse foghorns of newsboys; the trembling phalanxes of twin-lighted motor cars, leaping eagerly at green lights, halting sullenly at red; the slowly shifting regiments that overflowed the curbs; the bleak black piers thrust out into the shining Hudson and the great dark blocks against the eastern sky, where aristocratic hotels and apartments lifted their heads—the whole vast and dreadful panorama of light and bulk and hum, as far as he could see, William gathered into his eyes with a slightly triumphant sneer.

"New York!" He glanced around slowly; but for himself the corridor was empty. "New York!" he repeated a little more loudly. "Ah, New York!"

He paused, visibly reassured as the city made no move to defend itself. He looked around again and then cleared his throat cautiously. This was, he told himself exultantly, a splendid opportunity. And the city, he reflected further, certainly had it coming to it!

"New York," he repeated sternly, "until now the honors have been yours—thine." The medieval pronouns, he paused to decide, would be more fitting here. "So far thou hast prevailed, thou Frankenstein! So far thou hast foiled me!"

He glowed with sudden pleasure at the soft and sonorous reverberation of his voice in the marble cloister. He glanced around again. This, indeed, he gloated to himself, was drama! He and New York come face to face, out in the open at last, their cards on the table. Each could know now where the other stood.

"But now, New York—now we shall see!" He raised a defiant fist at the metropolis and then placed his hand solemnly over his breast pocket. "With this, New York—with this little paper we shall see which is the stronger! For at last I've got that foothold which thou soughtest to prevent me. At last, oh, New York, I haveth that start—and naught, mighty city, shall halteth me!"

He drew a deep breath, glared fiercely at Manhattan, and then tried to thrust out a chin that Nature had not fashioned for thrusting out.

"When I came to thee, New York, four long months ago, an ignorant boy from Tennessee, I swore by—by the high gods that some day thou wouldest acknowledge me. Thou hath kicked and cuffed me, oh, cruel New York, but always I hath waited for that start. And today, mighty city, I haveth that start ——"

His voice, grown steadily stronger, stopped in mid-air. He stood petrified, one hand outstretched in an eloquent and expansive gesture. Suddenly he had become conscious that he was no longer alone.

"Cæsar," a man's voice said pleasantly behind him, "addresses his troops."

"Harry, don't!"

The eloquent hand trembled slightly and then went innocently to his tie and straightened it. He turned reluctantly, his face scarlet, his soul numb with shame and embarrassment. Then it died when he recognized the shining girl who smiled half in amusement, half in sympathy. The man, too, he knew, but only as a background for Miss Patsi Moran.

"I think," the man said, still pleasantly, "you were knocking 'em out of their seats."

"Harry!" she begged again.

"Marvelous diction," he continued; "wonderful control of the voice ——"

The rest William did not hear. Flaming and speechless, he walked stiffly back down the corridor and turned a corner. There he stood then, shaking with nervousness, until the clang of an elevator door told him they had caught a down car.

II

AN HOUR later, as he sat in his room in Mrs. McDermott's boarding house in Ninth Street, where he'd lived since he came to New York, he still suffered in memory; but recollection of a happier event of the afternoon was helping to assuage his feelings.

After all, he'd got that start! He'd got what he'd been seeking. Perhaps it wasn't so much, compared with, say, the leading rôle; but Rome, he remembered, was not built in a day. One began small, even on Broadway, and worked up. Class would tell.

And in a Hoffman company headed by Patsi Moran—Patsi Moran herself! His face colored again, but he shook off the memory. Even then, he told himself, she'd been wonderful. She'd tried to stop that loathsome beast of a playwright. She'd tried anyway. And her apple-green toque did not even reach his shoulder! He shivered with excitement at the thought of her. His hands clenched until his knuckles were white.

What would they say, the fellows in the Harold McNevin Stock Company, still trouping around through hick towns in Tennessee, droning through Monte Cristo, At the Point of a Sword, May Blossom, Hearts of Oak and While the City Sleeps, if they could know he had caught on in New York, in Patsi Moran's company?

Then suddenly he became a man of action. Time was flying. What better impression could be made on Mr. Hoffman than by reporting to the first rehearsal letter-perfect? What time for starting was better than the present? He rose briskly, went into the hall and called down to the basement: "Mrs. McDermott, will Anna be busy for a little while?" A shrill voice answered excitedly from some remote depth and he returned to his room, a man afire with ambition.

A moment later Anna appeared: "You want me, Mr. Fulton?"

A thin child, frail for her twelve years, Mrs. McDermott's granddaughter regarded William with wide, solemn eyes. During the four months he had lived in the house, the awe of beholding a real actor, a person who lived, though somewhat sketchily, in the glamorous world of the theater, had never died in these eyes. Behind him, it seemed, she could feel the shadowy presence of that noble company of gods and goddesses whose names flecked the newspapers, the billboards and the electric heavens of Broadway. He was, in a way, a member of that company himself.

"Come in, my dear."

With the invitation there came a subtle change over him. He addressed the child in the manner of one whose thoughts were occupied with very, very weighty matters, on whose mind many, many problems pressed, but who still, in his eminence, had a moment always to give to a young admirer. It was so, unconsciously, that he acknowledged gratefully the salute of respect in her eyes, the only such salute that he had ever known.

She edged along the bed and sat nervously on the straight chair. "Yes, sir," she said.

For a moment he fumbled importantly about his table, and then, with a look so portentous she was alarmed, he faced her. "Anna," he said, "I'd like for you to help me."

"Yes, sir!"—breathlessly.

"Anna, I've accepted a part in a Hoffman play."

"Oh, I'm so glad, Mr. Fulton! You've looked so hard and so long ——"

"Oh, well" —he was slightly annoyed at this interpretation of his attitude—"I could have had something before if I'd wanted to take anything that offered. I wanted something worth while—and I got it." He paused before adding "I'm in Patsi Moran's company."

"Patsi Moran!" Her eyes opened like flowers. "Gee!"

"Yes"—he smiled indulgently, pleased at her awe—"I reckon I chose all right. It ought to get me some attention, being with her—if I'm any good at all. It may be ——."

"Patsi Moran!" she breathed again. "I'll bet you fall in love with her! I'll bet you do!"

"Now, child," he rebuked her good-naturedly, "let's not talk about that. I want you to help me rehearse my part. I want you to cue me."

"Do what?"

"You read the cue lines out of these pages"—he produced from the breast pocket he had patted so reverently a blue-bound script—"and I go through my part. But first I'll have to explain the plot to you so you'll understand."

Anna sat back in the chair and worshiped him.

"The plot," he explained, "is about a young lady, played by Miss Moran, who has a sick brother. He has consumption. The young lady has two admirers. The sick brother wants her to marry the poor young man, very respectable, and she'd like to do what the sick brother says, because she loves him so, but she feels she'd better marry the other fellow, even though her sick brother doesn't like him. This second fellow is very wealthy, but a cad."

"Cat?"

"Cad. She thinks she ought to marry him so she can send the sick brother off to get well. So, against the sick brother's advice, she accepts his proposal. The poor young man then swears that he will make some money of his own so she won't have to marry the cad. Meanwhile the sick brother is getting sicker. He has consumption. Then it develops that the cad is no good at all, and is conspiring with a night-club owner to make Miss Moran, when she's his wife, dance in a questionable night club, which is just about what the sick brother suspected. In the last act, after many interesting developments, it turns out that the night-club owner is really a Scotland Yard detective who has been trapping the cad. The poor young man's invention has been bought for a fabulous sum, just as the sick brother said, and he is rich enough to marry Miss Moran. The sick brother gets well and all ends happily."

"That's wonderful!" Anna's eyes sparkled.

"It's a comedy," he explained.

"What part do you play, Mr. Fulton?"

"I'm the sick brother, with consumption."

"Really! Why, that's one of the most important parts in the whole thing, isn't it?"

"Well," William admitted, "nearly everything hinges on me. It's a quiet part in a way, but when you get right down to it it's pretty important. . . . Now will you give me my cues?"

She took the script nervously as he laid a finger tip on a line. "Here," he said—"here's where you begin. Read that line, and the next one is mine." She wiped her mouth carefully and then read in a high-pitched voice: "'And where is it now?'"

"Billie," She Said Once, Throwing a Grateful Arm About His Shoulders, "You are a Dear Sweet Boy"

The result on William was somewhat startling. He was standing with his shoulders hunched, his chest drawn in and endeavoring to the limit of his ability to register consumption through his eyes. At his cue he gulped, shuddered weakly, took a step forward and with a somewhat astonishing violence said: "'That one is in the sink!'" Then he stopped.

"Go on," Anna encouraged.

"That's all," he replied. "I just say 'That one is in the sink.' That's all I say there—just 'That one is in the sink.' Then I stop. How was it?"

"Why," she replied, slightly bewildered, "it was all right."

"I'd better do it again," he decided. "You see, I want to get that line across big, because it's my first. That's where I'll make my first impression on the critics. So I ought to make it real—convincing—you understand? I want the audience to kind of just see that that one is really in the sink. Did you get any of that idea at all?"

"Yes, sir—yes, indeed!"

"Listen again." He cleared his throat, went through another convulsion and again roared "'That one is in the sink!'" Then he looked at her anxiously. "I think I got more feeling, more force in that one," he said. "An actor's got to feel his part—absolutely live it, you know. When I say that on the stage I've just got to be thinking to myself, 'Yes, sir, that one is absolutely in the sink, and no doubt about it.' Otherwise it would sound hollow and unconvincing. Do you see what I mean?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now the next one." He turned the pages for her. "Read this one."

"'I must be going now.'"

He turned, once more the dying consumptive, toward an imaginary guest. "'You'll find your umbrella in the hall rack,'" he said sepulchrally.

"Go on," she encouraged again as he stopped.

"Don't keep on saying 'Go on,'" he complained, irritated. "That's all there is to it. How did I say it?"

"I think it was fine."

"I wonder if the emphasis on 'hall' was strong enough. I got to get the idea across that the umbrella is in the hall rack, see? Maybe I'd better use a gesture—just a slight gesture toward the hall. Make it more forceful. I'll try it again, with a gesture."

His face went ghastly and he turned again toward the guest. "'You'll find your umbrella,'" he repeated with a circular wave that definitely located the hall, "'in the hall rack!'" He waved his hand again.

Then he sat down, satisfied apparently that he'd given his best to the effort. Anna began turning the pages again. "What's the next one?" she asked.

"Why—er—why, that's all."

"All!" Surprise and disappointment were in her voice. "You mean that's all you've got to say?"

"Certainly!" He spoke sharply.

"But, Mr. Fulton, I thought—oughtn't there to be some more? It sounded so important." She was obviously distressed.

"There isn't so much to say," he replied stiffly, "but you can't say it's not an important part. Nearly all the plot hinges on me. I don't say much, but I mean a great deal. As a matter of fact, I'm confined to my bed with consumption most of the time. You really couldn't expect me to come bounding out on the stage every minute or so, when I'm supposed to be nearly dead with consumption, could you?"

"No, sir," she agreed humbly.

"Well!" He rose, mollified, and took the script. "Now let's start again. Give me my cue for the first line." He cleared his throat, indulged in his puzzling little convulsion and spoke again: "'That one is in the sink!'"

And in a Hoffman Company Headed by Patsi Moran—Patsi Moran Herself!

III

IT HAPPENED that at the time young William Fulton came into Miss Patsi Moran's life she was somewhat preoccupied with thoughts of the last gentleman who had entered it. She was not accustomed to worrying over the consistency of a suitor's love—the burden of worry had always fallen upon him—and now, alarmed at the present softness of her heart, she was seriously considering a gift of what she would have described as the air for Mr. Harry Poultney before this mounting unhappiness would attain any considerable proportions.

"If you think," she had said to him, "that you are going to make a sucker out of me by running around with that Nevins oil can, you are entitled to exactly one more thought. So make up your mind, Harry: I'm awfully broad-minded up to a certain point. After that, I'm just old-fashioned, that's all."

"But can't you see, sweetheart," he had tried to explain, "it's just an intellectual interest—nothing else at all? The child wants to write." Mr. Poultney was author of

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HEEBY JEEBY

By Ben Ames Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

"Come On, Tot!" He Used to Say. "You Don't Like Spiders Any Better'n I Do. You Step on That Foot, and I'll Step on This One"

SOMEONE, somewhere, at some time has remarked that if you can make a mousetrap a little better than your neighbor, the world will beat a track to your door; or in other words that if you can do some one thing well, your future is assured. The phrase has a comfortable sound, it rolls pleasantly upon the tongue; but its truth depends wholly upon the popular demand for the particular mousetrap which you make so skillfully. Heber Foy, for example, was in his way a master craftsman; but so far from beating a track to his door, very few people even knew where he lived, and substantially the only attention he attracted was of an abusive character.

Heber was a pin sticker; that is to say he worked, twelve or fourteen hours a day, setting up pins in a bowling alley. Furthermore, he was a good pin sticker, and there is probably no vocation in which excellence is so rare. The ordinary pin boy is contented if he can persuade all the pins to stand up, and approximately on the spots where they belong; but Heber was meticulous in the exactness with which he did his work, sought always for perfection.

This perfection was by no means easy to attain. A good workman deserves good tools; but Heber had to be satisfied with poor ones. The pins in Lamper's bowling alleys were apt to be kept in use until they became battered and splintered and rounded at the ends. In order to make them stand up at all it was necessary to bang them down upon the alleys hard enough to flatten a little the ends upon which they stood, so that they achieved a precarious stability; and not only were the pins usually old and badly worn, but this daily banging had beaten depressions in the alley itself.

With such imperfect materials it was always a little easier to set the pins slightly off the spot, and most pin stickers were accustomed to yield to this temptation. But Heber was more scrupulous. He would never be contented until each pin was exactly in its appointed place; and as a consequence he was sometimes so long at his task that the bowler waiting at the other end of the alleys became impatient and shouted to him to get a move on, to get out of the way. Heber never did so; but they shouted just the same.

The boys who took care of the other three alleys were apt to be critical of Heber. Their own shortcomings were rendered more conspicuous by his exactitude; and his excellences brought down reproaches upon their luckless heads. For Lamper held Heber up to them as an example; and for this and for that, they revenged themselves upon him in many little ways.

These professional associates were not a constant quantity. Individuals came and went; and they were of every race and color and of every age. Yet they met upon this common ground of dislike for Heber Foy. Lamper usually called him Heeby; they amplified this into a nickname full of scorn and derision. They called him Heeby Jeeby. This distressed Heber, but he made no outward remonstrance. He had, perhaps, the wisdom to know that any protests from him would simply aggravate their jeers.

Heber had come to work in Lamper's bowling alleys some years before, and he had by this time become a fixture there. Lamper knew nothing about him except that he was always on time and that he never grumbled at staying late. He was reliable, and reliability is an attribute rare in pin stickers. Lamper also had come to understand the fact that Heber, for some unaccountable reason, liked his work, and that he was afraid of being fired; and Lamper not unnaturally turned these weaknesses to his own advantage. Heber's pay depended upon the number of strings he set up in the course of a day, and Lamper kept the tally. He could hardly be blamed if by petty manipulations he sometimes defrauded Heber. When Heber protested, it was in the mildest tones; and when Lamper had once satisfied himself that he could safely impose upon his employe, he made it a rule to do so.

If you had reproached him, he would have said, "What's the idea? If he's a sucker I might as well get it as anyone! If he don't like it, let him quit. I ain't keeping him here."

This was perfectly true. Lamper was not keeping Heber there. Heber was held rather by the curious fascination which his task possessed for him. To set the ten pins in their proper places and to do it accurately and quickly became for him almost a religion. He had the profound satisfaction that comes from work well done; and so long as his pay was adequate to his meager needs he was not likely to complain.

Heber had come to work for Lamper when he was about fourteen years old. At that time his mother was dead, and his father, who belonged to the drifting laboring class, had disappeared from his horizon. He had sold papers for a while, but that profession called for certain qualities of arrogance and combativeness which were not native to Heber's soul. There was nothing quarrelsome in him. To stand up for his rights seemed to him an empty occupation; and when by accident he one day discovered that pin boys could if they were industrious earn a sufficient living, he abandoned journalism for this more cloistered occupation.

He was just now somewhere in his early twenties; a spare, lean young man, who looked rather older than his years. Long hours under the artificial light of the bowling alleys had impaired his vision, and he habitually wore a green eyeshade, which came low over his face and which when he was stooped to his task hid practically his entire countenance. Since most of his work was done in a stooping position, he had acquired a bowed and humble posture. He looked not unlike a thin, bent finger, and there was nothing in his physical appearance to alarm the most timorous.

At the end of a bowling alley, above the spot where the pins stand, a shaded light is hung to illumine them; but beyond lies a cavern of darkness, surrounded by the balustrade upon which the pin boy perches. In this obscure corner Heber spent his days. He was never particularly attentive to the identity of the customers who bowled upon his alley, and unless they showed exceptional skill was not likely to remember them when they came again; watched rather the pins which were his charge. He learned to anticipate the stroke of the ball, so that almost before the pins had ceased to fall he was clearing the deadwood off

the alleys. And when now and then a bowler came along who used speed, Heber learned how to guard his head with crossed arms, as a boxer does, so that if a flying pin struck him it reached no vulnerable spot. His shins and knees and elbows and forearms were black and blue a good deal of the time, but these occasional blows were a professional hazard to which he paid no particular heed.

At the farther end of the alleys where the bowlers were there was apt to be a good deal of laughter and jesting. But Heber and the three other pin boys worked in silence, deafened by the crash of falling pins, and no one spoke to them except in reproach or profane admonition.

Only a few people knew Heber's nickname. To the bowlers he was simply "Boy!" and he had, save to an occasional regular patron, no identity at all. Probably the only person who ever saw even a little way into Heber's soul was Preacher Wing, United States marine.

Lamper's bowling alleys were in a basement on a cobbled street near the station. The structure of the Elevated and the buildings on either side of the street effectually barred any sunlight from the cobbles, so that they were always thinly covered with mud and grime, and the rattling wheels of the trucks which passed forever to and fro filled the spot with an ear-racking tumult.

Lamper planned to open for business sometime in the forenoon, the exact hour depending upon how late he had been abroad the night before. But Heber usually got to the alleys a little after eight o'clock, and swept out, and sorted the pins and prepared for business before Lamper arrived. And Heber stayed until, sometime toward midnight, Lamper decided the day was done. Then Heber went home.

His home was a single room in a shabby boarding house on a street which terminated at one end in a cul-de-sac, and opened at the other upon a thoroughfare leading to the entrance to the Navy Yard. Heber usually walked home, and he walked to work in the morning, since it was hardly worth while to take the Elevated for the short run across the bridge.

At the hour when he went to work in the morning there were others abroad, similarly bound; and Heber came by and by to recognize a familiar face here and there in the throng. He was a solitary, rather lonely young man; and he looked forward to these encounters, and sometimes smiled in a tentative fashion at someone he remembered having seen before.

No one ever paid any attention to him or to his smile; but there was always the possibility that they might, and this possibility made him rather enjoy the walk in the morning. But he dreaded going home, for toward midnight the foot passengers on the bridge were not always of the gentler sort. There were usually a few ships at the Navy Yard for repairs or overhauling, and the sailors with leave to go into the city in the evening were apt to come roistering home.

Heber sometimes saw them on the bridge. He was even more apt to encounter them in that street which led from the Elevated to the Navy Yard—a narrow street, with narrow sidewalks, cobbled and flanked on both sides by buildings of a curious appearance, blank and expressionless, seeming to conceal behind their shuttered fronts mysterious and dusty terrors calculated to affright the imagination of a timid man. Along this street few people passed unless they were bound to the Navy Yard itself; and most of them were men in the service.

To Heber's eyes the sailors, swaggering in blue, their small white hats at arrogant angles, were an obnoxious lot. He had watched them come and go for a good many years, as this ship and that was laid up in the Yard, and he found no good in them. He was very definitely one of those who favored excluding men in uniform from public places of every kind. They were, in his experience, a noisy crowd; and this was especially true, he thought, of the marines.

He had come by slow degrees to recognize some individuals in this line of the service, since they were stationed for longer periods at the Yard; and it was habitual with Heber, when he encountered one or more of them on his homeward way, to step off the sidewalk upon the cobbles and let them go by.

Otherwise, he had found, he was apt to collide with a careless shoulder, which as often as not sent him staggering half across the street.

There was one group of three marines whom he often saw together, and for whom he felt a particular abhorrence. He knew their names, for at one of their earlier encounters, when he attracted their attention by dodging into a doorway to let them go by, they stood around him in a little semicircle and with formal gravity introduced themselves.

There was a big-sized marine and a middle-sized marine and a little-sized marine; and they were as fearful to Heber as the three bears in the story. The big one—a tall and stalwart giant, with a robust voice and a way of shouting the most commonplace remark—went by the name of Limburner, and the two others who were always with him called him Tot. "Because," as the little-sized marine gravely explained to Heber, "he's so tiny." The little-sized marine was Piper Day, only slightly larger than Heber himself; and the middle-sized marine was called Preacher Wing. Preacher had a friendly countenance, and a knack of making fun of Heber without rendering him miserable; but Piper Day's jests had usually something malicious about them, while the humor of Tot Limburner was of the sort which bruises. Heber hated and feared Tot with that curious repugnance which is so often instinctive in small men toward larger ones; and toward Piper Day he felt an even more venomous distaste. He was never quite sure about Preacher Wing.

Piper Day, perceiving the fact that Heber always sought to avoid meeting them, used to go out of his way to make Heber miserable. When the three of them, striding arm in arm, met Heber or overtook him in the street which led to his home, Piper was sure to call out:

"Hey, Spider! Hold up there!"

He always called Heber "Spider." "Because," he explained politely, "you look like one. Or anyway, there's something about you that looks like one. You know how it is yourself. You see a spider and you want to step on him. That's the way I feel whenever I see you! Can't you keep off this street when there's gentlemen around?"

Heber at these interviews usually found himself backed against the wall, speechless, submitting to their buffoonery.

"I always want to step on a spider," Piper Day would repeat, and tread on Heber's toes, till Heber snatched his foot away and stood on one foot and then on the other in an effort to avoid Piper's attentions.

The big man, Limburner, always laughed at this jest of Piper's; and Piper would appeal to him.

"Come on, Tot!" he used to say. "You don't like spiders any better'n I do. You step on that foot, and I'll step on this one."

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"What You Doing There?" Big Limburner Towered Above Him. "Who Wants to Know?"

PROFITS IN PETS

As Told to Mara Evans

HUMAN eyes, gazing into the windows of some busy shop, reflect a variety of mental states. Sometimes bitter emotions are legible—avarice, discontent, desire frustrated by poverty. Occasionally, outside of a restaurant, actual hunger looks for a moment out of discouraged eyes.

But there is nothing like that in the crowd that gathers outside a pet-shop window. Sympathy, curiosity, friendliness—these are the feelings that are uppermost. Inside the glass is a variety of animal life: Puppies, fighting, eating, stretching erect on uncertain hind legs, forepaws against the glass; Persian kittens, yawning, scratching ears, sleeping in compact balls; monkeys in a cage, swinging restlessly up and down, turning bright, grieved eyes on the watchers; plump green love birds; sulphur-crested cockatoos. The crowd shifts as people just about to pass by hesitate, curious, and succumbing to the lure, edge their way in; or someone detaches himself reluctantly from the nucleus and drifts away with a final backward smile. In the front row a little boy presses eagerly against the window, nose to nose with an eight-week-old Chow puppy behind the glass; the boy's breath makes a moist smudge on the pane. Now and then a man or woman leans forward and taps on the window to attract the attention of a kitten or a puppy, and a man near the front, hands in his pockets, whistles a note or two to the love birds.

The Window of a New York Pet Shop. In Circle—A Four-Year-Old Cat and a Parrot Credited With Thirty-Five Years, Enjoying a Meal Together

This crowd draws more closely together than city crowds usually do. Almost everybody is smiling—smiles that vary from yearning to amusement, but beam with a common friendliness. Often people—strangers—exchange glances of delight at the antics of some puppy.

This I know from watching such crowds for years from behind pet-shop windows. It is more than thirty years since I first stole a few minutes from a busy day to enjoy—young as I was then—the exchange of greeting from human life on one side of the window and animal life on the other. Never the same spectators, but always the same emotions—friendliness, curiosity, sympathy.

A Private Menagerie

EVERY boy wants a pet—one kind or another; kittens, ponies, pigeons, birds, rabbits. Dogs are most generally popular, perhaps because they can render services to the family in general. But tastes vary. Mother, cleaning out young Bill's pockets before she washes his play suit, disgorges a torpid frog. Many a school-teacher has congealed in horror at the sight of a fugitive white mouse pattering over a desk top at the back of the room.

When I was a small boy I cherished every kind of pet I could lay my hands on, and I acquired many, for an ardent love of, and interest in, animals made my ways devious and adroit. A corner of the loft and a corner of the barnyard were mine, and there I fitted up homes for all my livestock. I saved errand money and acquired two coal-black rabbits by straight purchase. I earned a puppy by taking care of its mother one summer when the owner went away. When my father caught a small owl one day as it perched, dazed by the light, on a fence post, I begged for it and he gave it to me. That owl gave me my first realization of the complexities of life when it ate my three tame mice in the loft. One spring I caught a newt in the brook; it lived nearly all summer. Once or twice I even surreptitiously swapped clothes or toys that I'd been given for Christmas or birthday for some animal I wanted. A noble pair of kid gloves—thirteenth birthday, if I remember rightly—I traded for a gray squirrel.

But the pride and joy of my heart was a moss monkey that a sailor uncle brought me from his travels. I named him Pedro. He was full-grown and weighed less than two pounds. He was greedy for bugs and worms, and the spiders that housekept in the corners of the loft were exceedingly tasty. One early spring day I unwisely left an open glass bottle of worms where he could see them. He abandoned his spider search, swung briskly down and seized the bottle. At first, apparently much puzzled, he tried his best to get at the worms through the glass, but it wasn't long before he turned the glass upside down, emptied out the worms, and luncheon was served.

The family were reasonably patient, although my father would occasionally be moved to remonstrance—or even worse. One hot July day, just at dusk, I put half a dozen turtles in the horse trough. When the hired man stopped to let Tartan, our driving horse, get a drink, Tartan plunged in his nose, gave a horrified snort and reared on his hind legs. A shaft snapped and the buggy overturned. After that I was forbidden to add to my collection of animals for six months and given certain other explicit directions that concerned keeping the ones I already owned in the places assigned to them.

A Magnet in the City

BUT on the whole everybody was very lenient. This almost abnormal love of animals on my part was, they assumed, a childish characteristic that I would presently outgrow. Meanwhile I was undergoing a college preparatory course; it was taken for granted that at its completion I would enter college and emerge a lawyer. The years ahead fitted neatly into a pattern.

Something was happening, however—and almost without my realizing it at first—to disarrange that plan. During the summer vacations of my last three high-school years I had worked in a small pet shop in the busy Eastern city sixty miles away. I got twelve dollars a week. No objection was made at home; Carl preferred to help my father and mother on the farm, and I seemed happier in the city.

It wasn't the city that attracted me; it was the pet shop. Yet this was a small shop on a back street, run by a middle-aged German woman, recently a widow. The little store may have been prosperous in her husband's day I don't know—but in Mrs. Terman's uncertain, rather timorous hands it was not giving good profits. She carried canaries, goldfish; rarely a parrot; sometimes a few white mice; puppies and kittens and rabbits. She loved the animals—especially the birds—but when it came to the practical side of the business she was lost without her husband's guidance. My first summer it was all new and I had everything to learn. But by the second summer I began to see where she made, I thought, serious mistakes. The store was on a side street that had changed from a busy to an almost forsaken section in the years

Three-Month-Old Siamese Kittens, Imported From Paris

she and her husband had kept it there. But it was home to her.

"Move away?" she'd say to me, looking aghast. "Oh, no, I could not"

When she wanted a couple of white rats, for instance, she'd shut up the shop entirely and insist that we both go down to a big wholesale dealer to pick out two rats. And I honestly believe she hated to see the animals go out of the store. I was feeling greatly elated one morning when I sold a woman a fifty-dollar Scotch terrier that had been on our hands for some time, when Mrs. Terman came in and found the dog being carried out. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Oh," she said to the customer, "are you taking Laddie away?" And her tones were so full of grief that the surprised customer looked as though she felt she really ought not to buy the dog at all.

Turning to the Laws of Nature

WOMEN usually took much longer to choose their pets than men did. A man, in fact, when buying a canary, would often ask me to pick out a good singer for him. When it came to a dog, however, he did the picking himself, setting the puppy down on the floor to see how it carried itself, how active it was, and what kind of spirit it had. Men didn't often question the price if they liked the dog. But Mrs. Terman lost many a sale through pricing the stock too low. It required, I soon learned, more knowledge of the animal, the market and the particular customer than she possessed, to evaluate pets accurately and sell them readily.

Women usually wanted to do their own choosing. They considered fashions in dogs more than men did, and the fashion was generally influenced by prize winners at the last big show. I used to watch many a woman picking out a canary, chin in the air and head tilted, eyes and ears focused intently on a particular bird, and in the rush of song from fifty cages, not hearing the bird she was looking at, at all.

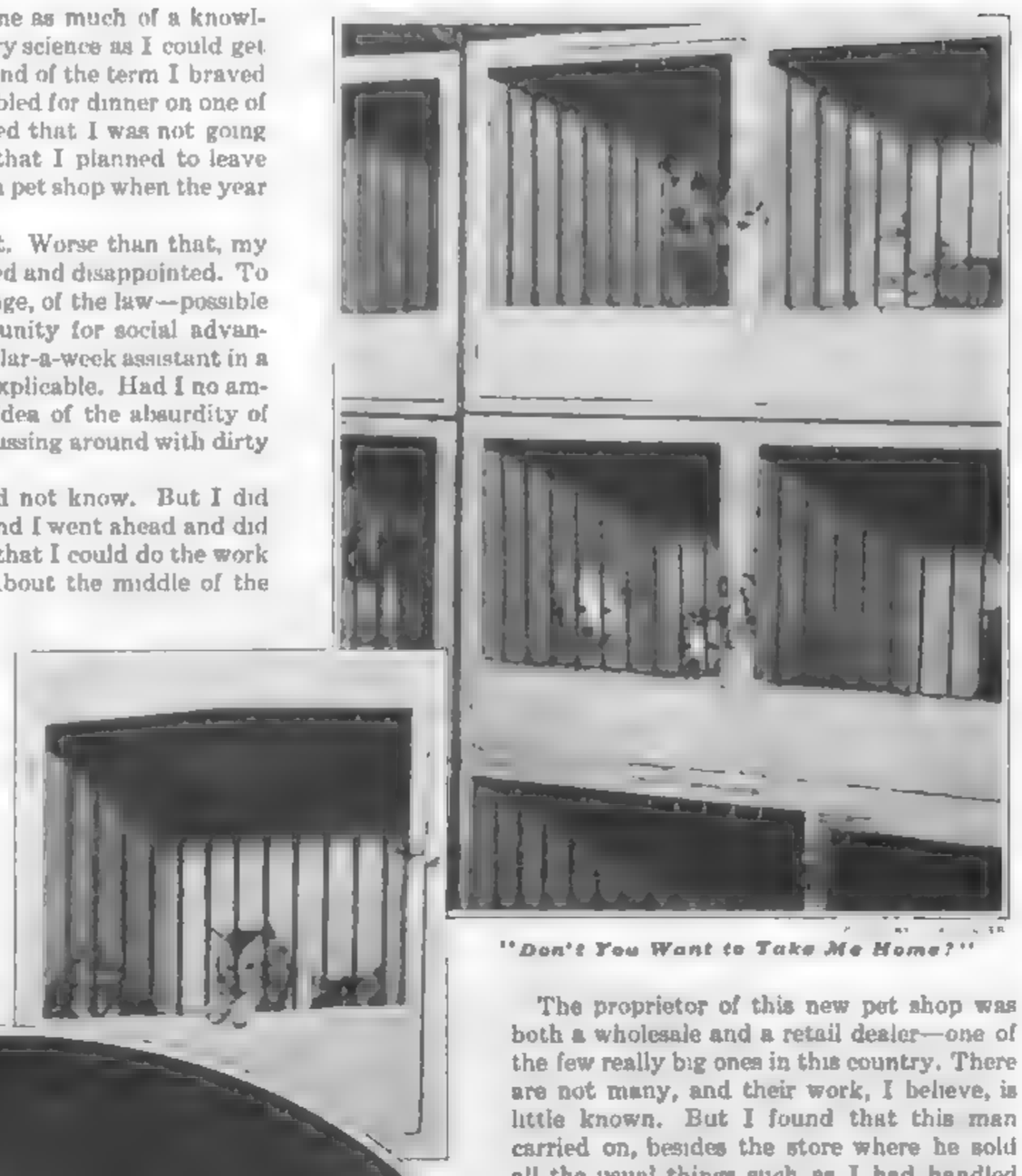
Two young girls, one morning, were trying to choose one of two collie pups. The price was the same—thirty-five dollars; the two dogs were blood sisters and almost identical. It was too much for the girls; they were helpless. They took exactly two hours to pick one out, and in the end I had to help them by pretending that one of the dogs was just a shade darker than the other.

Of course, as a seventeen-year-old helper, I had the dirtiest part of the work to do, but I didn't mind. Anybody learning a trade gets the least pleasant part first. And I was finding out all I could about animals. Even then I could doctor a sick puppy or bird pretty well. But I wanted to know more, and when I reached the state university, instead of registering for the courses leading to law work, I arranged a program that would give me as much of a knowledge of zoology and veterinary science as I could get in a short time. Toward the end of the term I braved the family when it was assembled for dinner on one of my trips home, and announced that I was not going to take the law course, but that I planned to leave college and go on working in a pet shop when the year was over.

Of course they were aghast. Worse than that, my mother and father were grieved and disappointed. To give up the dignity, the prestige, of the law—possible financial success and opportunity for social advantage—to become a fifteen-dollar-a-week assistant in a pet shop seemed to them inexplicable. Had I no ambition, they demanded; no idea of the absurdity of proposing to spend my life "fussing around with dirty animals?"

Had I no ambition? I did not know. But I did know what I wanted to do, and I went ahead and did it, hoping to prove somehow that I could do the work I liked and make it pay. About the middle of the June that ended my one year at college I ignored examinations and went back to the city to look for a place.

This time I got a job in a pet shop that was so utterly different from the little store where I had worked before that I had an entirely new business to learn—and a fascinating, though more unusual one.



"Don't You Want to Take Me Home?"

The proprietor of this new pet shop was both a wholesale and a retail dealer—one of the few really big ones in this country. There are not many, and their work, I believe, is little known. But I found that this man carried on, besides the store where he sold all the usual things such as I had handled in Mrs. Terman's shop, a commerce in wild animals that was intensely interesting. He had been thirty-five years in the business and had depots at Para, Pernambuco, Bahia, Singapore, and in Germany.

Behind the small pet shops in this country there are the large dealers. They supply the retail trade with canaries by the thousand and goldfish by the tankful. But in addition to this they do a big business in the larger wild animals that are rarely seen in any of the smaller shops.

Over my new employer's store was a room filled with canaries—the shipments as they came in from Germany—where he selected and priced the best singers. This was for the better-known part of his pet-shop trade. In the basement, in strong cages, he kept the large or vicious animals that he was showing to buyers for private collections or circuses or zoos—cassowaries, anteaters, pythons, pygmy elephants, chimpanzees, even an occasional tiger. His customers included motion-picture producers and a number of the large retail stores.

An Unusual Tandem, Composed of Joey, the Rooster, Buck, the Dog, and Daisy, a Shetland Pony. In Oval—A House Cat Giving His Younger Playmate Instructions in the Art of Procuring Food in More Ways Than One

At Home in the Elephant House

BESIDES the store, he had an animal farm—a miniature zoo—some twelve miles out of the city, where he kept such of the larger animals as could not be handled in the store. He thought he could use me best out there at the time, and I started immediately for the place, but I managed somehow to miss the train and didn't arrive until dusk. The caretaker—a genial little old German—was waiting for me. My trunk, it seemed, had been put in the elephant house—I gathered it was unoccupied—and I was to inspect it immediately to make sure it had withstood the rigors of the journey. So I followed his bent figure into the elephant house and encountered a real thrill. Padding softly across the floor toward me in the dim light I could see a sleek leopard. I congealed. The little old man trotted ahead, paying no attention, and the leopard came relentlessly on. It was as big as a panther. The walls of the elephant house seemed to fade and let a threatening, ancient jungle close around me.

Old Fritz turned to see why I had stopped following. "Ho-ho!" he chuckled, holding his round middle. "Be nodt afraid. It iss just my cheetah! See, he vill nodt harm you!" He patted the cheetah lovingly, and the animal, purring like

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

Astern of Them, Making All Possible Speed, Square Sail Spread to the Following Breeze, Was the Cargo Round-Ship Whereof Himilco Was in Command

Beyond the Pillars of Melkart; B. C. 740—By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

VERY happy was young Mattan-Baal, son of Yaton-Melek, wealthiest of the merchants of Tyre, as he sat at joyous feast with his friends in his villa that overlooked the strip of blue sea separating Gadir—which now is Cadiz—from the mainland.

Extreme outpost of civilization though it was, that islet city—*founded four centuries back* to tap the fabulous wealth of I-Spania, the Peru of the ancient world—could show many dwellings whose interior splendor rivaled even this magnificence of cedar wood and marble and tall perfume censers of cast bronze. Immense was the profit derived from the great roaring market upon the adjacent mainland shore, where every kind of commodity was displayed for vociferously invited purchase, and nearer than which no male native was permitted to approach.

To that market came in their season the long trains of wild men from an undiscoverable North, leading their mules and asses laden with the bars of tin upon which almost the entire bronze manufacture of the Mediterranean depended, and at all times arrived the squealing bullock carts piled with ingots of gold and silver and lead from the inland region of Tarshish which later Greeks would call Tartessus. Then, however, and for many centuries thereafter, there were no Greeks in that first of Atlantic ports. Swift war biremes cruising always in the narrow straits between the Pillars of Melkart—Calpe, which is Gibraltar, on the one hand and Abyla, which is Apes' Hill, upon the other—rammed and sank pitilessly every ship which was not Phœnician.

The gold and silver of Tarshish and the almost more important tin—brought, it was said, from mist-hidden islands remotely beyond the northernmost pillar of the world—were a jealously guarded monopoly for the ships of Tyre and Sidon and the Phœnician colonies yet new upon the North African coast. Splendid, accordingly, were the pious offerings in the great Temple of Melkart on the eastern side of the city, and luxuriously dissipated were the pleasures of its inhabitants. Supplementary to the cymbal-clashing licensed orgies of the Temple of Ashtart, an incessant sound of music filled the streets leading upward from the quays. "Improbæ Gaditanæ," long-subsequent Romans would call those dancing girls, shocked even they.

A troupe of such dancing girls, showering each other with roses, performed now before Mattan-Baal and his guests. Next to him on the cushions reclined the best-loved of his friends, the darkly handsome Eshmunazar, commander of one of the war biremes on the station, his purple cloak thrown back from a brightly polished bronze cuirass, his great silvered helmet on the divan by his side. Semicircularly seated to right and left were the others who made up the fortunate number of seven—Yehawmelk, Ethbaal, Luliyu, Abdbaal and Ben-Melek, young men richly garbed, their curled hair and beards oiled and perfumed, sons also of great merchants in far-off Tyre. Negro slaves moved constantly in and out, brought new dishes, diluted the sirupy wine with snow-cooled water, refilled the golden cups.

A group of squatting musicians made wild melody with pipe and harp and tambourine. The dancing girls postured and sang, tossed their long-flowing hair, twisted their lithe bodies, held hands and swung about each other, laughing in an infectious simulation of joy. The young men laughed also and applauded, shouted pertinent compliments. The gayety of this feast, indeed, but additionally celebrated a happiness with which the entire city was noisily turbulent.

At sunset would safely arrive the ardently desired great annual fleet from Tyre, that had been a year upon the way. There was now no doubt of it. Two hours back had already arrived the swift bireme which was its precursor, bearing dispatches to Ger-Amnon, the Shofete, Governor of Gadir, from Hirôm II, King of Tyre and Sidon, who himself paid tribute to the King of Kings, Tiglath-Phileser III, monarch of Assyria. As he sat in that merry company, Mattan-Baal thrilled with eager anticipation. Among that fleet would be the ships of Yaton-Melek, laden with dyed stuffs, embroidered cloaks, glassware, perfumes, bronzes and the cedar wood of Lebanon, and assuredly bringing also longed-for papyrus-inscribed letters from his father and from that passionately loved little sister Elissa, of whom so often he talked to Eshmunazar. He joined in the tune sung by the dancing girls, threw back the roses with which they pelted him.

Suddenly there was a disturbance at the curtain-hung doorway. Old Abd-Adad, the faithful superannuated shipmaster who watched over his master's apprenticeship, burst through the negro slaves and flung himself at Mattan-Baal's feet.

"The warehouses, master!" he gasped. "The warehouses and all that therein is have they seized! And even now they come hither!"

Mattan-Baal sprang erect. "Seized the warehouses!" he cried, incredulously. "What wild talk is this? Who has seized the warehouses?"

Old Abd-Adad opened his handfuls of street dust, threw them upon his white hair.

"Abdelim, who sits at the right hand of the Shofete in his court, came with his spearmen and the decree! O master, master, calamity has come upon us!"

Even as he spoke, the disciplined tramp of armed men resounded in the adjoining apartment. Once more the curtain was thrown aside. Abdelim, the gray-haired, purple-robed deputy of the Shofete, strode through the doorway, a squad of helmeted spearmen behind him. In one hand he held a papyrus roll, in the other the antique sickle-shaped bronze weapon which was the emblem of his authority. His visage was ominously serious. The music stopped abruptly. The guests jumped up in alarm.

Discourteously, without salutation, Abdelim halted, commenced to read from his scroll. And as he read, it seemed to the young man that the world collapsed and went black about him; it seemed that the solid earth rose and fell like waves of the sea under his feet. Yet those dreadful words came clearly. He could not help but hear them. Yaton-Melek, of the council of the Shofetim, greatest of the merchant princes of Tyre, had been accused of conspiracy before Hirôm the King, had then and there been put to death and all his goods sentenced to confiscation. The bireme which had overtaken the trading fleet had brought the inexorable decree. In obedience to it, Ger-Amnon the Shofete—whom may Melkart continue in prosperity!—sent now his spearmen to seize this habitation and all that therein was, as already the warehouses and the ships of Yaton-Melek had been seized. Abdelim added a perfunctory congratulation that the mercy of the great king—Melkart holdeth up his arms!—had graciously exempted the family of Yaton-Melek from sale as slaves. He, Mattan-Baal, was free to depart whither he would.

The young man made an immense effort over his voice. "What enemy of my father did this thing?"

Abdelim hesitated a moment before he replied, "Bod-Eshmun, the Shofete, was it who testified before the king, and to him was granted half the riches of Yaton-Melek, whose name henceforth shall be forgotten."

The utterance of that name smote the young man like a blow. Bod-Eshmun! Bod-Eshmun, the great merchant whose agents were a power here in Gadir, for more than any other he purchased the precious tin, confining himself indeed to that commodity of which he had almost a monopoly, supplying it to every Mediterranean port with his many ships. Second only in wealth to Yaton-Melek was he, and ever—as Mattan-Baal well knew—had he affected to be his closest friend and ally in the council of the Shofetim. What crafty treacherous intrigue had those ever-plotting, mutually jealous city councilors woven for the destruction of the richest among them? Bod-Eshmun, who so often had eaten—the honored guest—in his father's house! Almost, for a moment, he raved and blasphemed, called down the curses of Melkart—if Melkart yet heard the voice of righteousness!—upon that traitor to his father's bread and salt. He mastered himself, forced himself to a dignity not unworthy of his father's son. His voice sounded strange in his own ears.

"And my sister Elissa—said thy news aught of her, O Abdelim?"

Again Abdelim hesitated. "The papyrus said naught, youth, but those who came in the ship have a tale that thy sister slew herself in the tumult when thy father's house was pillaged."

The young man staggered and again for a moment there seemed a darkness before his eyes. Verily was it the end of all things.

Something almost like pity mingled with the sternness of Abdelim's voice, "Depart now from this house, O Mattan-Baal, taking nothing with thee. So hath decreed the Favored of Melkart, even he who reigns in Tyre. No longer in Tyre or in Gadir hast thou habitation."

Mattan-Baal glanced around the room thickly strewn with flung and trampled roses. It was empty of those who but a moment or two before had filled it. The musicians and dancers had disappeared. His guests had discreetly slipped away—all save one. Eshmunazar had donned his great silvered helmet, stood with his aristocratically purple cloak hanging from his shoulders. Mattan-Baal felt his heart cold as ice within him, numbed beyond capacity for further anguish. Now, naturally, would Eshmunazar also abandon him who was beggared and outcast, a most dangerous acquaintance in this city where the agents of Bod-Eshmun were all-powerful. He resigned himself to it, almost without bitterness. Incredibly, he saw Eshmunazar—how tall and handsome he was in that gesture! How much to be loved if only his heart could have felt an emotion!—stretch out his arms.

"Abdelim speaks folly. So long as I have habitation, that hast thou also, Mattan-Baal. My lodging is thy lodging. Come now, O my brother, let us go thither. May Melkart preserve thee, O Abdelim!"

He waved aside the spearmen and, with one arm about his friend's shoulder, led him from the house.

That evening, in the glory of the sunset, when all the city had rushed down to the quays to welcome the arriving fleet, coming endlessly into the vast lagoon with a myriad flashing oars, Mattan-Baal stood, the only worshiper, within the inner inclosure of the temple of Melkart, where was no image of the god, but only a great fierce fire and two brazen pillars. With all his soul he cried to that most awesome of deities.

"Hear me, O Baal-Melkart, god of Tyre and most puissant of all gods! Grant me speedily again the boon of great wealth, that, rich and powerful, I, now scorned and impotent in my poverty, may return to Tyre and crush my enemy and the enemy of my father, even Bod-Eshmun! No dearly loved first-born have I to sacrifice unto thee, O Baal, yet for this have I sacrificed to thee these oxen bought with all that remained in my pouch. Nevertheless, since that is but little, O Baal, and since a man must ever sacrifice to thee that which is dearest to him, here I offer thee, for thee to take away as thou wilt, all that in my life may hereafter be dear to me, whatever for a moment may rejoice my heart, so that this vengeance may be mine!"

The fire leaped up with a crackling roar from the entire carcasses it was consuming. Behind him, the shaven priests cried out awedly that the god had heard. Mattan-Baal prostrated himself.

The long narrow bireme clove the hissing sea to the recurrent thud and jerk, timed to a piercing regularly repeated whistle, of the double tier of rowers. Above the

(Continued on Page 136)

Further Far He Voyaged Than Ever Men Had Voyaged, and His Mariners Cried Out and Threatened Violence Against Him

And Other Valuable Considerations

By Beatrix Demarest Lloyd

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

Sometimes She Put On a Bibbed Apron and Cooked Suppers That Made It Difficult to Return to the Fare, However Wholesome, From L'Hommedieu's Cove

ON SO warm a day, Eben Lovejoy usually sat in his office in all the untrammeled ease of a costume commonly called shirt sleeves, though there was a good deal more of it than that. But having found a lady sitting near the window when he came in, he had not removed his very wrinkled coat.

The small boy who opened the office in the morning, before school, indicated his lively interest in this visitor by remaining long enough to assume a vicarious importance in announcing her presence by a regrettable gesture with one thumb over his shoulder, and by being very nearly late to his classes.

Calling attention to this lady was surely supererogatory. Nobody would have been in the least likely to overlook her; certainly not Lovejoy, who had an eye, however faded, for feminine loveliness.

She was a little thing, slenderly presented in a white sports costume with knowing touches of buff and orange, and what with the modern shortness of skirt and hair—it always seemed a new style to Lovejoy, whose early loves had worn great *chignons* and yards of petticoats—she looked like a little girl. It was deceitful of her. She was a woman grown, as much as she was ever going to grow—rather a famous woman, at that.

Had Lovejoy looked at her in anything but a daze of admiration, he would have observed the firm line of her jaw, whereas he only saw that she had a sweet oval face; he would have noted the crisp chiseling of those lips as well as their natural redness; he would have seen the experience and calm of the look that merely showed him gray starry eyes in sooty lashes.

"Good morning," said the lady. "Are you Mr. Maxon?"

"Well, no, I'm not." Lovejoy said this slowly, as if on second thought he might have been. "We share the office. My name is Lovejoy. Is there anything I can do for you?"

"I came to see some houses for rent," said she.

"Oh! Well, I dare say Maxon will be in presently. Beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Beautiful," said the lady quietly, and lifted her newspaper again. "Don't let me disturb you, Mr. Lovejoy."

It was an irrational thing to say, for she was born to be a disturber, and certainly had done nothing in the selection of her accouterments to palliate her influence. Lovejoy was old enough to be her grandfather, but age did nothing like wither in her presence. He hung up his hat, rubbed his hands and looked at her while he pretended to glance through his mail.

"Was Maxon expecting you, ma'am?" He couldn't keep from talking to her, and one thing was as good as another as a topic; but it did just occur to him that the man who would keep this radiant creature waiting was indeed remarkable—which Maxon wasn't.

"Not definitely today," she answered. "It doesn't matter. I'll wait a little, and then if he doesn't show up, I'll try one of the others. There seems to be plenty of real-estate agents in the town." She smiled as she said this. There were no less than eight whose offices could have been peppered with a pea shooter by any bright boy on the station platform.

"It's too bad," said Lovejoy anxiously; he did not relish the thought of her trying elsewhere. "But he's sure to be in. Beautiful day, isn't it?"

Perhaps the lady recognized this symptom. She did not reply, but merely looked out of the window in appreciation of the exactness of his description. While she did this, an unostentatious flivver drew up to the door and a man alighted to enter; not the Mr. Maxon she had come to see, but another client.

"Good morning, Mr. Lovejoy," said this gentleman. It was a clear pleasant voice, but there was something lacking in it. Or perhaps it had an alien something added to it—a slight restraint, a tinge of defensive bitterness. "Have you my insurance policy ready?"

"All ready, Mr. Wynne," said Lovejoy. "Fire and theft. There you are." He singled out a paper from among those on his untidy table and tossed it over.

The gentleman picked it up with an independently moving hand, for his eyes had gone to the lady by the window. It was always like that. For a moment she looked up at him, and almost immediately he dropped his eyes to the paper that he held. But in that brief instant he had so learned her lovely face that he could—and afterward would—draw it to the life.

She saw a tall lean fellow of about thirty-six, a little gray at the temples, a little quieted for all that a certain bright eagerness still looked out of his eyes, a little drawn about a mouth that should have been smiling—in all, a man of some unhappiness. Without that shadow, it would have been a charming face, irregular in feature, with quaint twists in the brows and lips. She liked his hands, which were long and yet square at the finger tips. They had the grave expressiveness of training—highly efficient servants to his will.

"You've set a high value," remarked Lovejoy idly. "But I suppose you've got some pretty good stuff in the cottage."

"Yes," said the man. He took a wallet from his pocket and laid a check down on the table before him.

"Saw you coming out on the train last night." Lovejoy was not noted as a brilliant conversationalist. He lumberingly sat forward in his chair to take up the check and write a receipt. "Don't often find myself out s'late as that. The wife and I had an anniversary and went on a little toot in the city."

"Good enough," said the other with a faint smile.

"Yes, sir." Mr. Lovejoy chuckled at a recollection as he unscrewed his fountain pen. "We went to the the-ayter. I enjoy going to a real play now and then after all these movies."

"I hope Mrs. Lovejoy enjoyed it too."

For all its polite tone, the remark was characterized by inattention. This also was a common first fruit of Miss Holland's presence.

"She sure did. She's been dying to get to that show for the last four years."

"Then you went to see Tomorrow, Do Thy Worst," said the client, with a quiet positiveness.

"We did. How'd you know?"

"My dear Watson, is there any other play that has run four years?" Almost, the man laughed a little.

"Well, it's a great show," said Lovejoy, and rolled his fat fist over the blotter on his signature. "You seen it?"

"For my sins," said Mr. Wynne.

"Not highbrow enough for you, eh?"

"In my opinion, it lacks any indication of having a brow at all. I thought it quite simply the most appalling guff that ever faced the footlights."

The lady by the window put down her paper. "What's the matter with it?" she asked, quite unabashed at entering their talk. "I have seen it. I thought it was pretty good."

Mr. Wynne bowed. "There are certainly many who agree with you," he said, not at all unpleasantly. "It is making history as a phenomenal success."

"You don't think that argues against you?"

Mr. Wynne looked again depressed. "I'm quite certain my criticism is utterly worthless," said he quietly. "I fancy I am a poor judge of plays."

She was still looking at him as he went out

Lovejoy chuckled again.

"Sour, ain't he?"

"He seems," said the lady with great composure, "to be what is called a queer stick. Who is he?"

"Name's Wynne—John Wynne." Lovejoy settled back in his chair for a comfortable gossip. "He's an architect, works for the Garden Estates; and builds pretty good houses for 'em, I will say that. He's got an odd story."

"Let's hear it."

"Well, his father—Beau Wynne, they called him—married a second wife when this chap was grown up. She was an Acton—one of the Actons, you know. Money no end. They're both dead now, but her little boy, by this chap's father, inherits a whale of a fortune from her. Wynne is in charge of everything and he certainly is feathering his nest The boy's only seven or eight—thereabouts, and gets the income till he's of age. Well, they don't spend it. No, sir! Wynne's putting it by for himself, against the time when the boy is twenty-one"

"How hateful!" said the lady softly.

"Does seem so," agreed Lovejoy. "Beau Wynne left this chap the old farm, which was all he had—that and his good looks. He didn't live here himself—ran around the world on his wife's money. That farm's worth a mint now, but Wynne hangs onto it, for all the taxes must make his teeth ache. Hard as nails, he is, and waiting for the values to go even higher. They live there, just the two of them, with a girl from over to L'Hommedieu's Cove who comes in by the day. And if she tells the truth, they live on next to nothing. Days, he's busy out at the Estates or working at home—making drawings, I suppose—and nights, he don't go anywheres. Sets at home and counts pennies, I reckon. Curious way for a young feller to live, ain't it? Must be a queer thing to be brother to a child that's got all the money, eh? He keeps the old place up nice, I will say; but of course that's not so hard for a man in his profession. I've seen him tinkering around myself, putting in shingles and painting. Put a whole new roof on that big place with his own hands."

"I thought you said it was a cottage?"

"Oh, that? No, that's a small house he's built down at the end of his property for renting. Something to pay taxes with, I reckon. Built that himself, too, with precious little help. I do like to see a man a hard worker and all that," conceded Lovejoy, who never had done much more in his long life than move from one chair to another, "but I can't stand a pinchpenny."

The lady pushed forward two neatly shod feet—the smallest feet Lovejoy had ever seen—and regarded them far more abstractedly than he. Her eyes traveled slowly upward till they rested on the doorway as consideringly as if John Wynne still stood there. Then, quite unexpectedly, she turned a cleared face on Mr. Lovejoy.

"Cottage rented?" she asked briskly.

"Not as I know. It's just finished."

Miss Holland stood up. "I'd like to look it over," she announced decisively.

Lovejoy had not been trained to rise with the ladies. He sat dubiously taking in this unheralded whimsey. "Well," he said slowly, "there's no law against it. . . . Maxon don't seem to be coming in, does he?"

"Would he have the keys?"

"No, I reckon Mr. Wynne would have 'em." He rose with mental as well as physical reluctance. It was quite evident to Miss Holland that he was sorry to have a client escape his office mate, but she scarcely expected that recurrent chuckle of his to come forth on such a thought. "Wynne will be tickled to death if he saves the agent's commission," he said, and paused to consider the richness of that future item of gossip. "I'll see if I can find him for you."

The lady's bright eyes, however, spared him that trouble. "He is just outside here, putting some packages into his car."

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"And I Love the Old Place Too," He Was Saying. "These Picture-Pretty Houses That I Build for the Mortgage Companies ——"

SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Oh—Oh, This is Funny! It's Because You Don't Dare! You Don't Dare to Kiss Me Now!" There Was a Thick Silence. And Then a Cry—a Little, Bitter and Desperate Cry: "So Ashamed—to Think—I Ever Loved You!"

V

EDITH PEMBERTON was that member of the lunch club who rather distressingly combined the disadvantages of being both plain and plain-spoken; as if, since Nature had not been gracious toward her, she felt no obligation, upon herself, of graciousness. She was small and yet stockily built, with blinking greenish eyes, a dissatisfied mouth and a complaining voice. She had inherited a large fortune from her father and had married an extremely handsome and poor young man, whose only apparent ambition was to be a perfect host. To that end Edith had built for him a massive house, equipped with every device for entertaining—ballroom, billiard room, swimming pool, squash court, and even a private bar, complete with a foot rail. This was Ned's idea, and he amused himself for some time by collecting Early Americana for it.

The Pemberton ménage strongly resembled a club, and in fact was used as such by all their friends, without, however, as much gratitude or consideration as one finds in a good club. Whenever anyone wanted to throw a party and didn't care for the expense of throwing it at the Selkirk Hotel or the country club, they "just dropped in at Edith's," with all their guests, and were royally welcomed by Ned, who felt the keen delight in patronage which only those who have been patronized can know. Edith, somewhat ambiguously smiling, remained in the background, while Ned demonstrated just what a jolly good fellow he could be.

The only thorn in his complete satisfaction was that people would go on referring to all his belongings as Edith's. Accordingly he took a brokerage office downtown and solemnly spent a few hours each day there, making quite a little ceremony of luncheon at the Selkirk, where he was always the perfect host to three or four other men, enjoying the bowing obsequiousness of the head waiter, the reserved table, the knowledge that his tips exceeded those of the richest men in Midland. Perfect pikers, some of those fellows! Then, at night, he could refer to his business affairs during the course of his parties, complaining jovially of having to get up early the next morning to "attend to a little deal." Later on he found all this most useful, necessitating business trips out of town, which became more and more frequent as the novelty of his riches palled and three children were added to his possessions and his wife grew plainer and more plain-spoken.

Edith had never looked more uninteresting than on the night Valeria was sent over to her house in the splendor of her best frock and bare shoulders. Indeed, as she stood under the many lights of her drawing-room, greeting her guest, Edith seemed visibly to shrink and shrivel before Valeria's bright flame. She was conscious of it, too, and conscious of her husband's appraisal. He had jumped up when Val came in, moved toward her too eagerly, his handsome face stirred from its look of petulant boredom. He and Edith had been quite alone. Ned was blond and getting a little too fat, and he looked years younger than his wife.

Valeria felt Ned's eager eyes upon her as she took off her cloak. For some time now he had been trying to flirt with her at the country-club dances, squeezing her hand, whispering compliments. She had thought it rather amateurish, high-school-boy-like, harmless enough and quite uninteresting.

But what a bore to have to put up with it now, and right under Edith's jealously watching eyes too! Ned was a perfect idiot! And Edith would soon find out what all the rest of the town knew if he didn't watch his step.

"Gosh, Val, you look marvelous tonight!" he was exclaiming now.

And Edith, her voice already poisoned: "Oh, is that a new frock, Val?"

"No," replied Valeria, sitting down on a small sofa covered in ancient brocade. She sat, as she walked, with great dignity; neither slouching nor stiffly; an easy uprightness that suited her tall beautiful body. And she suited the formal and handsome room, though it was too cold, too little alive to be a perfect background for her.

But Ned, noting the harmony of her figure against his expensive possessions, cried admiringly: "Well, whether it's new or not, you certainly look like a million dollars!"

"Yes, indeed, you are dressed up!" cried Edith, with a disagreeable laugh. "We aren't going to a ball."

"Mother thought I ought to change," replied Valeria quietly, "since she knew that you and Ned always dress for dinner."

"Well, naturally," murmured Ned, with a deprecatory smile. "Everyone dresses for dinner, I suppose."

"You know perfectly well there are just lots of people in this town who don't!" retorted Edith sharply.

He resented her wifely tone, especially before Val.

"Not nice people," he said reprovingly.

"Then," said Valeria, amused, "I'm afraid you won't consider us nice, Ned. Because we don't."

"Of course not!" cried Edith. "And it would be perfectly ridiculous if you did—with only one servant. I suppose you have to help her."

"No; our meals are not very elaborate."

"Certainly not. And since you never entertain — But, as I was saying, Val, we aren't going to a ball. Why didn't you just wear a simple little dinner gown?"

And she glanced down complacently at her own modestly ugly frock with the air of one who had rather be right than Venus. Edith thought her timidity in the matter of dress refined conservatism and her lack of imagination correctness. Both she and Ned lived in the provincial's dread of doing or wearing what was not correct. A casual line in a fashion magazine would send Ned scurrying home to change his waistcoat. He would vacillate an hour over the choice of a necktie, and then instead of selecting the one he really liked, he would immolate himself on the altar of good taste—somebody else's good taste. He took the word of anyone just returned from London as other men grasp at tips on the market. In fall and in spring he made a solemn rite of going East to purchase his wardrobe.

"It isn't a big party tonight, old dear," he assured Valeria earnestly. "Not a party at all, really. Just poor old Owen and us. He wouldn't like any high jinks, the way he's feeling. But it doesn't matter what you've got on when you look so pretty. That's the main thing."

He stared at her fixedly with his prominent, light blue eyes as he sat close to her on the sofa.

"Oh, of course Val always looks well, no matter what she has on," Edith said in a voice of suppressed irritation. "It's just that I wouldn't want Owen to think—it would be in such bad taste for us ——"

"I haven't a great many frocks to choose from, you know, Edith," said Valeria coolly. "My dinner dress and ball gown are apt to be one and the same."

"Oh, I see now!" cried Edith brightly. "It's your bridesmaid's dress, made over, from Dorothea's white-and-silver wedding. How clever your mother is! I never dreamed you could use it again. With six alike, you'd be sure to meet them somewhere—all the other five of them."

"I can't afford to be in weddings if I must throw my dresses away afterward."

"Why, of course not! And I don't suppose the other girls will wear theirs anyhow. I thought it was very small of Dorothea not to give you your dress."

"I don't want anyone to give me dresses."

"Oh, I know, dear, you're awfully proud. Don't remind me. You've actually insulted me when I tried to give you things."

"Some man ought to be giving you pretty-pretties," murmured Ned, leaning toward her with a significant smile.

Valeria drew back, looking at him coldly

"Perhaps I should find that just as disagreeable as any other form of charity," she said.

"But in that case it wouldn't be charity," he persisted.

"What would you call it?" asked Edith sharply.

"Why, I mean that Val should marry, of course," he replied, looking blandly at his wife with his shallow, opaque eyes.

A quiver of annoyance passed over Valeria's calm, regular features.

"Haven't you anything better to talk about than me?" she demanded.

"You are always the center of attraction," Ned returned, quite satisfied with the never-changing compliments which he handed around like stale sugar wafers.

"Where is your Mr. Mallory, Edith?" Valeria asked abruptly, turning away from Ned.

"Are you really so impatient to meet this new man?" Edith replied with a sarcastic smile.

"Aren't I enough for you?" Ned complained.

Edith's lips puckered with annoyance.

"Do stop teasing Val!"

"I'm not teasing her—I'm flirting with her," he replied deliberately.

"Oh! You call that flirting?" Valeria murmured.

"Ned says the same things to every woman!" cried his wife.

"I know that, Edith. Don't imagine my head's being turned."

"But I want to flatter you, Val. You look stunning tonight—simply stunning."

"I hope that she will be able to stun Owen Mallory," said Edith dryly. "Though I think it's a silly party, myself."

"I can't imagine why he hasn't come," Ned said. "I told him ten, after he'd refused to dine with us."

"Well, what are you going to do with him when he gets here?" his wife asked sharply. "Do you expect him to fall down at Val's feet and forget all about Beth?"

"I should."

"Don't be silly! Just tell me what you intend doing. Shall we go out to the club?"

"No, I don't think the poor old boy would care for a lot of people gaping and staring. It must be all over town by now. I thought I'd shoot a couple drinks into him."

"That would be your remedy—for anything."

"Tell me—just what has happened?" Valeria asked. "Haven't you heard?"

"Only what you told mother over the phone—something about a broken engagement."

"Oh, everyone's talking about it. I'm surprised nobody had heard at the lunch club."

"Do you mean to say that bunch hadn't got hold of such a juicy bit?" cried Ned in amazement.

"Well, it wasn't announced until the evening papers."

"But I thought the lunch club always had advance information—tapped the wires, or something."

"Oh, she kept it very dark. I always thought her sly."

"Who? What?" cried Valeria impatiently.

"Beth Randall—you know her?"

"Why, yes. But not very well. Wasn't she in the last bridge tournament?"

"Yes. She plays golf too. I'm sure you've seen her lots out at the club. Though, of course, she's much younger. And dreadfully popular at all the dances. That blond baby-doll type men adore. Dark girls simply aren't in it when she's around."

"Oh, yes, I remember. She's very pretty."

"Pretty! Quite a beauty. Of course, she really isn't anybody, and her people haven't a cent. They were tickled to death when she got Owen Mallory."

"Then why has she broken her engagement?"

(Continued on Page 80)

Ned, Noting the Harmony of Her Figure Against His Expensive Possessions, Cried Admiringly, "Well, Whether It's New or Not, You Certainly Look Like a Million Dollars!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 17, 1928

Crime and the Daily Press

THE news-gathering organizations which serve our newspapers are without a peer beyond our borders. No outlay of labor or expense is considered too great if it is required in order to feed a news-hungry public fully. There is no purchase that gives the buyer so much for two or three coppers as he gets from his daily paper. Familiarity with the tremendous achievements of modern journalism makes us take them as a matter of course and set too low a value upon them. It is only when accident denies us our daily paper for a few hours that we realize how intimately it is knit into our lives.

The ethical standards of the press are steadily rising. Advertising is scrutinized as it never was before. Publishers of the better sort are more than ever alive to their obligations to their readers and more anxious to discharge those obligations. Editors discountenance fakery and put a premium upon accuracy.

A blot on this fair record is the large proportion of degrading criminal news without which many newspapers feel they could not exist. Some are notoriously worse than others in this respect; but the moment a sensational murder has been committed, especially if it involves illicit love or marital misconduct, all but the sanest editors seem to lose their heads and to vie with one another in ferreting out and in printing under screaming headlines every revolting detail of the accused person's life, crime, trial, imprisonment and execution. All that is printable they print; and that which is not they imply, hint at or insinuate so effectively that even the youngest reader is not left in ignorance of that which they dare not print in direct statements.

The perennial excuse of such editors is that they give the public what it wants. This is in a measure true. They give the public what it wants and what they have taught it to want. They give it whether the public wants it or not. They not only give it but they thrust it down the throats of their readers, and make it impossible to escape the foul dose except by going without a paper.

Curiously enough, these gentlemen of the press are usually endowed with the best qualities of head and heart. The trouble with them is that they keep their eyes so close to their work that they cannot see it in the round. Their constant thought is of tomorrow's paper, not of the paper as a continuing factor for good or evil in the community it serves. Like other craftsmen, they are bound down by the traditions of their craft; and always having one eye upon what their competitors are doing, they cannot keep both eyes on their own jobs. It would take real courage for them deliberately to permit themselves to be beaten on the publication of even a minor item of salacity if they knew it to be in type in the newspaper office across the street; and even if they had that courage they could not be sure that it would be commended by those over them.

If the volume and character of the criminal news in the daily press are to be kept within the bounds of propriety and good taste, it must be done in obedience to public opinion rather than by law or censorship. Nothing could be more grotesque than an attempt to enforce a law against bad taste. If we are to look for any substantial betterment of conditions in this regard, it must be initiated by voluntary pioneers who believe that decency pays, and who will go even further and be prepared to back decency against indecency whether it pays or not. Self-respect counts for something in every business, and it counts for most when it is worshiped for its own sake rather than because it may pay. All experience goes to show that in the long run it rarely loses.

Industrial Foundations

MORE than once we have expressed in as unflattering terms as possible our opinion of the mania for setting up superficial organizations ostensibly for surveys and research but in reality to grab credit for an individual or group, or to supply a bright young man with a good salary. Journalists, advertising men, lawyers and professors, weary of the grind of copy writing, the law office and the classroom, often succeed in this way in providing themselves with dignified positions, a place in newspaper headlines, and the sense of pleasant activity which comes from running around reforming the world.

But naturally these observations have no reference to the fundamental research of pure science or to the more immediately practical although no more important work of industrial research. Upon the basis of these two classes of inquiry rests not only the present structure of industry but its future progress. Significant of the movement was the organization not long ago of a research department by the largest of the American steel companies. This followed similar action some years earlier by the most important of the telephone and electrical manufacturing companies.

Though we do not know all the motives which led the directors of the United States Steel Corporation to embark upon research in a large way, it is clear that the increasing demands made upon steel as a metal require the utmost of science in its fabrication. Now that oil wells are five thousand feet deep the tubing and other machinery must be stronger than when two or three thousand feet was the maximum. In the future, wells may be even deeper. Also there is a demand for more strength and lightness as the automobile develops.

Thus, whatever marvelous results the steel industry may have attained in respect to tonnage, it still can employ research in bettering quality. The extent to which industrial research is carried is indicated by the fact of public record that one great corporation has three thousand employes in its laboratories. Another is said, on credible authority, to spend more for research than all the universities in the country.

All this search for knowledge must benefit mankind no less than the shareholders. It would be impossible without some form of integration or closely knit group action. A steel or telephone company capitalized at a few hundred thousand dollars and operating quite alone could not press forward in this fashion. This fact suggests a significant comparison with agriculture.

It is to be suspected that a major cause of the relatively small profits of farming lies in the inability of millions of small, isolated and highly individualistic units to take advantage of scientific discoveries. This reflects in no way upon the work of Federal and state departments of agriculture or experiment stations. However valuable their discoveries and recommendations may be, it is a stupendous task to apply them to so many small and scattered units.

It is a commonplace that what agriculture needs is businesslike group action, but the full meaning of the truth can be appreciated only when the comparison is made with industry. Fortunately a new type of farmer is emerging, businesslike enough to combine with others in grading, shipping, merchandising and other functions. He even advertises his products on a scale equal to that of the largest industrial corporations and he maintains research departments relatively as competent.

The great farm products are more essential to mankind than electricity and telephones. It may be unwise or impossible to tie farms as closely together as electric-lamp factories or telephone lines, but ingenuity and persistence will make science as much the handmaiden of one as of the other.

Supermen

WITH the progress of science and invention as well as the growing size and complexity of business activities, the question is frequently raised concerning the ability of men to manage and carry on such a high-powered civilization. Not only are supermen rare but they so often prove disappointing in the perspective. Now and then a Washington or a Lincoln is raised to the occasion, and perhaps we are myopic in being unable to discern the lineaments of many such among the leaders of today. A few of these are great in achievement; whether they are competent to meet the problems which confront them remains to be seen.

It is comforting to realize how much devotion and actual genius is found among men of science and learning. Here are many unsung heroes, patient students of the laboratory or practicing and consulting physicians whose lives seem dedicated to the good of humanity, although the circle in which they are known is relatively limited. One diagnostician in a Middle Atlantic city has more than once been described by those who know him as the greatest living American, and yet only a few thousand have ever heard of him. Perhaps the eulogy is exaggerated, but it indicates the existence of admirable, of splendid human qualities.

But perhaps a more severe test of the devotion and genius of man is whether he can function as beneficently in those collective fields which we call business and government. It is a questionable advantage to learn to care for and prolong human life if on occasion it is to be sacrificed in war. Or even if that extreme calamity is avoided, there is grave doubt whether there are men with the creative gift, the wisdom, the power and the moral stamina to carry on industrial and political government under conditions which are coming to prevail.

But there is nothing gained in being either too pessimistic or too solemn about it. No one knows what the human brain can do. But we all know that an essential to any system, be it simple or complex, is everyday honesty, and fortunately the world has seen much of that. No matter how big our corporations or government operations become, there is more than hope as long as enough men retain the qualities of honesty and common sense.

All round us are great institutions, corporations, banks, trust companies, universities, hospitals, the very existence of which from day to day means that, after all, most men are motivated in the main by integrity. More than that, these expressions of human vision as well as need would never have come into being at all if men had lacked foresight.

We know that even the greatest men have faults; but, curiously enough, if we read even the most matter-of-fact biographies of those who have passed on, it is astonishing how much they have accomplished and in how many cases the people were justified in looking up to them. Last Christmas a friend of the late Henry P. Davison published a remembrance of that banker, and the brief account began by recalling the fact that ten years before, at Christmastime, Mr. Davison had no thought but for the Red Cross. That is it—if we dig back into the lives of such men, we find them working for others. It is a quality which will be sorely needed in the intricate and comprehensive enterprises which will mark the future growth of this nation.

The Prejudices of Liberalism

By GILBERT SELDES

CONSIDERING all the circumstances, Madame Roland's celebrated remark about the crimes committed in the name of liberty is several degrees better than a wise crack. That intelligent and high-souled woman had been an ardent worker for liberty in the days of the French Revolution; she knew perfectly well that crimes are committed in the name of monarchy; it shocked and disappointed her to find, as she was led to the scaffold by friends of liberty a little more advanced than herself, that the new régime could be as unjust and criminal as the old. She was a brave woman and met her death nobly; there was no abject personal terror in her protest. She voiced only the depth of disillusion which comes over all those who discover that the Goddess of Liberty sometimes strikes wildly with the sword she carries in her hand.

In the past ten years the world has witnessed a double attack upon the idea of liberty and upon everything to which the name of liberal is given. The philosophers of Fascism—in Italy and elsewhere—frankly state that the principles of the French Revolution must be discarded; the philosophers of sovietism—in Russia and elsewhere—frankly declare the necessity for a tyrannous dictatorship of a small class. Among the most discredited of slogans is the one seen so frequently on French buildings: Liberty, Equality, Fraternity—as little respected as the other familiar French sign: Post No Bills. In England the Liberal Party has sunk to a secondary place; after noble service in a great tradition in America the word "liberal" generally signifies a radical without the courage of Lenin's convictions, or, more rarely, a mild conservative with generous impulses. And yet the abstraction of liberty is as potent as ever.

The word "dictator," which used to mean a comic-opera South American general in a loud uniform, has taken on a serious significance, and it does not shock our democratic sensibilities in the slightest; the word "czar" no longer means Russian autocrat; it means the all-powerful ruler of an American business enterprise. But the average man, compelled to answer yes or no, would still not venture to say that he did not believe in liberty. He would suggest that not all people are fit for liberty, that there must be restrictions, that liberty must not be mistaken for license, and a great many other things; but he would consider it an insult if you suggested that he did not believe in liberty itself.

That is part of the heritage of the liberal tradition in Anglo-Saxon countries. There are others. The liberal is generally opposed to concentrations of power, either political or economic. He suspects courts and kings, trusts, combinations, big business, standardization, advertising, senators—as opposed to representatives in the days before popular election of both Houses—great wealth; he is in favor of equal opportunity and sometimes of equal distribution of wealth, of competition, of small farms and handiwork. He desires the greatest possible liberty for the individual and the least restraint on his activities; he would limit the police power and keep off the statute books all laws interfering with private habits—if such laws have to exist, he would have them as localized as possible, leaving restraints to the smallest unit—the town rather than the county, the county rather than the state, the state rather than the United States.

Outside the field of politics, liberalism suggests certain other things: The liberal is rational—or claims to be—and not traditional. The fact that a custom has been established by authority and proved by experience counts for little with him if, by the standards of reason and logic, the custom is wrong. In spite of some confusions of thought, the liberal in most cases puts reason above instinct and tries to find a reason for his own instinct, instead of following it blindly. He prefers justice to power, is willing to try any experiment, and hopes for absolute equality of opportunity and of enjoyment.

To the liberal these preferences are not prejudices one's own preferences seldom are. He believes that freedom, equality, decentralization, fairness, justice, are all heaven-born ideals corresponding to the very nature of man, and that the injustices and inequalities of life are due to greed and self-seeking, to the corrupt or the unenlightened spirit. An early American poet informed us that

"Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air"

and liberty, in the minds of liberals, has always dwelt on the mountain—remember the Swiss—although neither the tables which Moses brought down from Mt. Sinai nor the precepts of the Sermon on the Mount specifically announce the creation of the democratic form of government, with two legislative chambers and a vote for every citizen over the age of twenty-one. The confirmed liberal is likely to favor an explanation of history in terms of economics—grandly, the materialistic interpretation of history; but he subjects his

(Continued on Page 145)

THE RAVENS

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"What! You Haven't Any Spare Parts for a Car? And I Thought This Was a Drug Store!"

The Newspaper

ADOLPHUS EVAN EDWARDS is accustomed to peruse
The Daily Morning Universal Telegraphic News,
Compiled with rare sagacity and quizzing glass and probe,
From all the facts and guesses of the agitated globe.
Adolphus lightly passes a congressional report,
A fresh New Jersey murder of the most engrossing sort,
A Latin revolution with a minimum of blood,
A Middle Western scandal and a Mississippi flood.
He shows a lack of interest in market ups and downs,
In books, in sports, in social notes and European crowns;
Of trenchant editorials and columns full of wit,
Of science, art and industry he doesn't read a bit.
Though plied with tales as colorful and entertaining, too,
As those Scheherazade told, and lots of them as true,
Adolphus drops the paper in a deprecating way
And yawns, "As dull as usual! There's nothing new today."

And daily for the pleasure of Adolphus are unfurled
The rainbow-tinted pages of a fascinating world—
Those pages, Earth and Sea and Sky,
whereon the eye may scan
The news of all creation and the works of God and man.
The records of the boulder and the whisper of the tree,
The tattle of the social world of beaver, bird and bee,
The gossip of the river, of the mountain, of the bog,
The weatherwise predictions of the locust or the frog.
The varied tales of Nature and the quirks of human kind
Are offered to Adolphus, who is deaf as well as blind.
With comedy and tragedy presented to him still,

What the Really "Smart" Man Will be Wearing!

Adolphus Evan Edwards doesn't get a single thrill;
The panther knows the forest and the honey bee the hive,
Adolphus Evan Edwards doesn't know that he's alive—
And, take it all together, from this attitude of his
It may be fairly doubted if Adolphus really is.

—Arthur Guiterman.

The Soda-Dispensing Clerk Tries to Get His Child to Sleep

The Tattoot Collection

"HOW did you come to make your collection, Mr. Highbinder?" I inquired.

"I will tell you," replied Mr. Highbinder. "When I was a young man the only thing I really cared to collect was money. But when I had put away a few dozen millions and had time to settle down and look around a little, I realized a great truth. I realized that wealth has its obligations."

"Wealth has its—just a moment while I put that down."

"I found that every decent millionaire does the right thing by art. I owed it to my position to be a collector. But all the best things seemed to be collected. There were no Venus de Milos left. I found that most millionaires were specialists; old Dan Gump was interested only in paintings of beefsteaks and sea food; Lady Fitz-Footer confined herself to embroidered tea cozies; Count Schwindler had collected more than a thousand hand-painted washbowls.

"I was never one to walk in others' footsteps. I determined to exploit a virgin field. Soon I had my agents out all over the world, working in the greatest secrecy, assembling my collection. It is now incomparably the finest in existence."

"But what—what ——" I cried.

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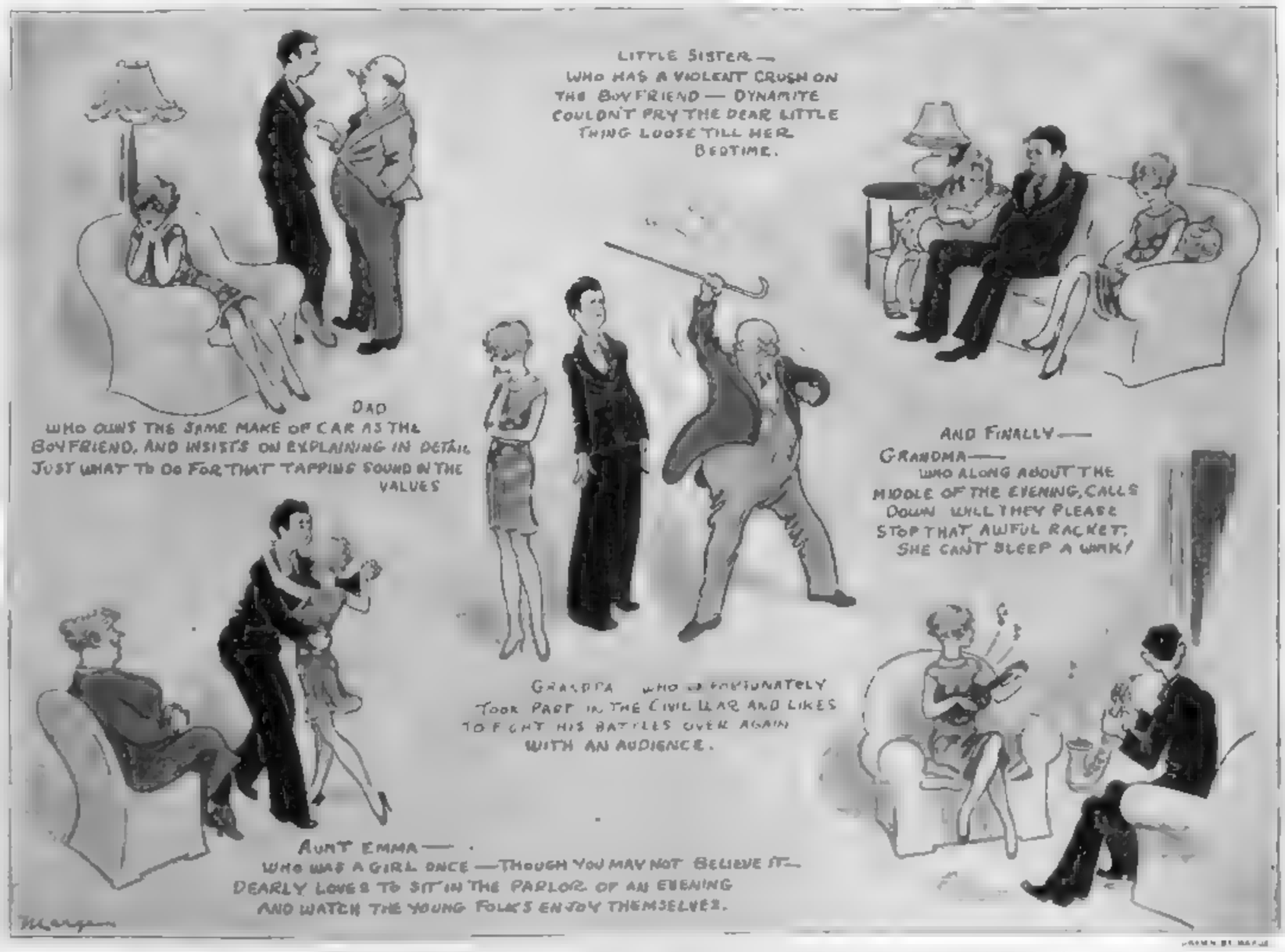
LITTLE SISTER—
WHO HAS A VIOLENT CRUSH ON THE BOY FRIEND — DYNAMITE COULDN'T PRY THE DEAR LITTLE THING LOOSE TILL HER BEDTIME.
DAD
WHO OWNS THE SAME MAKE OF CAR AS THE BOYFRIEND, AND INSISTS ON EXPLAINING IN DETAIL JUST WHAT TO DO FOR THAT TAPPING SOUND IN THE VALVES
AND FINALLY——
GRANDMA——
WHO ALONG ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE EVENING, CALLS DOWN WILL THEY PLEASE STOP THAT AWFUL RACKET; SHE CAN'T SLEEP A WINK!
GRANDPA WHO IS FORTUNATELY TOOK PART IN THE CIVIL WAR AND LIKES TO FIGHT HIS BATTLES OVER AGAIN WITH AN AUDIENCE.
AUNT EMMA——
WHO WAS A GIRL ONCE —THOUGH YOU MAY NOT BELIEVE IT— DEARLY LOVES TO SIT IN THE PARLOR OF AN EVENING AND WATCH THE YOUNG FOLKS ENJOY THEMSELVES.

Five Good Reasons Why the Young Folks Spend So Few of Their Evenings at Home!

Vegetable Soups
by Campbell's famous chefs
They help to meet your problem of what to serve during Lent

CELERY! Peas! Tomatoes! Asparagus! Nature has stored them full of her richest treasures. She has given them delicious flavors to tempt the appetite, valuable mineral salts to build bone and muscle, and other nutrients for abounding health.

And Campbell's have captured these in soups delighting the sense of taste and bringing to the family dining table these wholesome, nourishing vegetable foods which dietitians are advising us so strongly to eat.

Celery is rich in Nature's tonic goodness. In Campbell's Celery Soup only the finest of snow-white, crisp celery is used. With this is blended golden butter, fresh from the country, and delicate seasoning by Campbell's famous French chefs. A charming, healthful soup.

CAMPBELL'S Pea Soup is rapidly teaching to the housewives of America a lesson learned from Europe. On the Continent, pea soup is a staple article of the family diet.

It is eaten regularly and depended upon in many families as one of the principal sources of food. More and more every day, American women are realizing the splendid food value of pea soup and are giving their families the benefit of it.

There is real, body-building nutriment in Campbell's Pea Soup. Sweet, dainty little peas are blended in a smooth, rich puree. This is further enriched with nourishing country butter, and the deft seasoning perfects the flavor. Not only is this an ideal family soup, but the hostess finds it a most attractive dish when she entertains.

AND, of course, in planning the daily meals, you will frequently choose Campbell's Tomato Soup to brighten your table. It never fails of a welcome. To the appetite it has an appeal all its own.

Remember that this is the best-known, best-liked soup in the world. There is a tonic refreshment in it which seems even more delightful each time it is eaten. It is a soup you like to "come back to", again and again.

These four Campbell's Soups, blending as they do the valuable vegetable foods with nourishing country butter, are naturally great favorites for Lenten use. Strict vegetarians find in them also soups that exactly meet their requirements.

In many homes, these soups are regular selections for the Friday meals. But it is, of course, for the general family menus at all times, and for the children, that these soups enjoy their greatest popularity.

Red-ripe, luscious tomatoes, sun-sweetened right on the vines. Picked at their delicious best. Washed five times in crystal-pure running water. Just the pure tomato juices and luscious tomato "meat" are used, strained to a puree, through colanders of solid nickel with mesh as fine as pin-points.

Made richer still by the addition of nourishing butter. Seasoned to bring out the most tempting flavor. Blended and cooked in spotless tureens of solid nickel, in kitchens renowned for cleanliness. A masterpiece!

CAMPBELL'S Asparagus Soup captures the unique charm and flavor of this popular garden delicacy. Tender, young shoots of selected asparagus are blended with choice butter. The soup is garnished with dainty asparagus tips and seasoned to a nicety—one of the real treats of the dining table.

Quality! Finish and perfection in flavor! The strictest housewives in the land are proud to serve Campbell's Soups. And they are so *convenient*. You simply add an equal quantity of water, allow to simmer a few minutes and then the soup—hot and savory and invigorating—is ready for your table.

Extra nourishing Cream Soups, the best you ever tasted, are easily, quickly prepared from Campbell's Celery, Pea, Tomato, or Asparagus Soups. You just add milk, cream, or evaporated milk, instead of water; according to the simple directions on the label.

CAMPBELL'S kitchens provide a complete daily household service for the women of America. Every Campbell's label lists all of the twenty-one different Campbell's Soups. Read it today, make a varied selection and order from your grocer. Include some kinds "new" to your family, as well as their familiar favorites. Your grocer has, or will get for you, any Campbell's Soups you select. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

THE WHEELBARROW

XVII

By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

AMORY, looking after Yonne as she went up the wide stairway and along the gallery with the lighted candle, thought how perfectly this girl fitted into an environment that was charming, original, solidly comfortable and perfectly adapted to people of talent and achievement like the Deforest family. Also what a ghastly shame it would be if this home she so much loved should become suddenly repellent to Yonne through knowledge of the corpse that had lain under it.

For Yonne to conceive a horror of this perfect natural setting for her talents would be one of those sylvan tragedies that occur in the life of woodland birds when they return to find the nest in some way polluted and, after brief broken-hearted mutterings, abandon that nest forever.

The same idea might have occurred to Paul, whose love of his boyhood home and peace of his family had proved stronger than a sense of duty which impelled him to remove that grisly potential destroyer of both. Paul's first duty, as he saw it, was to safeguard the coast from the dirty traffic that impeached its decency and dignity, and the victim of some private feud would be a secondary consideration.

Paul might easily have stepped into the outlet of the flume, dragged out the body and consigned it to the current with an entirely sufficient motive that had nothing at all to do with the killing of Sol Whittemore, but was directed merely toward removing any stain on the sanctity of the home, both physical and moral, before it became indelible.

Amory, an outsider, had felt tempted to do the same. Even a knowledge by those dwelling there that was not shared by the public would be enough to blight their cheerful premises for people of impressionistic natures. Especially, Amory thought, such an artistic, poetic nature as Yonne's. If Paul had done this he had acted wisely, it seemed to Amory. He prepared himself for rest on the wide cushioned couch by the window. The serious ordeal through which he had passed had left no nervous reaction at all. For one thing, his life had been vigorous and fraught with stirring episodes by land and sea. He had several times witnessed—even taken part in—scenes of violence in the Great North Woods, played his part in a sharp little timber war that had started with a frightful mutilation, beside him, of two men when the big saw had crashed into a spiked log. He was a veteran of the war, had been aboard a torpedoed vessel and spent the night helping to hold a fearfully wounded fireman on the life raft. He was accustomed to the violence of the sea.

Besides, his nature was of the philosophic kind not to be stampeded by unexpected horrors where the average peaceful citizen of routine habit might find himself unstrung. Amory was of the sort to be more upset by imaginary things than real ones. So that the actual, the real, seemed always to fall a little short of the fictitious. He was himself unconsciously an artist, and reacted more emotionally to a stage presentation in which the morbid anticipation of the audience was skillfully whetted to razor edge by dramatic art than he did to an actuality confronting him with brutal force and requiring action on his own part.

He now unbuckled the belt of the revolver that Paul had handed back when swearing him in as deputy, which he had been wearing under the tweed coat borrowed from the wardrobe of one of the Deforest boys, so that Yonne had failed to observe it. Then, as he laid it on the table, Amory, acting on a natural impulse, took out the weapon and broke it open to assure himself that it was ready for use.

He was startled to discover that the first cartridge had been fired. Sniffing at the muzzle, it seemed to Amory that the odor of the detonated explosive was fresh, strongly sulphurous, as if recent.

He sat for a moment plunged in thought by this discovery. His doubt of Paul's part in the affair returned. Paul, he reflected, had already impressed him as an actor—a young man of natural, perhaps involuntary, histrionic faculty. But a moment's thought showed him that Paul would scarcely have armed him with a weapon that he had just used and which he knew must show evidence of recent firing. Almost any man who has just used a pistol for a lethal purpose would think immediately of removing such evidence, cleaning the barrel and reloading before replacing the weapon in its accustomed position. More than that, Paul himself naturally was armed, so that if he had had recourse to a weapon he would have used the one he wore.

But somebody, Amory felt convinced, had fired this pistol not so very long ago. The burned oil was not yet dried on the muzzle, as Amory discovered by rubbing his finger over it. Here seemed a fresh complication in the tangle, and Amory decided not to ponder it to the exclusion of his rest. He was desperately tired, not only from the activities of the past eighteen hours but because the weather had been mostly thick on his run to the eastward from the Virginia Capes and he was in arrears of sleep.

Better to proceed with the inquiry one step at a time, he reflected, as he loosed his clothes and stretched himself on the couch, and the first of these steps was to determine, if possible, what Howard had been wheeling through the woods and where he had deposited his load. If this cargo was hidden in the woods, Amory hoped, by the tactics he had in mind, to locate it. Then, if it proved to be liquor, such a discovery would practically exculpate Howard in the killing of Sol Whittemore. No shot had been heard subsequent to Amory's sighting Howard on the edge of the clearing.

Amory fell almost immediately asleep, and accustomed as he was to three or four hours of concentrated rest below, with his subjective consciousness set like an alarm clock to rouse him at the end of such brief lapses during his watch, he woke, as it seemed to him, some few moments later. Glancing at the clock, he saw that it was half-past four and a thin pale light coming through the windows. Amory got up and looked out. The fog was as dense as ever, but there would soon be light enough to carry out his plans.

He hated to awaken Yonne, but he had agreed to let her help in his investigation and felt that she would not forgive him if he went without her. Going to the gun case, he found a box of cartridges to fit his revolver, replaced the fired shell, then called softly up the stairs, "Yonne!"

There was no answer. At the same moment he noticed the unmistakable odor of coffee and, as it seemed to him, fried bacon. Then the door of the pantry opened and Yonne's voice said cheerfully:

"All set, Amory. Come in and have a bite of breakfast."

Amory went into the kitchen.

"You shouldn't have done this," he protested. "Did you get any sleep at all last night?"

"Three hours of entire respite from care. That's worth ten of worried semiconsciousness. I was so tremendously relieved about Paul, and what you said about his service swept away the last little cloud on my horizon. Could I let you start off unnourished?" She decanted coffee, strong and aromatic, and set out a jug of cream, honey and hot cakes. "It's going to take some woodcraft to follow the trail of a wheelbarrow through the scrub."

"I studied in a good school," Amory said—"with a half-breed trapper who could trail a mink across melting ice. I want to borrow your wheelbarrow."

Yonne nodded. "To remove the evidence of any sort you may happen to find?" Her face was very grave. "Is that wise? What if you were to be seen?"

"Removal of the evidence is not the idea," Amory said. "The wheelbarrow is merely to pilot me to where it may be."

"Pilot you?" Yonne looked puzzled. "That sounds like a novel sort of divining rod."

"Howard was making heavy weather of it with his load straight across the neck of woods toward the opposite

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"Quicksand," Amory said in a hushed voice. "That's as far as this load got—wheelbarrow and all. But what was that load?"

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shore," Amory explained. "In such thick scrub the choice of a route for a loaded wheelbarrow is limited. It has struck me that the logical way to follow it would be to take departure from the same point with another loaded wheelbarrow, heading in the same general direction. The wheelbarrow would be apt to follow the same course."

Yonne nodded. "That's ingenious. It might work. You would be avoiding the same obstacles and hunting the same holes through the scrub Besides, you would be apt to see any tracks made by the other wheel."

"That's it," Amory said. "Scars on the bark of shoots and roots and twigs, and rotten branches broken across, seedlings bent back. You would be thinking always of a passage for your load instead of for yourself, if you had a heavy cargo. I'll ballast it with stones."

Yonne looked interested. "Can I go with you? I'd like to see how it works."

Amory shook his head. "Better not. You ought to keep entirely out of this. You mustn't expose yourself to the risk of seeming interested at all."

"I suppose you are right," Yonne agreed reluctantly. "Paul wouldn't like it. Well, you could save yourself the chance of meeting anybody on the road if you took the rowboat and went round to the next cove."

"As easy to wheel as to row," Amory said.

"You needn't row. The boat has an outboard motor, the same as the one in your dinghy. Where is she?"

"Over there in the cove," Amory said, hoping that this might prove to be the case.

He finished his breakfast, then followed Yonne out to the garage, where the wheelbarrow was kept. It was by this time about as light as it was apt to get while the fog lasted. Yonne went with him down to the float, where Amory loaded the barrow aboard the rowboat; then, thanking Yonne for her hospitality, started the motor and headed off into the fog, closely skirting the shore.

It did not take him long to pick his way round to the cove, where he was pleased to find his staved dinghy roosting high on the weed-covered rocks. Amory secured the painter and was further relieved to see, on examining the damage, that by ballasting the light boat with a few stones in a manner to heel her on one side he would be able to tow her back to the yacht later without her filling.

He secured the coat and cap that he had stuffed into the hole and was caching them in a crevice of the rocks above high-water mark, when he heard behind him the faint swish of water and a slight grating sound. Glancing round, he saw a green canoe nosing in to the shore. It seemed to Amory as if some sort of little alarm clock went off inside him as he recognized the girl wielding the paddle as Sabine.

The canoe grounded, and Sabine, with a long painter in her hand, stepped out on a flat rock and looked up at Amory with a face that reminded him of a yellow cat surprised in a matutinal quest for young poultry. And yet there was an unmistakable and contradictory beauty to its contours, and a challenging provocation to the golden eyes and the nose that, though it had a certain feline straightness of low bridge, was set at an upward slant.

"You again," she said. "What's the game this time?"

"The same as yours, I imagine—to try to find where Howard left his load."

"Why the wheelbarrow?" There was a sharp challenge in her tone. "To collect evidence, or to suppress it?"

"Neither—merely to locate it," Amory said.

She frowned. "I don't get you, Amory Payne."

"Then flock along and learn. Since we are both here, we might as well work together. I have no hostile intent on Howard. How is he?"

"Pretty rotten, thanks. Come on then."

She secured the painter, went up the bank with a supple, fluent ease and entered the woods. Amory followed her, pushing his wheelbarrow, puzzled at her curt manner. They came presently to the historic scene of their first combat and later retreat, but Sabine ignored it. They crossed the brook at the little ford where Sabine had launched her savage offensive, and as they scrambled up the opposite bank Amory reflected that Howard must be a husky youth and not so very drunk to have shoved a heavy-laden wheelbarrow up an incline where even an empty one proved awkward. But Howard, he reflected, had been under the stress of nervous tension.

They arrived at the edge of the little clearing, and Amory located the precise position of Howard when he had paused to look furtively back before striking into the dense cover. This spot was in fact shown by the disturbance of the ground and the bending of young shoots that had not yet straightened.

"This," said Amory, "looks as if it were going to tax equally my woodcraft and muscles untrained to the sport of cross-country wheelbarrow chasing. Get aboard."

"Aboard what?" Sabine demanded

"Aboard the wheelbarrow. To follow this trail I must have the same conditions—a heavy load of bad spirits."

Sabine gave him a tawny glare. "Are you crazy—gone mad?"

"No, but your manner is enough to make one slightly vexed. If you can follow Howard's trail, go to it, and save me a lot of wear and tear. If you can't, then climb into this strong-arm buggy. Thus loaded, it may follow the other on its own. Wheelbarrows are homely, sociable things—chummy, you might say."

Sabine's eyes lightened. She appeared to catch the idea. With no further question, she adapted her rounded contours and gracious curves to the hard angles of the wheelbarrow, her back against the dashboard—if wheelbarrows ever dash—feet tucked under her, conspicuous shapely knees against the detachable sides.

Amory grasped the handles and braced himself for a sort of tussle with this girl different from that required of him the day before, yet one that still contained its ardor. Sabine now presented a juvenile aspect, like a sulky and suspicious little girl who consents to be trundled but who is wary of some trick. Yet despite its ill temper, her face was sweet. It held now a pathos of trouble and worry and a sort of baffled wonder at what the outcome of this curious promenade might be. Something pretty bad must have happened, Amory feared, for Sabine to look so downhearted and for her attitude toward himself to be so curt and guarded after their sharing of danger the night before and his attempts to render her aid and comfort in her distress. But whatever her mood, Amory reflected, Sabine's face was bound always to show sheer beauty of a most disturbing sort.

Selecting what seemed the only possible line of progress right here, Amory forged ahead. He discovered almost immediately that his tactics were sound, because, at the next choice of turning, a barked root gave him his guide. A little later, nearly baffled but still shoving on, the wheelbarrow seemed actually to pilot itself, careening in a fashion that lurched its pliant load from one side to the other.

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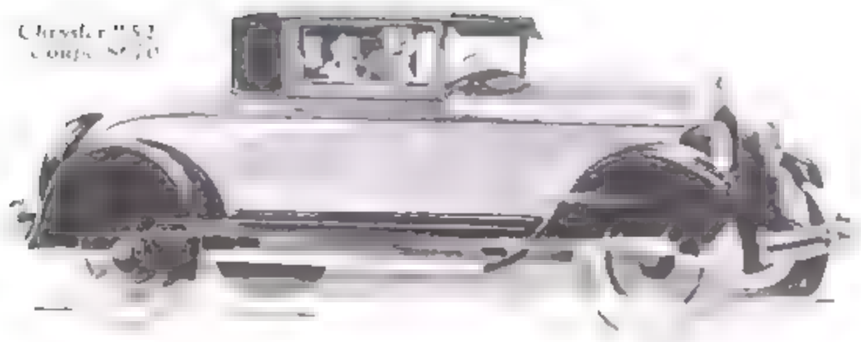
"High Time You Looked In on Us, Amory Payne. Your Mother and I Were at College Together Not So Very Long Ago"



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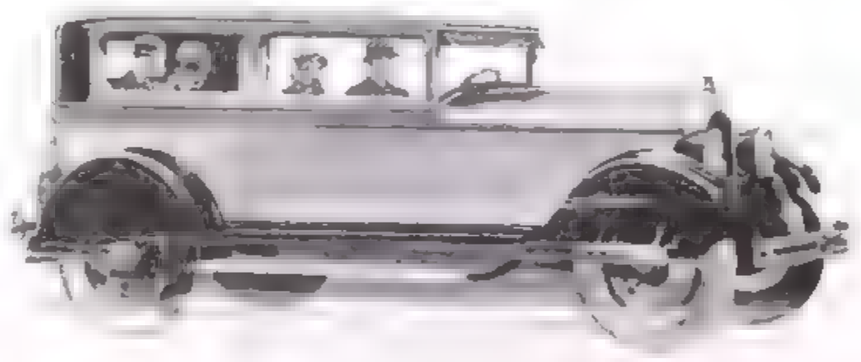

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(Continued from Page 34)

"Still on your trail?" Sabine asked.

"Yes," Amory panted; "thanks to the good old one-man-power car. If it hadn't shied at a stump back here I'd have gone astray. It's not going to be so easy now. There's a patch of pine ahead, and no underbrush."

"Keep her full and by," Sabine counseled. "Maybe she'll roll herself along right."

This proved, in some uncanny fashion, to be correct, as Amory presently discovered by a freshly broken dead spike jutting from a young pine. It seemed almost as if the single wheel followed a groove imperceptible to himself, the reason being actually the inequalities of ground that would have escaped detection by a person ranging untrammeled. And yet it was of a sort to present always, just ahead of the wheel, the course best suited to its most easy rolling. Amory reflected, as he labored on, that a deer path, a cattle path, would be first outlined in such fashion as this, a buck selecting the passage most convenient to its antlers, so that the next to pass that way, bound for a spring or favorite feeding ground, would unconsciously follow the same route.

They topped a little rise beyond which the ground sloped more steeply. In this descent Amory discovered his tactics to be the same as those of Howard with his load, for two grooves showed where he had braked by lowering the props to let them slide on the carpet of pine needles. Also, had he been afoot, unburdened, he certainly would have swerved to the right and lost the trail, which now seemed to plunge into a thick tangle of seedling maples.

This young growth closed in about them like a green wave, but one of resistant density. Without the aid of gravity, for the ground still sloped away, Amory could not have shoved on his load. But the seedlings parted or bowed to scrape underneath the barrow, straightening fairly well behind its passage and yet with a slightly crumpled look ahead that a skilled tracker could not possibly have missed.

Then, at the foot of this declivity, the intelligent wheelbarrow again piloted Amory, who found himself at a loss which way to turn in a more open growth less choked with underbrush. The iron-shod wheel slid down over a sloping rock, to careen the barrow so that to avoid its capsizing Amory was forced to turn sharply to the right. Correcting this lurch, the barrow turned him to the left again, plunged under the low sweeping branches of a spruce where the channel was clear enough for the squat vehicle but painful to the one propelling it. Just as Howard must have done, Amory closed his eyes, ducked his head and plunged through, emerging hot and pricked about the ears, to find the wheelbarrow balking, as it were, at a dead log.

But a slight groove showed this birch trunk to be rotten under its glistening bark, and the barrow hurdled it with no great effort, then headed for a choked gully, which certainly would not have been Amory's choice of a route.

Amory was by this time perspiring profusely, forearms cramped and his breath coming in whistling gasps. He set down the props to rest and, as he did so, discovered that the gully appeared to be an old trail across a marshy spot, with the remains of a rough corduroy road.

"Stout fella," Sabine said encouragingly. "I'm having a lovely ride."

Amory mopped his face. His feelings were low. He was reflecting that no pampered profligate of the sort he imagined Howard Phelps to be would work like this for a couple of cases of liquor when there were so many ways of getting it more easily. It was one thing to run a cargo in a speed launch and another to wheel it by hand through a tangle like this. Neither did Amory believe that Howard would have so slaved to avoid the chances of arrest. There must have been some necessity far more poignant than the desire for drink urging Howard on his way. By this time Amory had wheeled Sabine a good quarter of a mile, he thought, and as far as he could calculate direction with his eyes fixed on the ground just in front of the wheel, the course had led parallel and not far from his own, back across to the shore where he had come out to run into Jules. Howard evidently had chosen purposely thick cover, while Amory had avoided this.

"Stuck?" Sabine asked.

"No; but it's rough sledding ahead. We seem to have landed on an old corduroy trail grown over with a slashing of hazel and birch."

"Shall I get out?"

"No. Let's not spoil it. With you in this wheelbarrow, it behaves like a divining rod—seems possessed of some sort of unholy intelligence."

"Thanks," said Sabine dryly.

"Well, the unholy part is what's gone ahead and you're in the nature of a corrective influence. Allez-oop!"

He plunged on again. They forged through the tangle, bumping over the rotten old logs, then emerged on firmer and more open ground that showed distinctly earlier use as some sort of thoroughfare. A sledge trail to the shore for getting timber out, Amory thought. In the winter, standing water from the springy soil would be frozen there.

Again Amory paused to rest after this brief tussle. Sabine looked round her.

"I know this place. In the old days it was white oak and they cut it out for shipbuilding. We've been making a big arc back toward the mill."

"Then Howard must have got himself lost."

"Well, that's not surprising. He knows more about motor cars and motorboats than wheelbarrows. But why did he do it?"

"That's what I've been wondering. . . . All set? Here we go again."

The groove of the wheel was now discernible in the wet patches. They came then presently to a bare one—a patch of naked clay. Here Amory saw ahead not only the rut left by the wheel but the tracks of the person who had pushed the wheelbarrow. He stopped, went forward to investigate, then gave a long low whistle.

"What is it?" Sabine asked, twisting round. She climbed out and went to Amory's side.

"Look at those tracks; they were never made by Howard."

They stared at this fresh evidence. On either side of the groove left by the wheel were the distinct traces of big hobnailed boots. Sabine drew in her breath.

"Sol Whittemore," she said.

"What?"

Amory's mind, having now accepted the conviction that the corpse of Sol Whittemore must have been in that wheelbarrow, found it difficult to grapple with this phenomenon of Sol Whittemore wheeling his own cadaver.

"No question," Sabine said. "Sol wore boots like that. I've often noticed them. Howard would be wearing deck shoes. He's got a trim foot for his size."

"Then," said Amory, "he must have come on Howard, who bolted and left his load. But would Sol be interested in a couple of cases of liquor?"

"It might have been something else."

Amory mopped his head again. "Well, it shows one thing anyhow, and that is what I was out to find. Howard wasn't wheeling any corpse."

"Of course not," Sabine said. "But it would be interesting to know what really was in that wheelbarrow."

"Let's keep on then," Amory said. "But so long as we can follow the tracks, I can do without your added weight—or the wheelbarrow, for that matter."

They went on together for about fifty yards along the old trail. Then, emerging from a cluster of birches, they saw at the side of it a standing pool or shallow pond of about an acre in extent, in which grew bulrushes and some few pond lilies. A big blue heron, on the far side, rose heavily, with its labored upward jump, giving out a squawk that sounded like a curse at this disturbing of its privacy.

The tracks led straight to the edge of this pond. Amory went to the brink and inspected it. Something in the character of the ooze under a few inches of water fixed and held his attention. He turned, picked up a rotting branch and threw it on end into the pool. It stuck upright, then it began to sink, rapidly at first, then slower and still slower, but always settling.

"Quicksand," Amory said in a hushed voice. "That's as far as this load got—wheelbarrow and all. But what was that load?"

"Sol hated hooch," Sabine said, "but he didn't hate it enough to wheel it half a mile into the woods and heave it into a quicksand."

"Besides," said Amory, "he'd have wanted the evidence against Howard."

He felt confused. If indeed these tracks had been left by Sol, then what happened to him immediately thereafter? How had his body got into the flume? Howard's desertion of the wheelbarrow with its load and Sol's custody of it and continuation of its progress through the woods might not have been closely consecutive. Some considerable time might have elapsed. Seizing on this idea, Amory's brain cleared.

Sabine glanced at his face, and evidently realizing the tension of mental progress, did not interrupt him. She stood silently waiting for him to speak.

He said finally: "Since this lets Howard out, the next thing is to learn where he left the wheelbarrow and just what was in it, and the best way to find that out is to ask him. Let's go do that thing. We'll go back to the boat and I'll stop aboard the yacht and shift into my own things and make a call on Mr. Howard Phelps."

"I'll go with you," Sabine said.

Picking up the wheelbarrow from where it stood, that it might not interest subsequent investigators, they started back the way they had come. Amory, his attention no longer centered on pushing a heavy load, was closely examining the ground to right and left. Then, back almost to the spot where he had first caught sight of Howard, he ran upon evidence that would have stopped a native tracker running the trail at full speed.

Something white gleamed out through a thick patch of bayberry to the right. It had the shine of fresh wood. Amory strode over to it. There, shoved in under the green foliage, lay two fresh cases that were unmistakable. One was of whisky, or so alleged, and the other of a well-known brand of gin now less known as to its component parts.

"Here," said Amory, "is where the criminality of Howard Phelps gets off and where that of Sol Whittemore gets on. But I think that their activities were spaced by an interval of several hours."

"Why?" Sabine asked

"Because if what I think has happened back there did happen, then the wheelbarrow was used by two different people for two distinctly different purposes. And if those uses had happened closely, consecutively, then Howard would be in worse shape than merely pretty rotten right now. He would be dead."

Sabine nodded. "Some bean! Your wheelbarrow stunt was good. In fact, you show better and better class on acquaintance, Amory Payne. Let's go back. I've checked what I wanted to, thanks to you. Could scarcely have managed without, to say nothing of the buggy ride."

Amory scarcely heard her. He was thinking deeply. They made their way back through the woods and came presently to the shore.

"Want another ride across?" Amory asked.

"No, thanks. The fog's lifting. I'd better paddle my own canoe. Save more passionate curiosity in the Reading Room. Why don't you unship your dinghy engine and take it in the boat? She'll tow easier.

"Going to," Amory said.

Sabine looked down at her moccasined feet, for she wore a sort of camp costume that differed from that of the day before in being chic. She seemed embarrassed. Then Amory caught the golden glow of her eyes, shining full into his own.

"I'm sorry I've been a sulky brute, Amory."

"Forget it. You've been worried sick."

"Well, Howard's such a liar. I guess he'll come clean now."

"He's apt to when I tell him a few things," Amory said grimly.

Sabine drew closer. She seemed to hover—to envelop him in some sort of warm aura that extended impalpably a little beyond her desirable physical part. Amory felt more than ever before the strange magnetism of her, something just beyond her strongly fibered material self. He yielded to this outdrawing.

"Amory ——"

"What?"

"Oh, never mind." She turned and walked rapidly to her canoe. "Here comes the sun!" she called back.

"The fog's burning up," Amory said. "It will all be clear by noon."

XVIII

AS HE started across the bay towing his half-filled dinghy, that rolling pebble of suggestion that sometimes starts an avalanche of thought was dislodged in Amory's mind by the contemplation of his yacht's boat towing astern.

He glanced then at the detachable engine in the bow of the rowboat. He stared into the swimming fog that had been black the night before, slate gray that morning when he and Sabine shoved off, and was now like cotton wool, as soft and warm and nearly white, with the July sunshine scorching at it from above.

"Why," Amory asked himself, "should Jules Lenore have tried so hard to destroy a man whose presence in this spot he could determine only by the machine-gun rattle of this breed of outboard motor? The type is frequent enough, though directly here the sound would be ascribed to this whitehall rowboat of the Deforests, in constant daily use for errands back and forth—mail and marketing."

The rolling pebble struck against a larger stone of speculation and dislodged it.

What if Jules' object had not been at any time to kill Amory but to silence and remove Paul Deforest? They were nearly of a size, both wearing officers' white caps and blue serge coats. Jules might have considered Paul to stand between himself and a successful coup, and he might already have stacked the cards to force the joker on Sol Whittemore.

This larger stone of logic dropped into a crevice and stopped, its part of the general avalanchelike movement finished. But it had started something bigger before being sidetracked. This was that if, as the morning's investigation showed, Sol Whittemore had heaved a barrow load of something into the quicksand, then the contents were of a sort to possess a negative value so decided that even the

(Continued on Page 111)

One of the wonders of the ancient world was the bronze statue of the sun-god Helios, 105 feet high, cast in 280 B. C. and known as the Colossus of Rhodes

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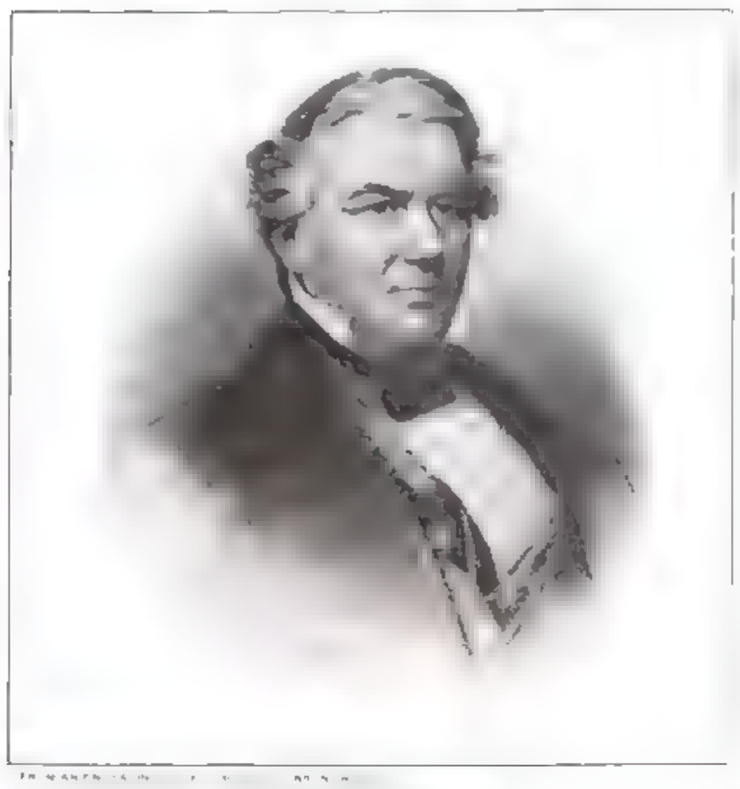
The Buchaneers, 1856—By Meade Minnigerode



Millard Fillmore

I AM satisfied slavery will not go down until it goes down in blood."

In 1853—with General Pierce in the Executive Mansion and the triumphant Democrats securely controlled by the Southern wing of the party—this dark utterance, formulated in 1843 by John Quincy Adams, was capable of calling forth only the most confident, the most pitying derision. The Compromise of 1850 had settled the question of slavery forever. There was no question of slavery any more, however much a rabid abolitionist faction at the North might still foam at the mouth over it. The Southern Whigs and Democrats were delighted to have it so; the Northern Whigs did not dare to have it otherwise, for fear of antagonizing their Southern partisans. In the minds of many Northern men, both Democrats and Whigs, the dread of the consequences of any sectional agitation made it imperative to have it so. Slavery, as a political issue, had been buried—buried alive, perhaps, but eternally interred. So they were all determined to believe.

The South—and the South was now firmly in power—the South was prompt to discover in the new dispensation the possibility of settlement—settlement by slave owners—in other new territories in which a popular referendum to determine the ultimate free or slave status should be resorted to only when the time came for actual statehood. The South was quick to imagine the horizons of slavery—that institution which it considered vital to its existence and socially beneficent to master and slave alike—indefinitely extended to include Mexico, Central America, the West Indies; quick to gild its imperial dream of expansion, to occupy itself with the filibustering of Mr. Walker in Nicaragua, with the acquisition, financial or forceful, of Cuba.

It was in this spirit that the South was later to rally to Mr. Walker's ill-fated standards; that in 1854 it welcomed the manifesto promulgated at Ostend by Mr. Buchanan, Mr. Mason and Mr. Soulé—the American Ministers to England, France and Spain—to the effect that Cuba was essentially a part of the United States, that an offer of purchase should be made to Spain, and that, in the event of refusal, "by every law, human and divine, we shall be justified in wresting it from Spain, if we possess the power."

A Millennium of Peace and Good Works

IT WAS the old Texas state of mind of 1844; it was to prevail throughout the subsequent Administration of Mr. Buchanan; its motive was frankly set forth when, at the close of the decade, Senator Brown of Mississippi was exclaiming that "I want Cuba; I want . . . one or two . . . Mexican states; and I want them all for the same reason, for the planting and spreading of slavery. . . . I would spread the blessings of slavery, like the religion of our divine Master, to the uttermost ends of the earth."

The South believed in slavery—just as sincerely, as earnestly as the North detested it—not only as an economic principle but as a social philosophy, a code of life. Far from being a moral crime, a sin against humanity, slavery in most Southern eyes was a virtue, the only possible foundation for a sane, well-ordered society, sanctioned by the example of the Scriptures and of classical antiquity, a source of prosperity and happiness, material and moral, to both the slave owner and his slaves. And if in Uncle Tom's Cabin—that literary sensation of the 50's—and in certain publications originating in the South itself, the North thought to find a final judgment on the iniquity of slavery, Mr. Fitzhugh was soon, in 1854, to expound the creed of a lofty Christianity supported by a righteous slavery, a millennium of peace and good works, in his celebrated Sociology for the South.

It may appear incredible in retrospect, but at the time—in 1852, in 1853—it was a burning faith, a crusader's conviction, and the Compromise of 1850, with its famous "finalities," was the open door to a new era. The South was standing on the Mountain of Abarim, looking out over the Promised Land. "All they ask from us," Mr. Buchanan was shortly to explain to his Northern friends, "is simply to let them alone." That was all that the South had ever asked of the North. And now, at last, no one was ever going to raise the general question of slavery again controversially. That was understood and accepted, as well by the North—the moderate North—as by the South. It was monstrous, therefore—simply on the face of it, quite aside from its legislative features—a betrayal of the Compromise, a treason, so to speak, against both North and South, to have Senator Douglas of Illinois come walking into the Senate just then and stir up the whole hornet's nest once more with his astonishing Kansas-Nebraska Bill.

How a Conflagration Was Started

IT WAS a bill to establish new territories, at first one, then two—Nebraska and Kansas—to the west of Iowa and Missouri respectively, and presumably to be settled by them—to be admitted as states "with or without slavery, as their constitution may prescribe." And not only that, the act was not intended "to legislate slavery into any territory or state, nor to exclude it therefrom, but to leave the people thereof perfectly free to form and regulate their domestic institutions."

This was Mr. Douglas' new theory of popular sovereignty—a development of Mr. Cass' earlier doctrine of squatter, or local sovereignty—a theory according to which the settlers in a territory were to decide the question of slavery for themselves.

It had been granted, under the Compromise of 1850, that the citizens of New Mexico and Utah should so decide for themselves when they came together to organize as states; now it was Mr. Douglas' contention that the settlers in any territory could forthwith exercise this right; that the principles of the Compromise of 1850, so enlarged, were applicable to all territories; and that as a result of this last compromise the earlier Missouri Compromise had been set aside, so that the Northern slavery-boundary line of 36° 30', in force since 1820, was no longer valid. The new Nebraska Territory, for instance—situated north of the old Missouri Compromise line—could become a slave territory if it so desired, the Kansas Territory, conversely, a free territory, and both of the proposed new territories could legislate on the question as soon as settled, without waiting for the establishment of actual statehood.

It had apparently not originally been Mr. Douglas' intention to repudiate the Missouri Compromise, of which, in 1849, he had said that it had "become canonized in the hearts of the American people as a sacred thing which no ruthless hand would ever be reckless enough to disturb." It had not occurred originally to anyone that such a repudiation was to all intents implied in the Compromise of 1850, if it was actually to effect any finality of settlement. But now in January, 1854, with the Kansas-Nebraska Bill before an uneasy Senate, Mr. Dixon of Kentucky—arguing that congressional noninterference with a territory's domestic affairs must of itself annul the provisions of the Missouri Compromise—moved the repeal of the latter as an amendment to the bill.

No one, probably, was more astonished than Mr. Douglas. His play with fire had not been designed to produce so consuming a flame, but he immediately decided to make himself responsible for the greater conflagration. He would sponsor the amendment. The repeal, he told Senator Dixon, would produce a great stir in the free states; he would be assailed by demagogues and fanatics; he would probably be hung in effigy—he was, from Maine to Illinois—and become permanently odious in many quarters; his decision might terminate his political career. But he considered it his duty, a step due to the South—where the constitutionality of the Missouri Compromise had often been questioned—and due to his own character for consistency.

William Walker

Mr. Douglas may have been sincere, and General Pierce, too, when he agreed to the repeal on the ground of unconstitutionality, although in his first message to Congress the President had promised that the "repose" of the country should "suffer no shock during my official term if I have power to avert it." If, on the other hand, it was simply a politician's trick in order to curry presidential favor with the South, there is no possible justification for Mr. Douglas' action. If, as some have thought, the Kansas-Nebraska Bill was only a move in the Missouri senatorial contest of that year, for the purpose of aiding Senator Douglas' friend, Mr. Atchison, the motive is even more shabby.

The Little Giant of the West

FOR the measure destroyed the nation's peace; it ignored the spirit of compromise in which men were striving to preserve the Union; it alarmed the South with its reopening of the question of slavery in the territories; it infuriated the North with its revocation of the precious Missouri Compromise; it brought about the ultimate disintegration of the two national parties; it precipitated a frenzy of discussion, a pageant of tragedies, which were not to cease until the Civil War had run its course.

Mr. Douglas was an extremely able lawyer, a forceful orator, a small but powerfully built man possessed of unending courage. In his early days in the House, John Quincy Adams had described his passionate, vitriolic delivery and his lack of restraint. When he spoke, "his face was convulsed, his gesticulation frantic. . . . In the midst of his roaring, to save himself from choking, he stripped off and cast aside his cravat, unbuttoned his waistcoat. . . ."

Later on Mr. Douglas had acquired a veneer; he had learned to control himself, although his tongue had lost none of its venom—opposition newspapers talked of his "senatorial billingsgate," of his "vehemence of abuse," of his style "more becoming a pothouse than the Senate"—he had developed a personality which had won for him a following second only to that which Mr. Clay had commanded. He was the Little Giant of the West. He was, at the same time, the perfect politician of his day, endlessly ambitious, his whole mind and heart set on the presidency.

One may, perhaps, venture to state that the delicacy of the national adjustments in 1854 deserved a more disinterested vision, a more unselfish statesmanship, than Mr. Douglas was able to provide. Only the ruthless hand

which he himself had deprecated could so recklessly have dared to tamper with the public stability.

It is difficult to exonerate him of criminal triviality in the presence of his statement that the Democratic Party had "consumed all its powder" in the election of General Pierce, and therefore would have "no more ammunition for its artillery" without a deep-reaching agitation. How deep-reaching, it was evidently not within his capacity to appreciate—for out of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill came Bleeding Kansas and the Anti-Nebraska Party, and out of the latter the Black Republicans, and from their midst the tall, unexpected figure of Abraham Lincoln and the guns of Sumter.

And with it all the fearful comedy which occasionally enlivens the ponderous march of fatal events; for in 1873, Montgomery Blair was to write to Gideon Welles that Mr. Seward had told him that he—Seward—"was the man who put Archy Dixon . . . up to moving the repeal of the Missouri Compromise . . . and had himself forced the repeal by that movement, and had thus brought to life the Republican Party."

Mr. Seward did not include the Civil War, for some reason, in the list of his achievements.

Mr. Douglas was to have need of all his intellectual powers and all his courage. During the five months of bitter debates in Congress, with their uproars and violence—while the resolutions and petitions poured in from the North against the "Nebraska iniquity"—and after the final passage of the bill, when he saw himself damned from one end of the Northern Union to the other for his repeal of the Missouri Compromise. He could, he said, now travel from Boston to Chicago by the glare of his own burning effigies. He received letters rejoicing in the death of his wife and wishing him further calamities; he was branded a Benedict Arnold, a Judas Iscariot. All one evening in Chicago he faced a furious crowd threatening him with pistols, retiring finally in the early hours of a Sunday morning with the remark flung at them that "I'll go to church, and you may go to hell"—whereupon they tried to throw his carriage into the river.

The North was boiling, sectional partisanship was blazing again, roaring at the "Nebraska swindle." Everywhere groups of Anti-Nebraska men were organizing politically, combining with Free-Soilers and Northern Whigs and Democrats, and in the local elections of 1854 the Democratic Party encountered serious defeats. But now, suddenly, there was something else to attract the public attention temporarily, so that Mr. Douglas could proclaim that the Kansas-Nebraska agitation had been forgotten.

A Nine Days' Wonder

IT HAD to do with mysterious squares of paper—black, or white, or red—posted upon trees, summoning men to midnight meetings; with oaths and grips and passwords—"What time? Time for work." "Are you? We are"—with all the paraphernalia, lodges, degrees and councils of a secret order, the O. U. A., which, in 1854 and 1855, claimed to be sending a million voters to the polls. It was the Order of United Americans—the Order of the Star-Spangled Banner in New York, where the movement apparently originated—sprung from the old Native American Associations of the 40's, and from their successors, the social organizations of the American Brotherhood, the United Daughters of America, the American Protestant Association and many others; the members of which—Protestant, native Americans only—were pledged to oppose the election of foreigners to office and to vote as ordered by the society. The "Know-Nothings," they came to be called, from the fact that when a member was questioned concerning the order he invariably answered "I don't know."

And now in 1854 there seemed to be lodges and councils in every city and state; the Americans were winning victories in many local elections. The political character of the order was no longer concealed; the Republicans and the Anti-Nebraska men of the West were in alliance with them; in the South they had entirely absorbed the Whigs.

But in November, at Cincinnati, the National Council instituted the third or union degree, and a ritual intended to please the South; and at the Council of 1855 it became evident that the Southerners were in complete control of the American Party, with a Southern president of the order and resolutions condemning any interference with slavery.

This circumstance was to destroy the power of the Know-Nothing Party, and split it, North and South, on the slavery question—leaving it, as Horace Greeley saw it, a party "as devoid of the elements of persistence as an anti-cholera or an anti-potato-rot party would be." In 1854 and 1855, however, the Know-Nothings were a nine days' wonder, sufficient to hold the popular interest, and they were still to play their part in the presidential contest of 1856.

But now dreadful things were happening in Kansas, the Know-Nothings were in turn forgotten, and the country began to reap the whirlwind of the Kansas-Nebraska storm.

For since the new territories were open to occupation by settlers who were to decide the question of slavery for them, it had occurred to Eli Thayer and sundry New England gentlemen to organize the Emigrant Aid Company for the purpose of sending free settlers to Kansas—free settlers and their families, supplies, Bibles and arms. The free status of Kansas was to be determined by an invasion from New England, an artificial settling of the territory which would normally have depended on Missouri for its colonists—something which the supporters of slavery had not thought of in connection with the other Territory of Nebraska.

The Missourians first, and later the entire South, were not disposed to tolerate what they considered a flagrant abolitionist attempt to steal Kansas from the slavery fold. The territory had been intended for the Missourians—let the Northerners go to Nebraska, where they belong—and the Missourians came pouring in to found communities and vote and quarrel with the intruders. The Blue Lodge, the Social Band—under various names, and with varying grips and passwords, the members of a quickly spreading secret society crossed the Missouri-Kansas border whenever there was voting or, perhaps, a little trigger fingering to be done.

ENGRAVED BY BUTTRE FROM A PHOTO BY BRADY

Major General John C. Frémont

They established themselves in the territory as residents. They were reënforced later by recruits from many sections of the South, enlisted by the Sons of the South, and by the South Carolina Society for the Aid of the Slave Settlement of Kansas, for two could play at the New Englanders' game. Very serious trouble was brewing.

It broke out in March, 1855, when some five thousand Missouri "border ruffians," as the free settlers termed them, came riding across the line to control the territorial legislature election, so that only proslavery delegates were appointed. The free-state men protested, but Washington would not listen to them—it was the Administration point of view that the attempted New England seizure of Kansas was in effect a violation of the Kansas-Nebraska Bill—and at Topeka, later on in the year, they adopted an anti-slavery constitution of their own which President Pierce was to condemn as revolutionary. There were now two governments in Kansas, two claimants for recognition by the Federal authorities, two bitter factions in the land. And in November, 1855, the first free settler was murdered.

It is not within the scope of these pages to furnish any detailed account of the terror which followed. The Wakarusa War, the burning of Lawrence, the Pottawatomie massacre perpetrated by John Brown and his sons; murders, raids and ambuscades, treachery and reprisal, the open hostilities of armed bands and the nocturnal cantering of secret riders—these are to be found in the archives of the territory. Kansas was bleeding; the North was howling vengeance; in the Senate a Southern gentleman was beating Senator Sumner with a cane for his Crime against Kansas speech, while members of Congress went armed with pistols to their furious deliberations. The Kansas-Nebraska Bill had borne its fruit.

It was in this spirit, with the cry of "Bleeding Kansas!" ringing in their ears, that men approached the presidential election of 1856.

The Know-Nothings were the first to meet in formal national convention—at Philadelphia, on February twenty-second, when they were given the platform which the National Council had already drawn up. This proclaimed that "Americans must rule America; and to this end native-born citizens should be selected for all . . . offices of government employment"; that noninterference with domestic affairs should govern the relations of Congress with the states, and of the states with each other; that "none but those who are citizens of the United States . . . and who have a fixed residence in any . . . territory ought to participate in the formation of a constitution or in the enactment of laws for said territory"; that a change should be made in the naturalization laws, "making a continued residence of twenty-one years . . . an indispensable requisite for citizenship . . . and excluding all paupers and persons convicted of crime from landing upon our shores"; that any union between church and state, and any interference with religious faith or worship, must be prevented. And that the party was opposed to "the reckless and unwise policy of the present Administration . . . as shown in removing Americans . . . and conservatives in principle from office, and placing foreigners and ultraists in their places . . . as shown in reopening sectional agitation by the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, as shown in granting to unnaturalized foreigners the right of suffrage in Kansas and Nebraska, as shown in its vacillating course on the Kansas and Nebraska question."

The Birth of Republicanism

THESE were the important planks, and immediately there was a dispute relating to the council's authority to draw up such a document, and to its failure to include a clause "interdicting slavery in territory north of 36° 30' by congressional action." Delegates from New England, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Illinois and Iowa withdrew from the convention—with a telegram to the Anti-Nebraska men then meeting at Pittsburgh to the effect that "the American Party is no longer a unit; the National Council has gone to pieces; raise the Republican banner. The North Americans are with you"—and the remaining regulars nominated Millard Fillmore and Andrew Donelson of Tennessee. As for the seceding delegates they later chose a former governor of Pennsylvania, William Johnson, for Vice President, and Mr. Banks, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, for President, and when he withdrew, the selection made eventually by the Anti-Nebraska men was ratified.

They had been active politically for some time, the Anti-Nebraska men, in combination with Free-Soilers and Northern abolitionists. They had held a mass meeting at Ripon, in Wisconsin; another at Jackson, Michigan, in 1854, and announced the formation, finally, of the new Republican Party—sprung, therefore, from the old Free-Soil movement and from the agitation against Mr. Douglas' Kansas-Nebraska legislation. And in 1855, in a speech at Albany, Mr. Seward had proclaimed that the principles of the new party were "equal and exact justice; its speech open, decided and frank; its banner . . . untorn in former battles and unsullied by past errors. That is the party for us." The great New York leader and his Whigs had joined the Republican ranks.

And now, in February, 1856, at Pittsburgh, they were holding their first official convention; adopting a long address to the people of the United States; listening with surprise to Mr. Greeley, in his long white coat, while he counseled moderation; turning with more satisfaction to hear the Rev. Owen Lovejoy exclaim that "in defense of Kansas I will offer myself as a captain, and if I am not

(Continued on Page 42)

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PINAUD'S LILAC

{*Lilas de France*}

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(Continued from Page 40)

wanted in that capacity, I will shoulder a gun and go as a private. If I use my rifle I will shoot in God's name. I am for war to the knife, and the knife to the hilt, if it must be so." This was the sort of talk to thrill the delegates in La Fayette Hall—the "Black Republicans," as the Southerners called them, since their sole cause was the negro's—and with high enthusiasm after many speeches they issued the summons for a national nominating convention at Philadelphia, in June.

Enthusiasm was still high-pitched, the anticipation of success and the conviction of a righteous issue very pronounced, when they met on June seventeen; a great throng of delegates from all the Northern states, from Delaware, Maryland, Kentucky, Virginia and the District of Columbia, and from the Territories of Minnesota, Nebraska and Kansas. A great throng of delegates, with little regard for any proportionate representation, so that New York and Pennsylvania cast one hundred and seventy-seven votes between them, as against the sixty-two electoral votes to which they were entitled.

Never an Unkind Word

But if men had supposed that Mr. Seward would be the standard bearer of the new antislavery party they were mistaken, for Mr. Seward would not allow his name to be used; and that of Justice McLean was likewise withdrawn, and also that of Senator Chase on account of his too recent association with the Democratic Party. And so, for reasons which, according to Mr. Channing, are "still hidden in the dimness of the past," Colonel Frémont was unanimously nominated, with William Dayton of New Jersey getting the better of the Illinois lawyer, Abraham Lincoln, for the vice-presidency.

The platform was extremely plain-spoken and truculent. The Republicans were "opposed to the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, to the policy of the present administration, to the extension of slavery into free territory; in favor of admitting Kansas as a free state, of restoring the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson." They advocated the improvement of rivers and harbors, and the construction of a railroad to the Pacific. They declared "that the highwayman's plea that 'might makes right' embodied in the Ostend circular"—concerning the seizure of Cuba—"was in every respect unworthy of American diplomacy, and would bring shame and dishonor upon any government or people that gave it their sanction."

They stated that "it is both the right and the duty of Congress to prohibit in the territories those twin relics of barbarism—polygamy and slavery," for they had their eyes on the Mormons too; and that "the dearest constitutional rights of the people of Kansas have been fraudulently and violently taken from them; their territory has been invaded by an armed force"—they were referring to the Missourians, of course; not to the New Englanders—"murders, robberies and arsons have been instigated and encouraged, and the offenders have been allowed to go unpunished—that all these things have been done with the knowledge, sanction and procurement of the present Administration; and that for this high crime against the Constitution, the Union and humanity, we arraign the Administration, the President, his advisers, agents, supporters, apologists and accessories, either before or after the fact, before the country and before the world; and that it is our fixed purpose to bring the actual perpetrators of these atrocious outrages, and their accomplices, to a sure and condign punishment hereafter."

To quiet minds, fearful of the fate of the Union, it was not a reassuring document.

The Democrats were still maintaining that theirs was the only real national party, and that the Whigs, Know-Nothings and Republicans were the representatives of purely sectional interests. They were still sheltering themselves behind the ramparts of a policy of negative evasion in politics, of noninterference with slavery.

As usual the state of New York was split by two Democratic factions, the Hard Shells and the Soft Shells—those who favored the South and those who opposed its demands—and when the National Democratic Convention opened its doors on June second, at Cincinnati, delegates from both groups, as well as two contesting sections from Missouri—Benton and anti-Benton presented themselves at the threshold. Indeed, some of the gentlemen from Missouri did not wait for the doors to open, but forced their entrance after knocking down the doorkeeper; so that the chairman of the convention found it necessary to pronounce a scathing condemnation of these riotous proceedings and to exclude the irregular invaders, the New York rivals being permitted to take their seats and share the vote of the state.

In the midst of the hurly-burly of intrigue which preceded the convention, three names were always prominent—that of General Pierce, who claimed the support of the South, and of course that of the Little Giant, whose hold on the popular imagination had been in no wise diminished by the controversies of which he had made himself the center, and that of Mr. Buchanan of Pennsylvania, lately American Minister to England. By many it was felt that General Pierce and Mr. Douglas had been too closely associated in the public mind with recent animosities. Mr. Buchanan, on the other hand, had been out of the country; he had had nothing to do with the Kansas-Nebraska Bill and with Bleeding Kansas; he had few enemies in the North; he had, according to the Richmond Enquirer, never "uttered a word which could pain the most sensitive Southern heart."

And if in 1848 he had been most anxious to secure the Democratic nomination—so that Mr. Polk had to record in his diary that "my impression is that all [Buchanan's] opinions are formed and controlled by the consideration of the means best calculated to enable him to succeed in getting the nomination"—later on, in December, 1855, Mr. Buchanan was writing to Mr. Slidell that he had notified "many friends that I would not be a candidate for [the presidency]. . . . I had hoped that this would prevent any movement in my own state in my favor," and "no desire lurks in my bosom to become President."

A Reluctant Candidate

But Mr. Slidell was telling him that "the people are taking care of you, and the almost universal admission by politicians . . . that you are the only man for the crisis, is an unmistakable indication of the force and depth of the popular current." The feeling "of contempt for Pierce in the Senate is general," and Mr. Buchanan must express a willingness to run "to some discreet friend or friends." Mr. Buchanan had finally been willing—but so reluctantly—to "write no more letters declaring I was not a candidate"; his Pennsylvania adherents had begged him to agree to that, and "I could not resist such an appeal proceeding from such friends." And in any case Mr. Buchanan did not believe "that the next President . . . would encounter insuperable difficulties. . . . The question [of slavery] has been settled by Congress"—how desperately certain of it they insisted on being—"and this settlement should be inflexibly maintained."

The Missouri Compromise was gone, "and gone forever," although "if I should be asked to denounce the Missouri Compromise this would be asking me to eat my own words"; but "it has departed—the time for it has passed away, and I verily believe that the best, nay, the only mode now left of putting down the fanatical and reckless spirit of abolition at the North is to adhere to the existing settlement." Still, "what if the Cincinnati convention should denounce the Missouri Compromise as unconstitutional, unjust and violative of Southern rights, and ask me to mount upon this platform?" But "I do not believe I shall ever have to decide this question," and Mr. Slidell was positive that "there is not the slightest reason to apprehend that a declaration of the unconstitutionality of the Missouri Compromise, or any other doctrine to which you cannot fully subscribe, will be adopted at Cincinnati. Everyone feels the imperative necessity of selecting our best man for the presidency, and there is no disposition to encumber him with make-weights."

No disturbing declarations—only prudence, negativism and evasion.

The Democratic Platform

And when it seemed as though the Douglas and Pierce forces might combine to support the general, Mr. Slidell went to Cincinnati and talked Mr. Douglas out of it, and secured Mr. Buchanan's nomination on the seventeenth ballot, by promising the vice-presidential post to Mr. Breckinridge of Kentucky.

So it was arranged. As for the platform they were in favor of free seas, the Monroe Doctrine and "progressive free trade throughout the world." They asserted the "preponderance" of the United States in the adjustment of all questions arising out of the Panama route from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and they could not but "sympathize with the efforts which are being made by the people of Central America to regenerate that portion of the continent which covers the passage across the interoceanic isthmus." They likewise demanded that "every proper effort be made to insure our ascendancy in the Gulf of Mexico and to maintain permanent protection to the great outlets through which are emptied into its waters the products raised out of the soil . . . of our Western valleys."

With the inevitable resolutions condemning all slavery agitation and approving the Compromise of 1850, they declared that "claiming fellowship with and desiring the coöperation of all who regard the preservation of the Union . . . as the paramount issue and repudiating all sectional aims and platforms concerning domestic slavery which seek to embroil the states and incite to treason and armed resistance to law in the territories, and whose avowed purpose, if consummated, must end in civil war and disunion—the American Democracy recognize and adopt the principles contained in the organic laws establishing the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas as embodying the only sound and safe solution of the slavery question . . . the basis of the Compromise of 1850, confirmed by both the Democratic and Whig parties . . . ratified by the people in the election of 1852, and rightly applied to the organization of the territories in 1854."

A bid, obviously, for the support of such Whigs as had not passed through the Know-Nothing door into Republicanism.

The Whigs were the lost sheep of the campaign of 1856. "Shall we report ourselves to the Whig Party?" Mr. Seward had asked in 1855. "Where is it? Gentle Shepherd, tell me where?"

Their dilemma was pitiful. Always a national party hitherto, opposed to sectionalism, and with positive tendencies in politics, they were faced now with only two choices—the national negativism of the Democrats or the ultra-positive sectionalism of the Northern and Southern radicals. In order to remain national the Northern Whigs must become negative and avoid the issue of slavery; if they wished to be positive, they must indorse the sectional fervor of the Anti-Nebraska men and Republicans. In New York Mr. Seward and his Woolly Head Whigs had decided on the latter course, the Silver Gray Fillmore Whigs had abstained. In the South, after a sojourn in the Know-Nothing ranks, the Whigs had inevitably come to rest under the Democratic standard. Elsewhere, though the issue of Native Americanism had served its

(Continued on Page 157)

GRACIOUS CHARM IN CAR OR LIVING ROOM

WHEN you enter a closed car you are often conscious of the restful harmony, the radiant, friendly charm of its interior. Such home-like qualities are especially apparent when the upholstery is of CA-VEL, velvets of enduring beauty. Because CA-VEL provides equal comfort and luxury for motor car and living room.

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CA-VEL is the most practical of decorative fabrics. Its swansdown pile is rumple-proof. It absorbs wear, and does not soil the daintiest garments of those who seat themselves upon it. Largely through CA-VEL, indeed, women today know the complete joy of motoring in luxury. Many know, too, that CA-VEL upholstery is largely responsible for the smartness of fine car interiors, and that its use means a higher value at re-sale. Such women always inquire about it. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York City.

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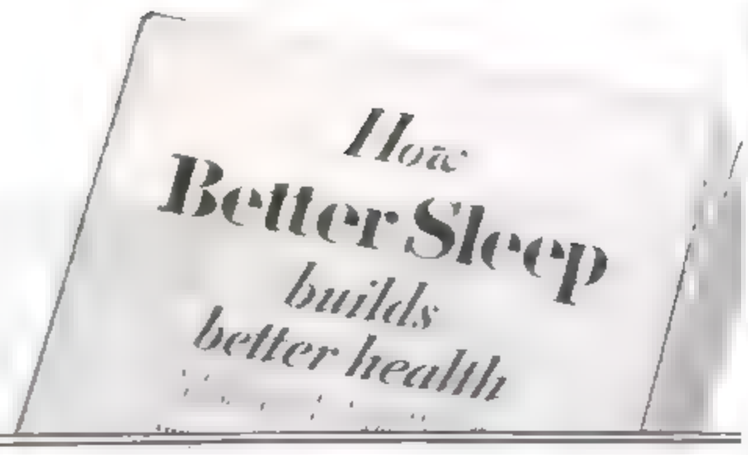
Dr. Royal S. Copeland, eminent authority on medical matters, has written this interesting little book on sleep. He tells why many beds that seem comfortable do not give refreshing sleep.



THIS BOOK SHOWS THE WAY TO SOUNDER SLEEP

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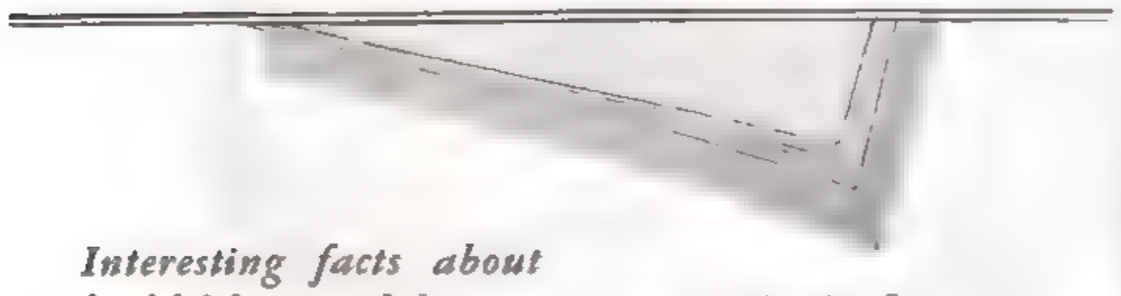

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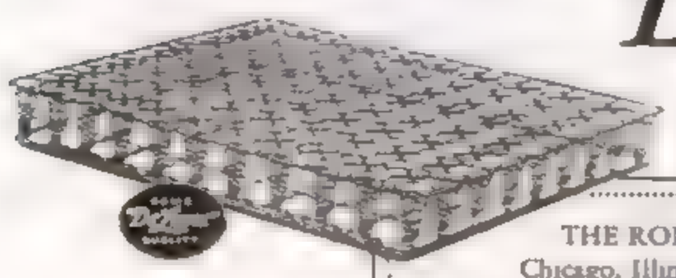

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Name

Address

THE HOUSE OF MANY MANSIONS

(Continued from Page 11)

"Could you think of a better place to hide?" beamed the deputy.

Oliver pulled up sharp. "By George, you're right!" he exclaimed excitedly. "Nobody ever goes there! They are social pariahs! Parr, that apache has more than low cunning! He has brains! If it hadn't been for that lookout ——"

"Haven't I been telling you?" interposed Parr. "A crook can't beat coincidence! Its arm is too long."

It was almost laughable that the vanity, the craving of that petty crook on the door should reveal the *abri* of the crafty Leblanc.

"Is he disguised?" demanded Armiston, breathless now.

"I suppose you would say so, yes," said Parr complacently. "But not for Morel. Morel spent two years in Bertillon work. You couldn't fool an anthropologist with a faked Piltdown skull, could you? No. Well, no more could you fool Morel with a faked Leblanc. Here he is!"

The housekeeper, all smiles, was ushering in a faultless young man, done over for evening. Oliver, who knew Morel well, was amazed when he got out of his coat. He looked so much like someone else, anyone but himself. Even if the matutinal Morel had been known among crooks—and Parr was very careful that he should not be—it would have taken an anthropologist now to pierce the disguise which he seemed to have put on by the mere act of dressing for dinner. Some women do the same thing merely by going to their hairdresser's.

"You managed your get-away all right?" asked Parr, eying Morel narrowly.

"I think so, sir, yes," answered the young dandy. There was a slight tremor in his voice, as if for the first time he let down. The bare question may momentarily have shaken him. If Armiston had doubted before, he was without doubt now. He knew these two and he detected the swift interchange between them. Inured by the many dangers they had faced together, they used unconsciously a pantomime that was beyond words in moments like this. This was touch and go!

"Is everything tight?" muttered Parr.

Morel nodded.

"I left Burke in charge, sir."

"And Pelts?"

Morel shook his head. He didn't know.

Armiston had a momentary vision of the last he had seen of Pelts—the forlorn little fellow pressing his nose against the show window while he watched, with glazed look, that shoemaker. If Pelts had one fault it was that he was hard to call off, once he had the scent.

Morel explained the disposition of the men. Various effects, geographical and other, contributed to perfection in this investiture. In the first place, the Golden Shekel, rearing fifteen stories into the air, stood on a corner opposite the Park, behind whose wall a whole regiment could be planted. At a signal from Parr as their Roderick Dhu, those drear winter thickets would suddenly become alive with bonnet and spear and bended bows. Only a stone's throw away stood the old arsenal, a windy old police barracks, where reserves were held in readiness for any emergency."

"Now, let's see. Who are our neighbors?"

"On the street side," said the complete Morel, who seemed to have chinked every crevice before coming in, "is a private dwelling occupied, it so happens, by your colleague, Deputy Konheim of the Automobile Bureau. I put two men in his cellar. I thought they might crave a back burrow under the walls."

Parr roared with delight.

"The little tin god of coincidence!" he cried. "As you say, it is the lazy man's method, Oliver! See, I sit here and let it work for me. . . . Go on, Morel."

"On the other side," said Morel, "is new construction—the new Towers the McClintick people are erecting. It's up to the twentieth floor."

"Yes. Nothing but a steel skeleton yet. We might put in our own gang as watchmen."

"I made the arrangement, sir," responded Morel.

"Remember, there are eyes looking out as well as in," cautioned Armiston. It fired his imagination, the way this curtain was drawn.

"Now tell us what you had for dinner," said Parr between his teeth. Now they came to the crux of it.

II

EVERY little while certain rich people decide that nothing available through the regular channels costs quite enough The weight of ready money is appalling. Their constant craving is for something more expensive, to distinguish their taste from that of the lower strata. When they reach the peak of extravagance still unappeased, in very desperation they paint the lily for themselves. Sometimes it is a motor car, especially designed from sump pump to door tassels, of which a limited edition of signed copies is privately issued—much as a forbidden book is circulated. These hand-tooled vehicles seldom run, but at least the curse of cheapness has been circumvented

The Golden Shekel was an expression of this yearning for the reek of wealth in housing. Impossible as it may seem, every apartment had a private entrance and a private automatic lift. It was really a house of many mansions piled one on the other.

The subscribers shared the same servants, breathed the same air and used the same street; also they had a common *salle à manger*, where, dressed for one another, they dined in the evening. It was said the food was gold plated. Otherwise each lived in his own automatic niche.

Morel bathed and changed, and dug up an acquaintance to take him in. One had to be taken in, it was that exclusive. In lugubrious state, amid the overstuffed splendors of the banquet hall of the Golden Shekel, Parr's handsome man readily passed inspection. He had a way of looking the perfect sap instead of the sophisticate, quite a trick of countenance when you may be under an observation as shrewd as your own. It was a mask ordinarily as impenetrable as the one of black silk Morel wore mornings downtown when he reviewed, with his Bertillon eye, the crooks brought in for the line-up.

So far, so good! Morel turned in response to a murmured question in his ear involving a technic of gastronomy and found himself staring, nose to nose with Aristide Leblanc—whom Morel, too, believed to be just one step behind the suddenly implacable Worthington Horn in Paris. It was an emergency there is no school for. One must be endowed with an iron nerve and a coördination of all the faculties that bespeaks the perfect subconscious state.

"A pheasant's egg—a little high, gentleman, crushed in the sauce," the maître was suggesting, with that flattering assumption of equality some of these distinguished gentlemen can sometimes confer.

In that moment Morel, the perfect collector, found himself examining, with the utmost fascination, the point of Aristide's jaw, which in this specimen, as rarely occurs, suggested a pair of mandibles united by a central suture for a chin, instead of the single inframaxillary. Also he noted methodically the alveolar and auricular points, and the asterion and the angle of the condyles—trick signposts in the voodoo of craniometry. To the eye of the expert the face had been insidiously lifted: A plucked eyebrow replaced the distinctive lowering effect of the erstwhile child of Nature; a slight tightening of the lower eyelids gave the face a wholly new regard.

(Continued on Page 46)

Elizabeth Goodhue, with Jack and Esther—on the beach at Miami. Three sturdy children whose daily diet includes hot oatmeal.

Messenger boys lead active, busy lives. Jimmy Fitzgerald's mother gives him hot oats breakfasts to equip him for each day's work.

Five Exceptional Types *of* Children

Which reveal, in photographs, the results of food's important GROWTH ELEMENT in a child's development

What That Element Is and Where to Find It

CORRECT child feeding, according to leading experts, starts at breakfast. Certain food elements must be supplied in the most enticing and delicious way possible at that meal.

The first consideration is a well balanced food—food that "stands by" by virtue of supplying essential energy elements in correct proportion—PLUS an adequate supply of food's great Growth Element, protein.

14-year-old Bob Moran, manual training prize-winner. A keen-minded young husky who relishes his hot oats breakfast

For that reason, Quaker Oats, with its remarkable protein content, is being urged by many as the ideal children's breakfast

In the first place, Quaker Oats contains 16% protein—vegetable meat. The "growth element" that rebuilds lost body tissue—that builds muscle. The element that acts to insure greater mental activity.

Quaker Oats provides some 50% more of this element than wheat; 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice, 100% more than cornmeal. Consider what this means.

16% protein—plus—an excellent food "balance" and unique deliciousness

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals, and abundant in Vitamine B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, also, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives. The oat is admittedly the best balanced cereal that grows.

Served hot and savory, Quaker Oats supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy richness, according to thousands, that no other cereal known can boast.

THE QUAKER OATS CO.

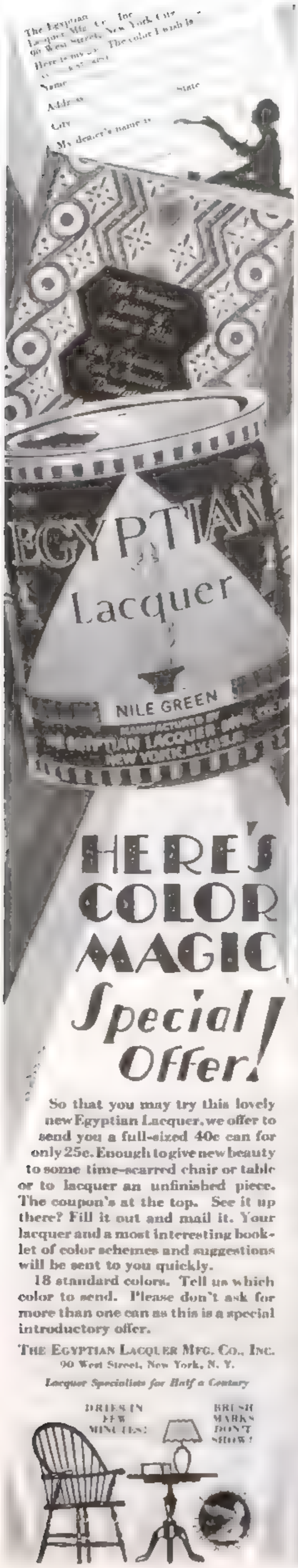
70% of the Day's School Work Crowded into 4 Morning Hours

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to WATCH YOUR CHILD'S BREAKFAST—to start days with food that "stands by" through the vitally important morning hours.

Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast

Your grocer has two kinds of Quaker Oats. Quaker Oats as you have always known them and *Quick Quaker*, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes—faster than toast—and makes the richest breakfast now the quickest.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Lacquer Specialists for Half a Century
DRIES IN FEW MINUTES
BRUSH MARKS DON'T SHOW!

(Continued from Page 44)

There is a beauty doctor who does this thing for the trade. Morel canvassed these improvements with artistic valuation.

"Crushed through a fork and whipped into the oil!" urged Aristide seductively; he lowered his voice: "It is for the *gourmet* only, gentleman!" he said. His baleful gaze, in turn, from force of habit took Morel's cranial points to pieces, but with less-informed analysis.

Morel shook his head. If it must be egg in the sauce, then a near-by hennery white. He could order a dinner to allay suspicion in any quarter; nevertheless, he drew the line on high flavors.

Morel sat tight from soup to nuts, his amazement growing. Just as Lloyd's, of London, list missing ships year after year, so the police post among themselves the names of big crooks who sink without a trace in the ooze of crime. This attrition is continuous, because crime breeds its own virus and takes a bigger toll of its votaries than do the forces of retributive justice. Else, Parr would need more than squealers and coincidence to keep up with the parade. There is no port of missing ships. But here, under the ornate roof of this blatant house of many mansions, was such a cache of jailbirds as might win the chevrons of a whole police force. In fact, Morel at the first blush of this embarrassment of riches could hardly restrain his impulse to dash out and call the wagon.

The apache himself was a day's work for anyone. The man on the door, whose vanity had inadvertently touched off this bonanza, was a mere jackal following on the heels of the lions who lolled inside. The first familiar face Morel had encountered was that of Manny Sheftels, deep-sea card sharp, who had conveniently disappeared over the side in a recent winter passage. Some of his victims would not be too happy to find him safe on earth and brought to book, for Manny had a sly talent for making his accusers appear contemptible. Redrawn, it is true, but still unmistakably Manny to a Bertillon eye. He seemed to occupy the position of social prompter here among these innocents. Elegance under this roof being of a variety such as only a movie director could beget in the sins of his cinema palaces, the dapper Manny fitted admirably as *arbiter elegantiarum*.

With more of a trade flavor, there was Little Joe Mangin, soup expert—safe cracker—recently out of Leavenworth—under the walls, not through the big front gate. He was the checker on the kitchen door, his valued fingers tamping rubber stamps instead of nitroglycerin during the interregnum.

The cigarette girl was Pin-Point Annie, manipulator of a dozen night-club cloakroom holdups. She was noted for her nervous trigger finger. She was out on bail; overdue, in fact. Among the elegant waiters were such mellifluous artists as Tony the Plasterer—with an arm like cordwood—Soft-Shoe Ferry, the Human Fly; Killer Depuis; hovering over a lady from the oil fields, apparently oblivious of her lavish display of ice—platinum-mounted ice—that decorated the horizontal bosom, was Spanish John, the garroter. So the roster ran.

But most astonishing of all was the unveiling of a recent acquisition to Parr's collection of rare prints downtown—in the person of the resident manager. At first sight his face did not quite isolate itself for filing in the well-ordered card index in the back of Morel's head. Then it came to him. It was Vincent Delby, absconding bank cashier from Seattle—one of those rare birds who build up a lifetime of rectitude for one single splurge of crime. Delby had walked out on his board of directors one fine day after shipping the portable assets of his administration ahead of him.

Morel came to a pause at this point in his recital. The great man hunter, who had never drawn such a net as this before, shook his head, smiling with that look of foolish incredulity which denies an overwhelming event.

"Vincent Delby!" he repeated. His lip curled. "The amateur! Do you imagine for a moment he knows where he is? He does not!"

Usually these amateurs, for whom the police had such scorn, did not get very far. Too late they learn that thieving is a trade that requires an apprenticeship. Crooks shelter one another; the amateur has no place to go. Yet someone somewhere had reached out and touched this bank wrecker on the shoulder and guided him—and his loot, you may be sure!—to this haven of refuge. Now he was using his undoubted talents to promote the splendors of life for the subscribers at the Golden Shekel, in return for the protective coloring they, unsuspecting, gave him. A retouched Vincent Delby, but undoubtedly, if Parr knew the breed, a quaking fugitive suspicious of every footfall.

There was a long pause, each peopling it with his own thoughts. Morel was consciously smiling, as if laboring under the flattery of great personal achievement. Parr scowled villainously at the fire. Oliver tugged at his single white lock.

"Who's running it?" asked Oliver. "There must be a head."

"I couldn't make out," said Morel. "Delby is the front, of course, but he is only the stuffed shirt. There is someone else."

"Leblanc," said Parr grimly. "He knows the business. It takes a man of superb endowments to get away with it there. And it takes a cold-blooded killer to hold that gang in leash. Think of the tons of stuff under their very noses!"

There was another silence. Through it there came the long-drawn-out wail of agony of a fire siren, like the cry of a panther; it rose on the air, flooded every crevice with clamor. All heads turned as if stirred by some atavistic dread. The eerie cry sank to a whimper, then died away. The staccato exhaust of some great cannonading fire truck smote the resonant air of night with blows like the hammer of Vulcan. Then the horrible siren cry rode the wind again. A great many indignant people have written letters to The Times asking "Why do you make so much noise going to a fire, when the streets are empty?" The answer is for children: "To remind you not to play with matches!" From near and far came the clang of bells, screams big and little, echoing and reechoing among the empty streets.

"That's near by," said Oliver.

Parr's telephone rang. Burke speaking.

"The Towers is burning. I thought maybe you'd want to know, sir."

"The Towers? There's nothing to burn—nothing but steel girders."

"It's in some falsework—planks and timbers—that the workmen use. It's two hundred feet up in the air."

"Sew up the block with the reserves!" commanded Parr. "Let no one come in, not even a reporter!"

"But if they have to get out—out of the Golden Shekel! What then? Embers are falling all around it!"

"I expect likely," laughed the deputy. "Well, they can't. I'll be right over."

He hung up. He arose and put on his things, as did the others.

"My little tin god is working overtime for me tonight," he said, laughing. "I didn't want to pull that joint until daylight, so we could see just what we were doing. Now we've got a nice fire next door. We might dig up a little panic in the Golden Shekel and drive out our precious lambs, one by one, into our waiting arms." He usually chose the simple way, avoiding, as much as possible, the sensational exploitation of his acts in the press. "Well, we'll see what it looks like first," he said grimly.

They hurried on, Morel running ahead. When they turned the corner into the Avenue the spectacle in its rare magnificence broke on them as if framed for a picture. High up above the roof tops, like something floating unsupported in the night, the bud of flame gently swayed in a graceful fire dance. It was one of those nights with no moon, and there were no low-lying clouds to reflect the luminescence of the city streets; the fire blazed placidly against the clean background of the night. Now and then a balk of timber—probably a 12 by 12 that the big derricks up there handled like toothpicks—dislodged itself and fell, a blazing plummet, to the street below. Or some lighter stuff, with little plumes of flame blowing this way and that, wafted in spirals like a falling leaf. But the spectacle was all up above.

It was the theater hour, when just before midnight, for a brief moment, traffic in the Avenue surges to full tide, to die away as suddenly. This traffic, all northbound, people going home, was jammed against the rigid police lines ahead. The passengers in their gay wraps crowded the sidewalks with cries of amazement and delight.

"Look at that!" cried Parr, halting and pointing in sheer admiration. "Did you ever see a shot like that in the movies? No, you didn't!"

His jubilant cry was occasioned by a new aspect to the picture. Against the dull outline of that skyscraper skeleton, on top of which the pyre burned, there now appeared crawling fireflies. First a single one, then another, several, six and more. They moved slowly, with a stop and go, climbing floor by floor, up and up toward the blazing timber. They were firemen with lanterns and fire extinguishers, mounting by scaling ladders. Climbing with a scaling ladder is the test for a fireman. When he stops doing that he stops being a fireman, goes out to pasture.

The deputy broke into a run; the boy in him got the better of him. Oliver hung to his heels. They pushed aside the crowd, the bulldog visage of Parr winning for them a breach in the police lines that otherwise stood like a rock. Burke was evidently taking no chances until his chief arrived to take charge. Inside the sacred vacuum of the police lines there stood only the highly privileged Golden Shekel, with a newly swarmed clump of police plugging its every exit. There was about it all the sprawl of fire apparatus. Directly below, the spectacle was dwarfed into insignificance. This was only a seven-minute wonder, after all. Parr, with a sigh, saw that he could not turn it to account, that he would have to wait till daylight to back up his wagon. He passed the word to Morel: Not a soul was to be permitted to emerge from the Golden Shekel—those were fire orders! The patrols and hose wagons, and odds and ends that trail along with such noisy jubilance whenever a fire calls, were winding in their hose lengths, folding tarpaulins, gathering personnel and backing off and going back home for another wink and nod. There was no chance to get water up there in the clouds. It was up to the scaling-ladder crew.

Parr wandered over to the hook-and-ladder truck that mothered those intrepid climbers.

"Well, Jerry, my old pal!" he burst out happily. He seized the grizzled old captain, who had a megaphone strapped across his face, and wrung his hand. "Why, Jerry, I thought you were retired and out to grass years ago!" cried the enthusiastic Parr.

Capt. Jeremiah Gilhooley, who had followed the trucks through snow and ice for forty years, started back, stung to the quick by such an insult. The deputy, quick to see his mistake, turned the subject.

"Those are fine lads you've got there!" he cried heartily. The lanterns were still crawling up and up in that interminable climb, painfully slow and small now.

"And why should I retire when I can climb a pole?" cried the outraged Captain Gilhooley, not to be diverted. And to prove it he snatched a scaling ladder off the truck, hooked it onto the cornice above him with a single thrust and started up like a monkey. Gaining the first horizontal girder, he clung there precariously while he drew up his ladder and swung it above his head for another hold. And up he went another notch. He roared through his megaphone to the

(Continued on Page 49)

TO MANUFACTURERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

The Glorification of Work—We are privileged to reproduce here one of a series of drawings of industrial subjects by the late Joseph Pennell, one of America's great artists. Courtesy J. B. Lippincott Co.

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(Continued from Page 46)

fireflies above him, "Step lively, ye terriers! I'll be treading on yer tail!"

The first firefly lantern was on the level of the fire now; then the second and the third winked out as it crawled out of sight over the ledge. Those crawling fireflies below continued to ascend, winking themselves out one by one, over the top, the brave captain with the rest. Then, of a sudden, as if from some great ghostly hand clamped over it, that blazing pyre aloft—that must have shone like a beacon for ships at sea—died down and whipped out. The fire was out! That was all there was to it!

After an interval a lantern looked over that high ledge and the descent began. It was even more breath-taking, their climbing down, than going up.

"I'd better fade out of the picture," laughed Parr. "That fellow Jerry will want to fight when he gets back. Never, Oliver, suggest to a cop or a fireman that he is old enough to retire!"

Parr moved into the background. Morel came up.

"All snug?"

Parr, as he asked the question, let his keen eyes explore the outlines of the precious Golden Shekel. The face of Vincent Delby, the bank wrecker out of Seattle, could be seen pressing itself against the barred windows giving on the street. That amateur fugitive was doubtless the prey to the most terrible fears, even now when the excitement had died down and the chances of his being driven into the open seemed remote.

"All snug, sir," reported Morel. "They are like a herd of cattle in a burning barn. We'd have to go in and drag them out if we wanted them!"

It was all over. Hook and Ladder Truck Number Thirty Blank, Capt. Jeremiah Gilhooley, was departing, its bell tolling gently its farewell hymn and its siren murmuring *sotto voce* as it gathered speed. It cut a path through the jammed crowd behind the police lines with a sudden threatening snarl of a panther aroused, but in another moment all that came back on the night air was the rhythmic purr of its sweet-running motor. There is nothing so tame as a fire truck going back home.

Now there were police whistles sounding, and sharp commands; then the police lines broke and let the flood through.

"Keep them moving, Burke!" commanded Parr. "No jamming in front of the place, remember! I'll see you at daylight."

Parr and Oliver walked home. It was only a few blocks and there was a zest in the night air for tired brains. Inside, Parr folded his hands over his ample girth and settled back in his favorite elbow chair for a wink and a nod. This was one of those nights when he would take a hot towel in lieu of a bed. Oliver, for his part, had suddenly become wide awake. The tips of his fingers were itching. A sure sign! He did most of his thinking with the tips of his fingers—an old trick from his days of story writing. He softly opened his desk and brushed the keys of his faithful typewriter, letting those gifted cerebral ganglia in the fingertips waft him hither and yon, on the wings of fancy. As he wrote, there gently nudged his thoughts the low wail of a fire siren. Suddenly he came to a halt and shook Parr violently.

"Parr! Wake up, Parr!"

"Yes yes "

"Are you awake, Parr?"

"Yes!" said Parr, in that abused tone of the guilty.

"You'd better telephone your friend Gilhooley ——"

"Eh? What's the ——"

"See if he's got home yet, Parr!"

Oliver frantically shook the deputy.

"Wake up, Parr! Wake up!"

He seized the telephone and jammed it into Parr's hand.

Parr suddenly was wide-awake; with one sweep he seized the phone. He called for a connection through Central Office. Before he asked his question he knew what the answer would be. The answer would be no. In that swift moment, like a man drowning, the whole panorama floated before his eyes.

Aristide Leblanc, the apache! The apache climbed over from his own roof and set the fire in that pile of plank and timber! Then he and his murderous crew lay in wait for the scaling ladders to come crawling over that parapet one by one. One by one! Oh, it was poetically simple! Aristide Leblanc took care of that crew of firemen, one by one, as they came over the top.

Then Aristide calmly put out the fire with a squirt of the extinguishers, borrowed the firemen's helmets and coats and scaling ladders. And down there in the street Aristide borrowed that hook-and-ladder truck, and with the bell tolling gently the farewell hymn and the siren muttering *sotto voce*, under the admiring eyes of Mr. Parr and his cohorts Aristide drove away, till even the soft purr of the engine was lost to sound. Where were they now? Where? What difference did it make? Who would think of stopping a rampant fire truck, no matter how much noise it was making, no matter where it was going?

"They don't answer, chief."

"They are not expected to," responded the deputy wearily. "Flash Morel for me!" He rubbed his head, felt of it tenderly to see if it was there. "Morel!" He snarled, he swore horribly. What the shocked Morel, who had been playing pinochle at the arsenal, waiting for dawn, got out of it was that he should go at once to the roof of the Golden Shekel and find there the dead bodies of the crew of Hook and Ladder Truck Number Thirty Blank.

Parr arrived on the scene in person before Morel found them. The hovering Delby, the amateur, who, it seemed, had been left behind, along with some others too old for the climb, followed them, tremulous, hoping against hope. There were so many doors and shafts to guard the magnificent isolation of the subscribers that it was some time before they found the right chute to take them to the roof. The crew of the fire truck had been stored in the penthouse, just big enough for the purpose. They were tied tight, Captain Gilhooley and all his bra' men. Each sported a welt the size of an egg over one eye, the fruit of a soft-nosed bludgeon wielded by the unerring apache. Otherwise they were unmarked and all alive. They had no story to tell. They had simply been extinguished one by one as they came crawling over that parapet. Parr's men were sweeping up the agonized Vincent Delby and the others, and were leaving. When all was said and done Parr turned on Morel with curling lip.

"So you didn't make your get-away all right, after all?" he snarled.

Morel would have taken oath that he had withdrawn without disturbing that picture. Certainly that villainous apache, in his guise of maitre, had not visibly turned a hair under Morel's scrutiny.

Parr, snatching at straws, asked savagely "Where's Pelts?"

No one had seen him. Pelts, the scent in his nostrils, was probably fatuously chasing that shoemaker that Parr had set him on earlier in this fateful day.

At midnight an abandoned fire truck was reported loitering in Pelham Parkway, Westchester. At two there came a cipher message by wire from New Haven. Parr raced to Curtiss Field by auto.

An intrepid flyer, in his pajamas, said, "We don't take off at night. We can't make a landing. That's elemental!"

"We'll hover till dawn!" commanded Parr, with so much pent-up venom in the words that they took off at once; they arrived over Boston just when the first pink of day showed beyond the Light.

It was shortly after eight in the morning that a long low rakish-looking parlor-car motorbus, of trunk-line vintage and as squat as a long-wheel-base hippopotamus, rumbled softly down the runway and entered the terminal. It had been delayed in leaving New York this night by tire trouble, and most of its passengers had gone over to a rival. But fortunately, passing through City Island, off Pelham Bay, it had picked up a dozen emergency passengers. So the trip had not been a dry haul after all.

Parr and two hundred men, the finest the police force of Boston affords, enveloped the motorbus as it came to a soft stop and carefully extracted therefrom Aristide Leblanc, the apache, and ten companions, together with their luggage, which was very heavy. This luggage contained all the portable loot to be had on short notice from the Golden Shekel.

"I'll take care of this little fellow," said Parr, taking out of the line-up a shabby forlorn creature in two or three pairs of pants and a coat or two too many. Since dropping overboard with that message to Parr at New Haven, Pelts had been curled up in a chair behind the apache, to all intents, asleep.

"Chief," cried the exultant Pelts, "you are a wonder! That shoemaker—remember that shoemaker you sent me back for? He was the outside man for this gang of crooks. Every so often he went up there and looked their place over, to see if it was all right. He was the one that tipped them off and started the fire on the roof. I was pinned to his tail!" said Pelts with the feeble smile of a shy man who nevertheless has his pride.

NONE SO BLIND

(Continued from Page 7)

"Thanks," said Michael. "Do you agree with your father that the end wants doing over?"

"I do not," said Caroline tersely. "What's the name of your girl? I forget."

"Judith," said Michael, abashed.

She reassured him instantly: "I don't like the name. That's why I forgot it. Well, your Judith gets herself into a frightful mess, doesn't she?"

"Fairly. Not irretrievable."

"Not—but for the time being—she's stopped. She's not licked, but she's stopped. If you see what I mean—isn't she?"

"She darned well is," said Michael gratefully. He laughed his abrupt laugh in which Mallory had heard only a cocksure cynicism, but to which that same Mallory's daughter now replied like a lighter, softer echo.

"She's got to find herself a dark corner and lick her wounds for a while."

"Gad, you're wonderful!" said Michael.

"No, I'm not," said Caroline Mallory. "If I were, I'd have come out with that at dinner, when daddy was crowding you so." She added at once, with a childish and lovely jealousy: "Mind you, he's wonderful, all right. It's just that his ideals —— They're so absolutely beyond what most people can understand or even put up with."

"He's a man in a thousand," said Michael.

Of course he was. Nathaniel Mallory was a fighter and a conqueror and a dreamer all in one.

If the conqueror had somehow overthrown the dreamer, throttled into subservience the fighter—things like that happen to conquerors.

"The darling has a blind spot," said the darling's child reluctantly. Still, she said it.

"Youth?" asked Michael carefully, so as not to wound her; not to throw her back into shyness and demureness; not to make her pull up the shawl and stop clenching her fingers about her deerlike ankles.

"Youth and love," she said clearly. Michael needn't have been so careful of her, after all. She was plainly setting out upon

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat

"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris"

A hilarious Universal picture

Let's all of us Irish get together on this great day and help to celebrate by seeing Universal's humorous picture, ***"The Cohens and Kellys in Paris."***

A good, hearty laugh on St. Patrick's Day will do all of us a lot of good, and if we follow "Kelly" we'll have it. Kelly and Cohen have a celebration of their own in a Paris cafe, and when they get through there's mighty little cafe left.

The plot is good, but neither plot nor anything else can interfere with the gyrations of these two sterling comedians—GEORGE SIDNEY and J. FARREL MacDONALD, flanked as they are by such other fun makers as KATE PRICE, SUE CAROL, VERA GORDON, and GERTRUDE ASTOR.

"Love Me and the World is Mine" is a brilliant and romantic spectacle of the Austrian Court before the war, featuring MARY PHILBIN, NORMAN KERRY and a great cast of other stars. It was shown at the Roxy, New York, the most beautiful theatre in the world.

"Uncle Tom's Cabin," one of the most beautiful pictures ever produced, is receiving golden notices from America's leading critics. You simply *must* see it when it comes to your theatre.

Those of you who are waiting for ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** featuring LAURA LA PLANTE, will be well repaid for the wait. The finest mystery picture ever made.

Watch for ***"The Man Who Laughs,"*** starring CONRAD VEIDT and MARY PHILBIN.

I wish you would comment on these pictures in a personal letter to me—also on any other Universals you see.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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something she meant to say—something considered, not flaring up on impulse.

"When I'd finished your book," she said, "last night, I decided to talk to you. I think if I could talk to somebody that knows and isn't afraid ——"

"You honor me," said Michael quietly.

"Well," she said, "I mean it. I've been watching you and listening to you at dinner."

Michael said "I caught you at it," suppressing a grin.

"Oh! I thought once or twice you did."

He gave her a friendly lead: "I wondered just why."

"I wanted to be sure—I am sure now. I suppose," she said, "heaps of people write to you for advice and all that."

"Not so many. It doesn't require a secretary."

"Don't be funny."

"I won't. I wasn't being funny. It's a fact."

"But you do hear lots of people's life stories?"

"Chiefly through the tabloids," he assured her.

"That's where this belongs."

"Yes?" he said, and looked at her keenly. He laughed. "I don't believe you." He sifted a handful of warm sand through his fingers. "Go on," he said. "Begin at the beginning. You're your father's only child; I know that much already."

"Did he tell you, too," said Caroline, "that my mother, who was a very beautiful girl whom he adored, died when I was born—and she was only twenty?"

"No, I didn't know that," said Michael.

"It explains a good deal about him," said Caroline.

"And perhaps about you," said Michael.

Their voices sounded muted in the dark. Stars blinked over them out of a deep sky. The rim of the moon showed hot red gold emerging from the water. Michael had his back to the moon. Only Caroline saw it, and forgot to speak of it. She was not so cool, Michael thought, as she sounded—a flutter between her careful words.

"Well, of course," she said, "you can see for yourself that he thinks girls are all like my mother still."

"There's no slavery like memory," said Michael; "and that's not a line."

"Nevertheless," she insisted, "after all this time I'm not going to be the one to cut him loose."

Michael admitted that one owed some shelter to a parent's aging illusions. He added: "Where do you go to school? Or have you finished?"

Caroline mentioned her alma mater and Michael whistled softly.

"Of course," said Caroline, "that's just it. I simply couldn't exist there and not suspect, sooner or later ——"

"—— a dash of green cheese in the moon," said Michael. "By the way, is the old dear up yet?"

"Has been for hours. Turn around and look."

"I'm far too interested in the story of your life. Get to the point. It's old stuff reversed, isn't it? Nowadays *la femme cherche* ——"

"Of course she does," said Caroline. "You anticipate so. I'm really not half minding telling ——"

"Why should you?" said Michael. He very much wanted her to feel that she shouldn't. "We're in the same house, aren't we—I mean, of life? We're approximately of an age. I'm twenty-four—merely."

"All right then," said Caroline; she drew a deep breath. "It's a man, of course—that is, he's younger than you."

"As how?"

"He's twenty-one. He goes to ——" She named her alma mater's nearest scholastic neighbor, then hurried on to more definite classification and portraiture. "He's got heaps of money, he's frightfully good-looking, he's pretty badly spoiled, I suppose—girls fall for him and he knows it. He's used to getting his way and no questions asked."

"Did you cross him?" asked Michael.

"Not quite soon enough," said Caroline. After a silence, she explained, staring at the moon, now well risen and glowing dully: "That's what I wanted to talk about."

"Does your father know him?" asked Michael, offhand, as it were.

"No. I met him at a house party, Easter holidays; the girl was his cousin. It was," said Caroline Mallory, "a pretty jazzy house party. Daddy would have been wild." She stopped unhappily.

"One gets into things like that sometimes," said Michael, "without the least intending."

"I didn't intend it," she accepted, "but I did get in pretty deep. One's got, as you said at dinner, a kind of curiosity."

"Merely human," said Michael.

"It has its divine spots," said Caroline with unexpected deviltry.

"Trouble is they're only skin-deep. You seize the flower, its bloom is shed—all that sort of thing—unless you're lucky."

She said ruefully, "I wasn't. I began just being flattered, because, though so many girls were out after him, he went out after me. He was—well, easy to dramatize. You see what I mean?"

"Perfectly," said Michael, chuckling. "Everyone his own Grand Guignol."

"But," said Caroline earnestly, "I think perhaps he never knew ——"

"What does the puppet know of the string?"

"It wasn't," she protested quickly, "quite so bad as that. I liked him—I more than liked him. We were together five days, and toward the end of that time things got going pretty fast—faster than I was really accustomed to. The parties were fairly wild. I didn't drink, but he did. We were thrown together all day and a good part of every night; when we weren't thrown together, we wangled it ourselves." She stopped, looked at Michael squarely through the moonlight and lifted a proud if troubled head. "I was," she said, "absolutely infatuated."

"I take off my hat to you," said Michael, "for intelligence and honesty. So long as you know what's the matter with you ——"

She smiled, as wise almost for the moment as the ancestress on the paneled wall of the dining room. "Who doesn't know the day after? That's no trick."

"Then it is the day after?" said Michael, relieved.

"That's why I'm talking to you about it. Do you suppose if I'd really been in love with Irving ——"

Michael asked "That his name?" abruptly.

"Irving Stanley," said Caroline. "You know, they've got a place on Long Island."

"I know very few people," said Michael gravely, "who have places on Long Island. Staten Island, yes. Governor's, Ellis, or even Coney, but nothing more. Isn't it a pity? Because man wants but little here below, but wants that little Long!"

"Don't be an idiot," said Caroline, but in a rather delightful way she snorted.

"I was only giving you to understand," said Michael, "that the rest of the story, at which so obviously you shy, can't be fatal. Everything's been done before. Nothing's new but your reaction."

"You are comforting," she told him; then, in a tumble of words: "Very well, here you are! I ran away with him"—Michael whistled very gently—"the night before we went back to school."

"But you did go back to school, didn't you? I thought you said ——"

"Yes, I went back to school. I'm only home now on a week-end." She hesitated, clear eyes fixed on Michael's face, a trifle imploring.

"Allez-oop!" said Michael, and laid a friendly hand upon her knee.

"Well," said Caroline, "after I'd run away with him, I ran away from him. And that," she finished bitterly, "comes of being two kinds of girl in one skin—the girl my father sees and the girl I am."

"Don't be silly!" said Michael. "It comes of having an active mind, I'd say."

(Continued on Page 52)

"OFTEN SO TIRED I could hardly finish the program"

Philadelphia, Pa.

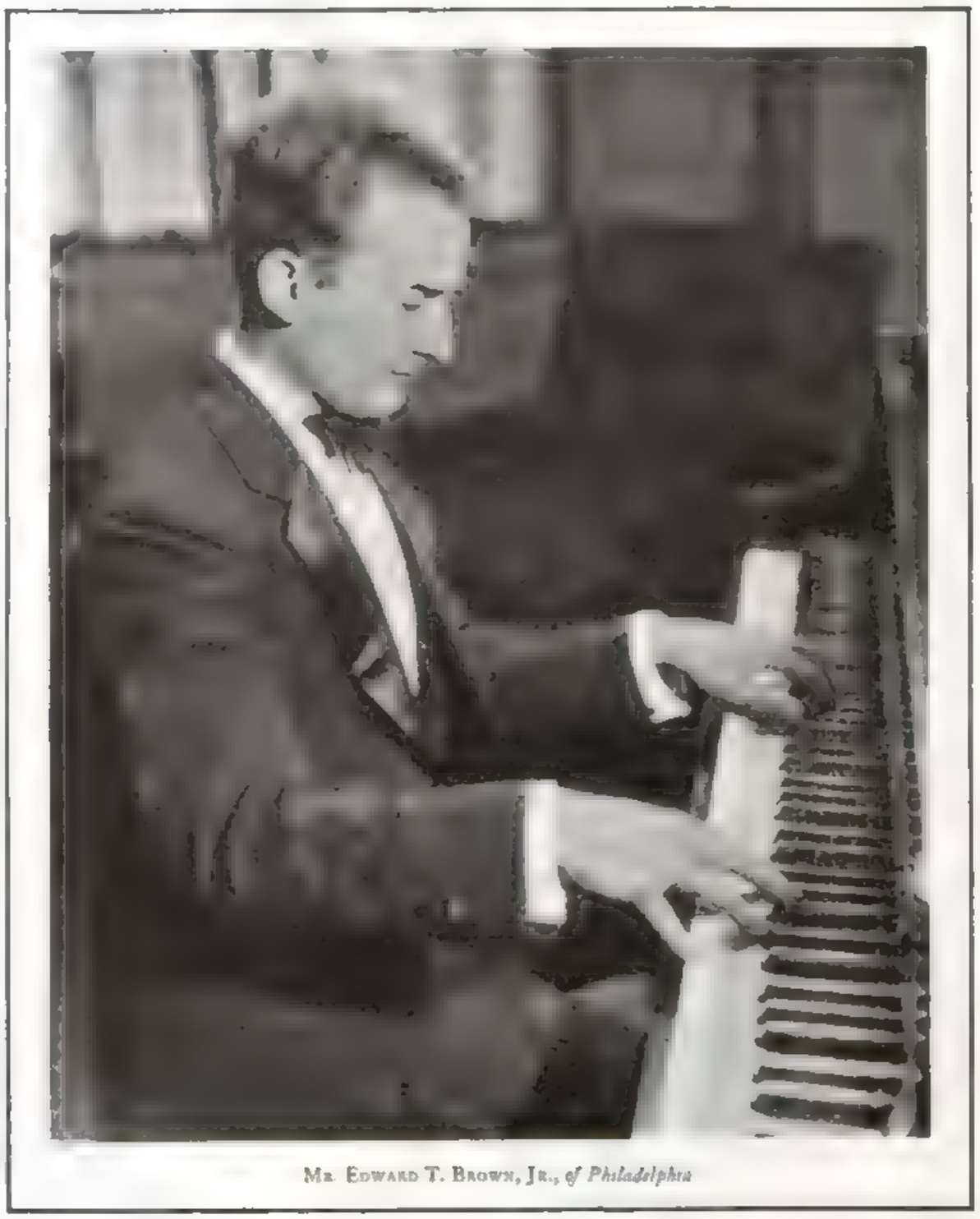
"In business all day—then, every evening well into the night, practising with our little orchestra . . . no wonder I began to feel continually tired!

"What sleep I could get didn't seem to do me any good. My weight dropped to 112 pounds, my face lost all its old healthy color.

"As our engagements became more frequent, matters became even worse. I was so fagged that often I wanted to drop out, but as a part of the orchestra I was forced to see it through.

"This kept up till, on the suggestion of a young man in the office, I began eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I ate a cake before each meal, and in less than three months my color had come back and my weight was again normal. Today, instead of dreading our engagements I look forward to them with pleasure."

Edward T. Brown, Jr.



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LEFT

Enjoying her new-found health . . . Miss Margaret Berry, of Chicago, in action on the basketball floor. Miss Berry writes:

"I used to be all tired out every morning before going to school. I was nervous and irritable, and even resented the fact that I had to eat.

"And I was bothered with a breaking out on my body.

"My friend told me about Fleischmann's Yeast and, though I doubted that it would do me any good, I began to eat it before every meal. In a very short time I began to enjoy my meals again. I now feel better in every way. And my skin is better, too."

MARGARET BERRY, Chicago, Ill.

RIGHT

"I have been a long-distance runner for twenty-two years. Work hard all day, then go to the gym and run ten miles or more three times a week.

"When in training for a long run, as for my recent 70 mile endurance test, I eat several cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast every day around mealtime or between meals.

I have eaten Fleischmann's Yeast regularly for twelve years. I carry a little case that holds three cakes, and I defy anyone to catch me when I haven't got at least one cake on my person. Fleischmann's Yeast tones you up and makes you feel fit.'

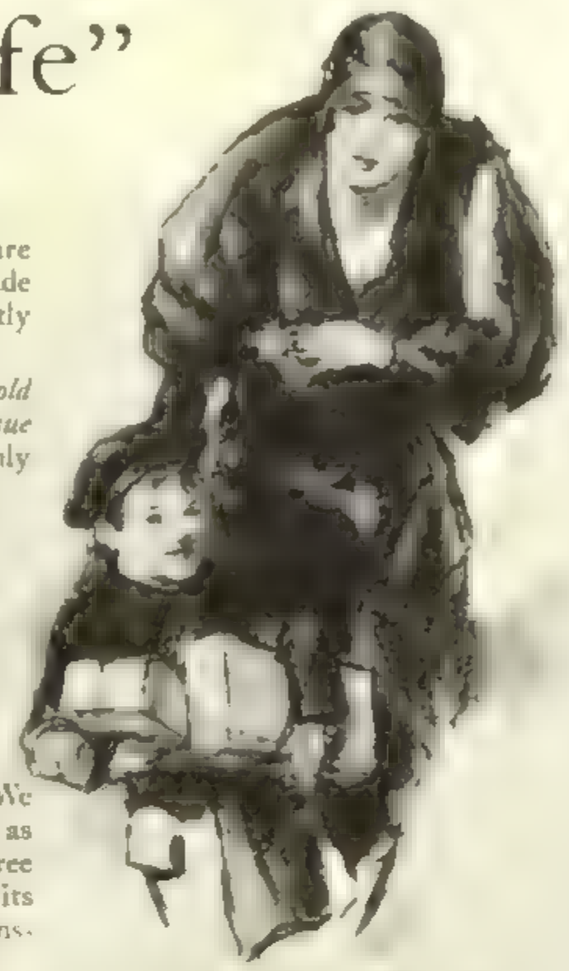
HARRY DUELL, Minneapolis, Minn.

New health, new zest in life—
this easy way:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water (hot or cold) or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation physicians say it is best to drink one cake in a glass of hot water—not scalding—before meals and before going to bed. Train yourself to regular daily habits. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.

Doctors Warn:

"See that your bathroom paper is safe"



Every detail of her family's health is important to the mother

"INFERIOR toilet papers are injurious," is the statement made by 580 practising physicians recently questioned.

Yet many so-called toilet tissues sold to housewives are just ordinary tissue paper cut into rolls. Not uncommonly they may be actually alkaline or acid. And many are definitely harsh to sensitive skin.

The famous specialist, Dr. J. F. Montague of the Bellevue Hospital Medical College Clinic, says in his recent book, *Troubles We Don't Talk About*—

"By the use of too coarse a tissue much harm can be done. We can, at least, use a tissue such as ScotTissue, which is soft and free from alkali bleaching material. By its gentle use we can accomplish cleansing without damage to the skin."

* *

Scott tissues are highly absorbent. The ordinary hard-finished toilet paper will float in water for many minutes. Crumple ScotTissue or Waldorf into a ball. These papers sink almost immediately.

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ScotTissue and Waldorf are neither alkaline nor acid to the chemist's tests. Every roll is pure and neutral—safe.

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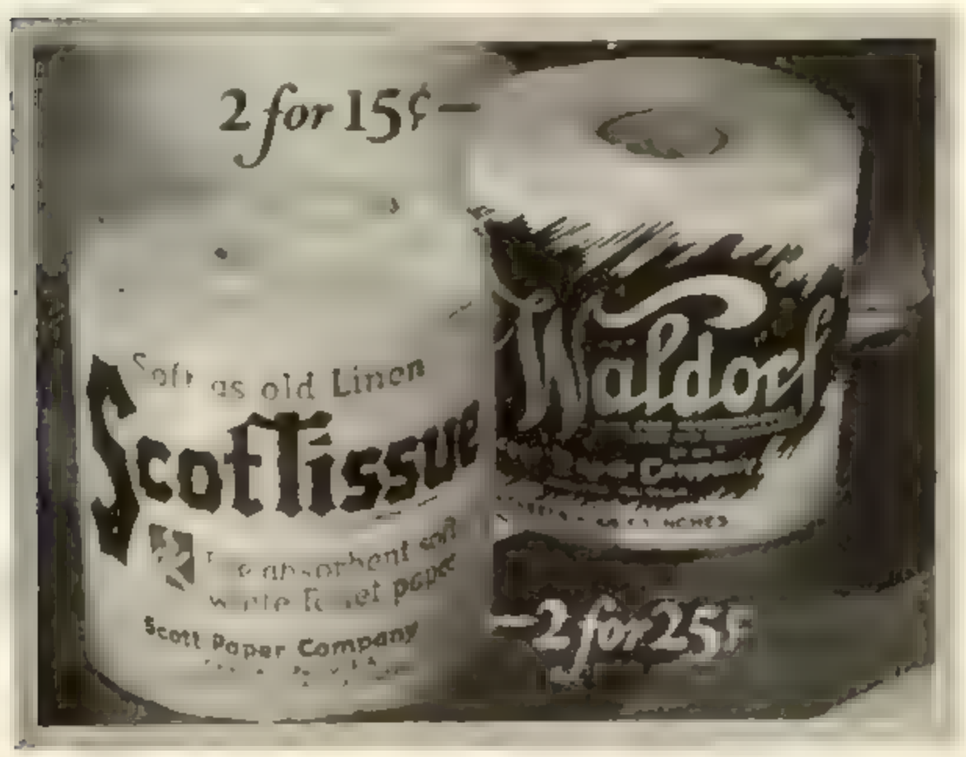

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(Continued from Page 50)

"That's only half of it." The shamed, reluctant smile that twitched her lips—small girl, almost small boy, it was. "I made good time."

"Out of where?" asked Michael laconically.

"Out of a horrid little country hotel, with golden-oak chairs and cuspidors all about, with advertisements on the walls, and a noisy clock. You haven't done better than that for a stage setting, have you? Not even in Virgin Soil!"

"You mean ——" said Michael, ignoring red herrings across the path. "Good Lord, child, you don't mean you're married?"

She seemed so very Greuzelike, so extraordinarily little and slim and young, sitting there, cross-legged, in the green-white flood of the moon, lips unsteady, her eyes valorous—Nathaniel Mallory's daughter.

"No, I don't mean I'm married," she corrected. "We couldn't get a minister."

Then, indeed, Michael sat up and brushed the sand from his trousers and sleeves. He took out his cigarette case and offered it without a word.

He lit one for himself before he spoke. At length he spoke carefully:

"Why the hotel?"

"Irving said we couldn't get back to Geraldine's place—it was Geraldine who was giving the house party—before daylight. You see, we'd slipped away in his roadster and driven about a hundred miles. He said, first thing in the morning we would be married. He said marriage was only a formality anyhow—if I loved him."

"And you fell for that?" asked Michael gently. "Didn't you know that it's only lovers that want marriage? Other people are afraid of it."

"I know it now," said Caroline. "I knew it when I saw him write 'Irving Stanley and wife' on that dirty little register." The dusky lashes drooped and lifted. She looked at Michael miserably, steadily, though, and with stubborn courage. "Of course," she said, "I know you don't write 'and wife'—not people like us—unless it isn't—if you see what I mean."

"Quite," said Michael, and cleared his throat suddenly.

"I was standing just behind him," said Caroline, "when he wrote it, and before I realized, I kicked him. I thought he'd made a mistake. Then he gave me a look—to be careful—and I saw he hadn't. It sounds absurd. It sounds like an advertisement for some awful book on etiquette."

"It was absolutely sound reasoning," said Michael.

"I can tell you anything," said Caroline. A small, sharp cry of gratitude. "Anyhow —"

Michael said quietly, "Yes, anyhow What then?"

"Mind you," said Caroline suddenly and earnestly, "I'm not pretending he didn't have reason for thinking I was sunk. Up to that moment I thought so myself. He was wonderful, in a way. I told you girls were crazy about him. Only—it got me between the eyes in that moment—he wasn't wonderful enough. I didn't love him enough to be humiliated for him. I knew, all at once, that all I'd got was a thrill. And I said 'I left my purse in the car.' And while the musty old clerk was fumbling for a room key and Irving was trying to look casual, I ducked out the door and kept going."

"Good girl!" said Michael.

"Good girl!" cried Caroline with a shaky, incredulous laugh.

"That's what I said," said Michael.

"It's not what my father would think. Can you see him? He'd be sick. He'd be heartbroken."

"You haven't told him?"

"How can I tell him? He wouldn't believe it of me. And if I got him to believe it he'd never understand. Why, he's told me a thousand times that he never even kissed my mother until she was engaged to him. How can I tell him I wanted a man to kiss me whom I didn't want to marry when it came to the scratch?"

"I don't believe you could tell him," said Michael slowly.

"You know I couldn't!" said Mallory's daughter.

"You're not sorry you told me?" said Michael.

She said, "I'm glad. It sort of opens a window in a dark room. I've almost gone crazy, milling around in my own mind ——"

"You poor kid," said Michael. He lit another cigarette. "How'd you get home—I mean, back to the place you were staying?"

"Oh, I'd noticed a small garage as we drove through the town. I went straight to that. I told 'em I had to get back to Elmwood right away, that I'd been with a party that had gone off and left me. I had ten dollars," she explained, "or they might not have listened to me. They gave me a boy and a flivver, and I made him let me out about half a mile from Geraldine's place. I ran the rest of the way. It sounds impossible, but nobody saw me come in. It was just before daylight."

"Then, except for an unpleasant but valuable experience ——" began Michael.

She cut him short with an impatient gesture of the hand nearest him.

"Wait; there's more to it than that! You see, Irving still—he thinks he still wants me to marry him. He says if it's a flop, all right, we can get a divorce. He doesn't think it matters; I do. I hate hedging like that on marriage. I think it ought to be bigger—a thing you'd be willing to go all the way for, and stay with it after you get there. H'm?"

"It ought indeed!" said Michael.

Something like the heart-catching lift of a flag against blue sky in the lift of her voice, but the flag drooped as she went back to clutching her ankles, rocking herself nervously to and fro on the sand, under a moon riding higher.

"He's going to my father," she said. "He's going to tell him the whole thing."

"Not blackmail?" said Michael, staggered.

"Not quite. At least not the ordinary sort. Of course, all that about the hotel—if it ever got out—with my father's name—the publicity would be something ghastly. Can you imagine?"

"I'd rather not," said Michael. "Well, then, what's his idea with your father?"

"He thinks," said Caroline—she gulped and continued doggedly—"Irving thinks I can't explain to my father, and that's where he's got me. I can't—that is, I won't! I won't hurt my father like that. I'm all he's got, and I'm all he's got left of my mother. From what I can see, I'm no more like her than I am like my Great-grandmother Mallory—you know—on the wall in the dining room; not so much, maybe. Because there's something about that portrait ——"

"I noticed at dinner," said Michael. "Something not too spinsterish; no mother of the Gracchi, either."

"She married three times," said Caroline. "I don't give that much, myself ——"

"She must have given it a good deal," said Michael.

"You're a lot like your book, aren't you?" said Caroline. She smiled at him with a touch of wistfulness. "I like talking to you."

"Then go on," said Michael, more pleased than he allowed himself to indicate in voice or look. "Just what is it Stanley expects to gain by going to your father?"

"That's simple," said Caroline. "Can't you see? My father'll take it for granted that if I got to the point of running away with a man, or a boy, or whatever he is ——"

"He's a dirty little crook, if you ask me," said Michael blandly.

Caroline said: "No, he isn't—not altogether. He's got something. He's spoiled, that's all. If he can't have a thing, he's possessed to get it. Anyhow, my father'll think of course I want him—that I want to marry him—that I only ran away because we hadn't found a minister."

(Continued on Page 56)

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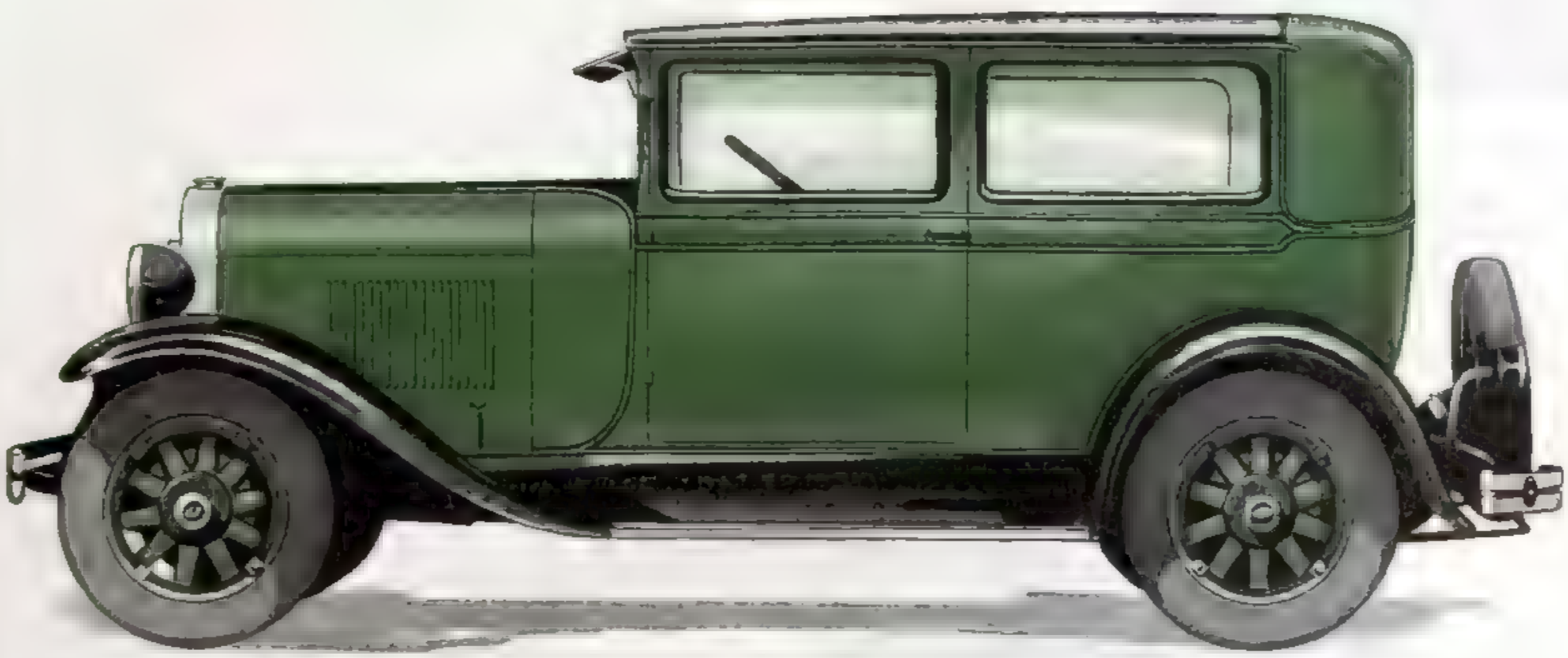

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(Continued from Page 52)

She added, rather lower: "I'd have run away just the same if we'd found six ministers"

"Tell that to your father," said Michael.

"Not in a million years!" said Caroline.

"Why?"

"Because, I'm no Judas. I care more for my father than for anybody in this world. Do you think I'm going to break him?"

"It wouldn't break him. Don't be a little fool! He can't possibly believe the sort of stuff he talks. He knows human nature."

Dangerous reassurance; Michael instantly regretted it.

"You think he's a rotten hypocrite?" said Caroline Mallory fiercely. "You think he pulls a line to please the public? I thought you had more sense; I thought you knew human nature well enough to see that where women are concerned, where love is concerned, he stopped the clock when my mother died. He's got the heart of a boy—a decent boy! Don't you be a fool!"

She scrambled to her feet as lightly as a cat, stood glaring at Michael and breathing fast.

"Give me my shawl," she said, "and let's go back to the house. I'm frightfully sorry, Mr. Deere, that I should have troubled you."

"Easy!" said Michael. "My head is in the dust." He unfolded his length and stood beside her, the shawl in one hand, unsmiling. "You know your father better than I do. I'll take your word for what he's like. Since he's as you say, I can see why you don't wish to ——"

— knife him!" she said passionately. "That would be the size of it."

"Perhaps," said Michael. "Still ——" He laid a hand on her arm. He was going to remind her that she had herself to consider—something elder and futile, about the sacrificial instinct in women—when all at once she jerked herself clear, and taking the shawl from his fingers, slid it about her shoulders neatly.

"There's someone coming," she murmured. "I expect it's Irving."

Someone coming along the beach—someone tall and slender and dark, as Michael was tall and slender and sandy. Someone whistling a tune, shrill and sweet, piercing the steady, hoarse drone of the waters faintly.

"Did you expect him?" inquired Michael sharply. Not much time for explanations.

She murmured, between beseeching and defiance: "You'll loathe me! I brought you down here on purpose. He's staying at the next place. He's been —— I can't manage him! I—I've even thought of running away."

For all the approaching whistle "Again?" said Michael, and grinned at her.

"By myself," she said somberly. "Girls do sometimes."

And that wiped Michael's grin off, left him presciently chilled. Girls sometimes did—as the ghouls of the tabloids could testify, and the records of respectable colleges.

"See here ——" he said, just over an urgent whisper. The stroller had turned, was coming up the sand; he had, until then, been walking close to the water's edge, leisurely, with long slouching strides, one hand in his pocket. "See here, will you back me up in anything I say—anything at all?"

She nodded, wordless, and a surge of excitement went over Michael, like one of the waves rushing up the sand, pausing a gleaming moment under the moon, then slipping back again. Mallory's daughter was so clean and young. She held her ruffled brown head so high, with fear and regret and reproach gnawing at her, under her silly-flowered shawl.

"Hello, Irving Stanley," she said lightly. "Late, aren't you? We've been sitting out here for hours. This is Mr. Deere. I think you've never met each other."

"How d'you do, Mr. Stanley?" said Michael. The two shook hands.

"Hollywood plus," thought Michael, reaching for his cigarette case.

Shining dark hair, ardent dark eyes, tiny dark mustache—the hero of Caroline's curiosity had them all. "All the girls were after him"—it was written on his straight, satisfied nose, in the lacquered wave of his hair, in the conquering thrust of his chin, cleft for an amorous hieroglyph.

He acknowledged Michael's salutation with indifference, not deliberately affronting. Michael was not his game, that was all. An outsider whose presence perhaps made things awkward—superfluous scenery. All the flame of the ardent eyes, all the wooing twist of the dark-mustached mouth, all the smoothing back of the too-smooth black hair—was for Caroline.

"Well, old dear," he said caressingly, with an intimacy at once masterfully suggested, "how's everything? You look like a million tonight."

"I'm all right, thanks," said Caroline briskly. "Shall we sit on the bench?"

She hadn't wanted to sit on a bench by the water, Michael remembered.

"What for?" said young Stanley. "We never do. What's the matter with the sand tonight?"

There had been nothing the matter with the sand on other nights—that was his point, not ineptly made.

"I'm for the sand," said Michael.

They sat on the sand; Caroline, between the two young men, with her shawl now drawn over one shoulder and under the other, restlessly adjusted.

"Carmencita," said Stanley, and twitched the fringe with possessive fingers.

"Don't, Irving; I hate being pulled at," said Caroline, cool but edgy.

"Sorry," said Stanley. "Sort of touchy tonight, aren't you?"

As she hadn't been touchy on other nights—that was his point again. Nobody missed it.

"How's your father?" he inquired, significantly attentive to her father's whereabouts and state of health.

"He's fine," said Caroline briefly.

Michael dipped an oar unobtrusively, almost as a friendly advance: "We left him transacting business in the library with a secretary."

"Is he pretty busy these days?" asked Stanley.

"He's always busy," said Caroline.

"He's a remarkable executive," said Michael.

"Know him well, do you, Mr. Deering?" Stanley saw Michael now, for the first time apparently. Leaning forward from beyond Caroline's shoulder, he regarded Michael with something approaching interest.

"Rather!" said Michael pleasantly. "Might I call myself an old family friend, Caroline?"

"Yes," said Caroline, gallantly casual over an imperceptible start—"yes, rather, Michael! Why not?"

"Funny I hadn't heard of you before," said Stanley with lordly impudence.

He ran a finger along Caroline's bare arm. She winced from the contact abruptly. Did she glance sidewise at Michael? At least Michael thought so. He thought to detect protest and imploring in her look. It spurred his wits.

"Then I have the advantage," he suggested, "because I've heard a good bit about you." He sat with his knees drawn up, long arms hugging them; a cigarette between his fingers gave off smoke in wispy, rising spirals. Calmly critical of the moon, he sat, head thrown back, gray eyes narrowed.

"That's good!" said Stanley. "What, for instance?"

"Caroline's been telling me ——" said Michael. He paused, deliberately accumulating suspense.

Stanley broke silence with a quite obvious uneasiness: "Telling you what?"

"Nothing too startling," said Michael. "Merely your experience at Easter."

"Well, Caroline!" said Stanley reproachfully. His tone implied that now the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken, indeed.

"Why not?" said Caroline, defensive; but Michael couldn't help realizing, slightly breathless. "I didn't know you minded anyone's knowing."

"I was thinking of you," said Stanley with dignity. He fingered his slight mustache and frowned. "Why," he demanded, "should Mr. Deering be interested?"

"Deere, it is," said Michael, and spelled it out obligingly. "Why, who wouldn't, Mr. Stanley? Frankly, I think you and Caroline were exceedingly fortunate."

"Yes? How's that?" said Stanley. "I must say I don't get you."

"So few of us," said Michael calmly, "are spared the consequence of our desires. I mean to say, what luck to find out in time you'd got off on the wrong foot!"

"Who had?" said Stanley, a trifle sullen.

"Well, Caroline says she had."

"Caroline doesn't know her own mind. She was keen enough when we started. She was keen enough before that."

Caroline said, with beautiful dignity, head high and lip unsteady: "So I told Mr. Deere, Irving. I never pretended ——"

"What's Mr. Deere got to do with it, anyhow?" Stanley broke out rudely. "Seems to me this is something between you and me entirely."

"So it should be," said Michael. "I quite agree with you. However, Caroline was under the impression that you meant to take the thing up with her father."

"I may," said Stanley. "Why not?" Without ardor, his eyes seemed merely smoky; his full-lipped mouth showed weak.

"Well," said Michael, in the friendliest way imaginable, "that rather lays the whole thing on the table, doesn't it? I fancy Caroline thought an open discussion might help."

Stanley said, "You weren't so hot for an open discussion last time I saw you"—to Caroline.

She answered him bravely: "I hadn't thought then of telling Michael about it. He's older than we are, Irving. And he says I'm right, that it's a good thing to find out a mistake like that in time. And it's a good thing to snap out of it."

"Stanley must know that for himself," said Michael. "You can't help seeing, Stanley, that while the whole thing is just as trying for Caroline as it is for you, she's been utterly honest about it."

"Rot! She doesn't know her own mind," said Stanley. A mulish philanderer. He swung himself about on the sand so that he faced Michael and Caroline together. He knit his dark brows. He jutted his conquering chin. "Up to that night—up to the time you lost your nerve in the hotel—you were pretty well sunk," he reminded her, with unmistakable significance.

"I know it," said Caroline proudly. "I don't say I wasn't; but I didn't lose my nerve. I've tried again and again to explain to you ——"

Michael said, "It would have taken less nerve to stay, wouldn't it?"

"It would—it would!" cried Caroline.

"Is there anything you haven't told?" asked Stanley bitterly.

"No," said Caroline, "there isn't. And it makes it a lot clearer. I needed to talk about it."

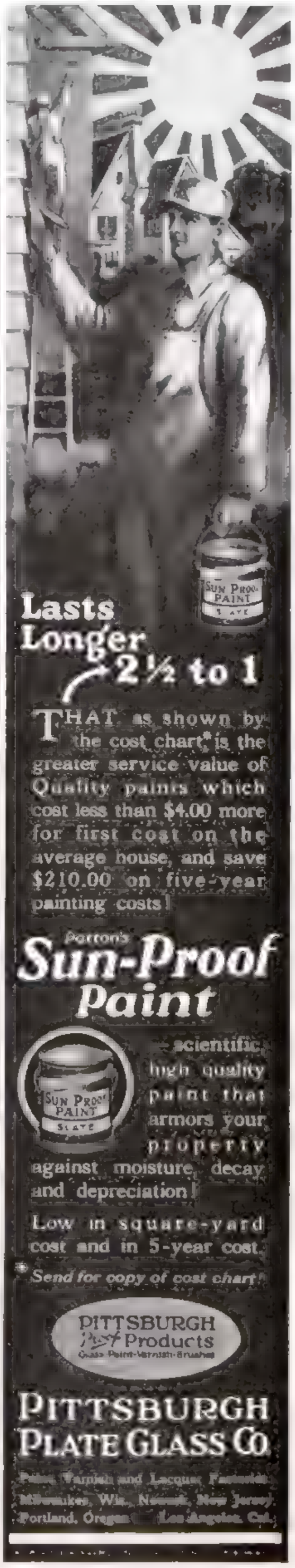
"I'll talk about it any time you want!" He spread his hand on her arm, tightened his fingers.

"Not that way," said Caroline, and shook the hand off.

"Then all I say is," warned Stanley—he snapped open an elaborate lighter whose small flame flared briefly at the end of a cigarette and was darkened—"your father'll understand better than anybody else. He'll agree with me that a girl doesn't go that far, unless she's in love."

"You know I'd rather die than have him know I'd been such a fool!" said Caroline. She locked her hands together in her lap and looked at Michael, quite hopeless.

Stanley insisted unpleasantly, "How is it you don't mind my knowing? Seems to me you've forgotten an awful lot."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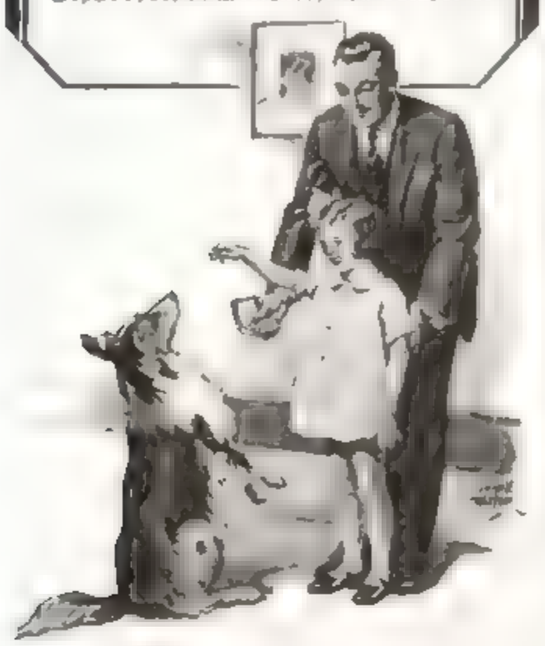

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Suddenly Michael struck. That soft-lipped, fighting face of hers! The despair and no-surrender in her eyes!

"Because, Stanley," he said coolly, "you were two young fools together, but she's come out of it, sane, while you haven't. You're still trying to kid yourself, while she's through. Good Lord, if I'd got myself into the jam you have—if a girl were letting me off as easy as Caroline is you ——"

Two faces turned to him startled—Caroline's white as the moon above her; Stanley's like nothing so much as a handsome stupid Pierrot, mouth a little open, dark eyes wide.

"Upon my word," said Michael, and threw back his head and laughed, "it's the most gorgeous comedy! You'll be doing very well, Stanley, if some bright reporter lad doesn't get hold of it."

"What do you mean?" asked Stanley suspiciously. He flung his cigarette away. It described a gleaming arc in the moonlight and lay smoldering on the sand. "What the devil are you talking about?" he repeated. "What've I got to be afraid of with reporters? I was going to marry her, wasn't I?"

"Quite," said Michael amiably. "You were, but you didn't."

"That's not my fault!" said Stanley loftily. "I was ready."

"Exactly," said Michael, with diabolical calm. "Ready and waiting! How long, by the way, did you wait?"

"Look here, Mr. Deering—Deere—whatever your name is ——"

"Seriously," said Michael, struggling with an outrageous grin, "it'd make a beautiful story. I only hope for your sake it never gets out. Why, man, you'd be a laughingstock!"

"Damn it!" Irving Stanley began furiously.

"There is nothing funnier—really," Michael reflected—"there is nothing funnier in nature than a young man deserted at the altar. Don't ask me why! I'm aware of the gross injustice of it. A deserted female—tragic. A deserted male—burlesque!"

"I want to tell you right now ——"

"That's the worst of it. You'll never be able to tell anyone anything. They'll laugh you out of court. How you waited under the doubtful eye of the clerk. How you said 'Just a minute till the lady comes back.'"

Stanley's face was stark betrayal. Michael chuckled blissfully. "You did say it—I can hear you—then you said you'd see what was keeping her."

"Michael ——" said Caroline faintly.

"If you think I'm going to stand for this ——" muttered Stanley, almost inarticulate, wounded in his tenderest part.

"Tell me," begged Michael, "what on earth did you say when you found she wasn't there—when you had to go back and face the clerk alone, with that very domestic entry on the register? Did you say you'd made a mistake—you must have left your wife at home? See here," said Michael, carried away on the tide of his own imaginings, "I'll bet you never went back at all, eh? Am I right? Of course I am! When you found she wasn't there—when you found she wasn't anywhere—you stepped on the gas, with a curse—a deep curse," said Michael, convulsed by unholy amusement—"and off you went! Where to, by the way? Do tell us, Stanley; what sanctuary did you seek? In what safe corner did you lay your abruptly widowed heart? Widowed, perhaps, isn't just the right word. Neither maid, wife nor widow—what?"

"Michael!" said Caroline unsteadily. Not tears, however.

"I think I'll be running along," said Stanley. He stood up and the moon revealed murderous if impotent fury in his look.

Caroline rose, too, and with almost an excess of amiability, Michael followed her.

"It's early," she murmured.

"Sorry," said Stanley, "I have another date."

"Then I shan't see you again," said Michael. "Glad to have met you, Stanley."

"Thanks a lot," said Stanley, "Mr. Deering."

"Deere," said Michael gently—"Michael Deere."

"Pardon me," said Stanley with elaborate sarcasm—"Michael Deere I see!" All at once, by some slight muscular contraction of his features, it became apparent that he did, indeed, see something which gave him pause. "Are you," he inquired curiously, with a certain flavor of distaste—"are you the one that wrote Spring Fever?"

"I'm flattered to be remembered," said Michael. "Did you care for it?"

Young Stanley did not directly reply. He turned instead to Caroline and his manner was touched with an impressive and apprehensive gravity.

"You want to be careful," he told her, "how you fall for his theories. I read that book. A lot of hooey, but dangerous. All this flaming-youth stuff—it's a rumor!"

"Travels fast, doesn't it?" said Michael.

When young Stanley was once more a slim dark shadow, departing along the beach—this time without a whistle—Michael slipped a hand under Caroline's arm and turned her toward the lighted house.

"Your father'll be through with the Stickney person by now," he suggested.

"Am I going to say thank you?" asked Caroline diffidently.

"'S a pleasure!" said Michael gravely.

She sighed and finished it off with a laugh—a little one. "I felt almost sorry for him at the last."

"It's when you feel sorry for us," said Michael, "that we get in our fastest work."

"He was like a horrid, conceited little boy."

"When he's seventy, he'll be no more."

"How could I have fallen for him—ever?" mourned Caroline.

"How indeed!" said Michael. "Cheer up! I suppose it was that Night-in-Paris mustache."

The lawn was wide, yet they crossed it in a moment, seemingly.

"You—you'll always think of me as a little fool," said Caroline. That was at the foot of the steps.

"Perhaps—I'll always think of you," said Michael.

She murmured, hanging back, "I'm grateful with all my heart. I feel as if I'd just come out of a fever. You don't know ——"

"The fever called living," said Michael softly.

Nathaniel Mallory sat in a deep wicker chair at the head of the steps. Moonlight showed silver on his thick gray hair and glinted in the humorous depths of his eyes. He was smoking a villainous brier and he welcomed the wanderers warmly.

"Stickney's gone," he said. "I found myself too lazy to follow you. Sitting here waiting. How's tricks, Juggins?"

When Caroline dropped down on the arm of his chair, slipping her own arm about his neck, he tipped back his head and chuckled contentedly.

"Find yourself a chair, Deere."

"Thanks," said Michael. "I'll sit on the steps."

From the steps one looked up at the moon unimpeded. Fair she was and full she was, whiter than privet flowers against the vasty deep of an unclouded sky. So she must have looked into the Garden of Eden—so and not otherwise. So she must have passed.

"Well," said Nathaniel Mallory, "how was it on the beach tonight?"

"Heavenly!" said Caroline. She stopped short. She laid her cheek down on her father's head and drew a long, long sigh.

"Hey, you're choking me!" said he tenderly. "What's the matter?"

"Nothing at all," said Caroline. "Just that!"

"She's a great kid, isn't she, Deere?"

Michael smiled at the moon. He lit a cigarette. He blew a perfect smoke ring and smiled at that.

"D'you know, Mr. Mallory," he said quietly, "I've been thinking I'd like to do, say, the last three chapters over."

"Good!" said Mallory heartily.

"It occurs to me," said Michael, "that in my relentless pursuit of truth I overlooked a few things."

Mallory said, "Let's hear it—eh, Caroline?"

"Yes," said Caroline, uncertain and soft, "let's hear it."

"My girl," said Michael—"she's stopped, but she's not licked, if you see what I mean."

"Exactly! That's excellent!" said Mallory.

Michael continued steadily, without looking up:

"She's got the heart of a fighter—life is her game. She'll go all the way, and when she gets there, she'll stick. She's no coward and she's no fool"—abruptly he laughed, a strange sound, and tender—"or if at times she is a fool," he amended, "it's a very little and a very dear one. D'y'see?"

"My boy, you're getting warm," said Mallory.

Caroline said nothing at all. She sat with lips parted, eyes deepening. Even in the moonlight her cheeks began to flame.

"She's honest," said Michael—"God bless her, she's honest as an Airedale! She's loyal to the marrow of her bones. Tender and true, like the johnny in the old song. Such girls don't grow on trees—the one in the Garden, maybe ——"

"Go easy on the apple," warned Mallory.

"Let me have apple blossoms in her hair!" said Michael. He grinned, but raptly and crookedly. "In brief," he said, "love has its miracles. I'm prepared to write one. I should like to try my hand at writing in my own blood—the perfect love letter of the ancients, if you remember."

"Go to it!" said Mallory. "You're on the right trail."

"I know it," said Michael. "None better!"

"It'll make you," said Mallory.

"Please God!" said Michael. And he did not smile over that.

"Are you quite sure," said Caroline—her voice trembled and she began again bravely—"are you quite sure?"

"For the first time in my life," said Michael simply.

Over her father's head, he looked into her eyes.

"I rather thought I had convinced you," said Nathaniel Mallory, satisfied.

THE STARS AND STRIPES

(Continued from Page 5)

eventually had to be printed on the thunderous presses of Le Petit Journal, then and now, I believe, the daily with the largest circulation in the world.

The staff of the newspaper thus printed was variously augmented from time to time. The happiest single increment to the enlisted personnel was a quondam cheer leader from the University of Chicago named C. Leroy Baldridge, who faintly resembled the Goddess of Liberty. The Americans had found him vaguely driving truckloads of shells to the French guns in the Chemin des Dames area. Private Baldridge not only did all the serious cartoons for the Stars and Stripes, but, as art editor, cheerfully shouldered the responsibility of rejecting the drawings sent in by many a baffled captain. When last heard from, Baldridge, sketchbook in hand, was

(Continued on Page 61)

A Nation-wide Service Organization Specially Trained in Chevrolet Schools

The Chevrolet owner can drive his car into any authorized Chevrolet service station in America and know that his service needs will be taken care of expertly, efficiently and at reasonable cost.

This high type of nation-wide Chevrolet service is assured by the intensive and specialized instruction which Chevrolet service employes receive in the unique service schools maintained throughout the country by the Chevrolet Motor Company.

Occupying permanent locations throughout America, and in charge of skilled and trained instructors—these schools graduate approximately 6,000 Chevrolet service employes every year.

More than 20,000 have already taken the complete courses offered—have mastered every repair operation that is possible on a Chevrolet car.

Thus, wherever the Chevrolet owner goes, he finds trained Chevrolet mechanics—working with factory-approved tools . . . subjecting their work to the regular factory tests and inspections . . . and using only genuine Chevrolet parts for replacements.

This standardized nation-wide service is one of the finest features of Chevrolet ownership—permanent protection for the Chevrolet owner's investment in his automobile.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, *Division of General Motors Corporation*

The Roadster, $495; *The* Touring, $495; *The* Couch, $585; *The* Coupe, $595; *The* 4-Door Sedan, $675; *The* Sport Cabriolet, $665; *The* Imperial Landau, $715. All prices f. o. b. Flint, Michigan

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Now—the Lightingest Oil

—announcing the new line of Veedol Motor Oils. Heavier bodied—longer lived—super heat-resisting.

MOTOR design changed radically in the past year. The new high compression motors arrived. These motors operate at higher speeds, but at the same time develop more heat and friction. They present a new and more difficult problem in motor lubrication.

Tide Water has met this problem. The entire line of Veedol Motor Oils, famous for the fighting "film of protection," has been re-formulated to lubricate the new high-speed, high-compression motors safely and correctly.

Today, Tide Water announces this new line of Veedol Oils. Heavier, tougher, longer lived than

New VEEDOL

that ever tamed Heat

ever. The best oils for the new type motors—better oils for *any* motor.

These new Veedol Oils give:

Greater motor protection (because of heavier body and added heat resistance).

Greater mileage (being heavier, they last longer).

Greater economy (they cut operating costs and reduce wear, tear and repair on the engine).

Let the new Veedol Oils prove those claims. Match Veedol on performance against the oil you now use. Today, stop at the first orange and black Veedol sign you see. Have your crank-case drained and refilled with the new Veedol. Let this super heat-resisting oil give your motor the extra protection that it requires. Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, Eleven Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

30c a Quart

(35c in Rockies and far West)

Copyright 1928 by Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation

Motor Oils

"FILM OF PROTECTION" VEEDOL Motor Oils—Greases

"I buy my oil where I see this sign"

Whenever you need dry batteries,

get Eveready Columbias

they last longer

for radio

For use with all dry cell tubes buy Eveready Dry Cell Radio "A," No. 7111. It is especially designed to give long service in radio use.

NATIONAL CARBON CO., Inc.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of
Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation
Sold in England and colonies under trade-name COLUMBIA

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proceeding by freight-boat from Liberia to the Gold Coast.

F. P. A. was one of several officers who were temporarily assigned to the Stars and Stripes, writing a column for the troops much as he had done for one or another New York paper ever since that morning more than twenty years ago when, in trying to sell insurance to George Ade, he noticed that that prosperous wag was luxuriously breakfasting at eleven A. M., and on strawberries in February, at that. So young Adams decided to give up insurance in favor of literary work.

Another transient on the staff was that cheerful artilleryman, Lieut. Grantland Rice, the inexhaustible writer on sports. He would stick with his battery when it was in action, but the moment it was hauled out of the line for drill and repairs we would pluck Rice from the line of march, delouse, shave, bathe and set him down at a typewriter on which—with a fair imitation of the rat-a-tat-tat of a machine gun—he would, while dozing, tap out a poem about the whine of the shells and the long, long road to home, my lads, the long, long road to home.

Secret Military Information

In the rush of events and the press of publication, it grew harder and harder to maintain the mummery of rank in the Stars and Stripes office, and eventually—except at moments of inspection—it was thrown out of the window as an archaic inconvenience with which we just could not be bothered. I, who in Brittany had risen to the rank of sergeant by sheer merit, was treated by the privates on the staff with a carefully studied disrespect. When, in the comparative leisure following the Armistice, a general, stopping in at the Stars and Stripes office to ask for this or that captain on the staff, would be told by the orderly that Private Ross had sent the captain on an errand to Brest, the general would turn pale and leave the building wearing a what-is-the-army-coming-to expression.

I remember that it was a higher officer—who shall be nameless—who, under the impression that this would be extremely humiliating to Lieutenant Rice, gave him a written order to report to Sergeant Woollcott for instructions. That genial lieutenant found me asleep on the floor of a room in a hotel at Nancy. He kicked me awake, showed me the order and asked me in a tone of extraordinary ferocity what my instructions were. After some thought, I instructed him to buy me a dinner, an order he carried out with delightful gravity.

It was often a convenience to have such frivolous officers at hand. Captain Adams was incorrigible, however, when—as under the law of the A. E. F. we had to do—we brought him our letters to censor. He would strike out harmless passages, but be careful to leave them perfectly legible; and he had an annoying habit of exclaiming in green ink in the margins "What a lie!" or something equally discrediting. I remember one letter of mine in which I described having met him in Paris, saluted him and fallen on his neck. The phrase "on his neck" was officially deleted, with a marginal explanation that it was against the rules of censorship to pass any information along as to where a soldier had fallen in France.

But the most important contribution made to the Stars and Stripes by any of those passing officers was the work done by Capt. Richard H. Waldo, sometime business manager of the then unamalgamated New York Tribune and, more latterly, advertising manager of the Wanamaker store in New York. Waldo was up to some such mischief as recruiting Americans in London—a task that must have left him a good deal of leisure—when, in March, 1918, he was suddenly summoned to pilot and disentangle the already alarmingly jumbled business affairs of the nascent Stars and Stripes. He was the first officer we ever had that looked like one.

His first move was to gather the motley staff of the circulation personnel around him, and standing beside his desk in the attitude of a magnate in a Wall Street play, he said—in a kind of hushed barytone: "Paris gets men."

His next move was to bedizen the walls of his wing of our new offices over the Guaranty Trust quarters in the Rue des Italiens with huge hortatory placards urging his minions on to CIVILITY! ACCURACY! PUNCTUALITY! and the like. Stunned by this outburst, the editorial staff, moody with the immemorial hostility of every editorial staff for every business office, retaliated a few days later with such placards of its own—these in type at least as exclamatory—recommending GENTLENESS! REFINEMENT!

This tended to strain relations which had been impaired from the first, when, in the absence of the officer in charge, we locked up the shop one Sunday morning and went off to mass at Notre Dame and a leisurely luncheon in some chauffeurs' *bistro*. It was the second day of the Big Bertha, the still puzzling phenomenon of shells bursting every fourteen minutes from some fabulously distant gun. One shell passed Private Ross like a breeze and laid out four men on the sidewalk in front of him, thus considerably impairing his morale. With true German precision, the firing ceased from twelve to one.

The Circulation Problem

"Heinie is having his lunch," we all said as we devoured our own confiture and cream cheese in comparative silence. Then the restaurant clock struck one and on the dot there came the crash of the next shell.

"Ah," said our waitress briskly, "now he is having his dessert!"

All Paris soon became equally phlegmatic toward this demonstration by the enemy, but during the first few days there was an uneasiness born of uncertainty as to how many such guns might be rolling up into position and how comparatively reckless it was to linger unnecessarily on the upper floors of exposed buildings.

We were the more abashed, therefore, on returning to our aerie in the Rue des Italiens, to find that quite innocently we had locked Captain Waldo in and that he had been a lone and unfed prisoner for three or four hours.

"It might have been serious," he said severely.

"Yes, sir!" we chorused, and all five saluted as one man, except Private Hawley, who saluted as two men. Thereafter it was our grim slogan that we were fighting the Germans with our back to the Waldo.

But the scheme which made the Stars and Stripes of some use to the very men it was meant to serve was Waldo's. The circulation problem that confronted him was complicated and without precedent. Here was a newspaper with a rapidly growing public, of which new thousands were being poured into the humming ports with the arrival of each convoy. The clamor for the paper was deafening. There was a willingness to subscribe for it which made solicitation unnecessary. The regulation channels of distribution through the Hachette organization would be all very well for the troops permanently stationed at great railroad centers like Bordeaux or Tours, but what of the homesick would-be reader in some combat outfit always on the move? He might be willing enough to give up his crap winnings for a subscription to run from that moment until a shell hit him. There was just this trifling difficulty—he never knew on any day where he would be the next, and he could not—on pain of being shot for imparting valuable information to the enemy—announce his whereabouts to anyone in the world.

Finding the Subscribers

Admittedly this was a perplexity warranted to age any circulation manager. It was Waldo who devised the system which met the emergency. A sheet of twenty coupons—resembling a sheet of twenty two-cent stamps—would be bought by the doughboy and by him deposited with his company clerk, each coupon costing him ten cents and each entitling him to a copy of the Stars and Stripes whenever one could catch up with him. In each division Waldo stationed a circulation agent with a small truck who would know just how many such coupons were extant in his division and who, each week, would wire headquarters the code name for the railhead at which he and his truck would be waiting at four o'clock on Friday morning and the number of copies to send him. It was his job to distribute these among the company clerks; it was theirs to pass them on to the men.

Once, when it seemed to the men in certain regiments that Pershing had absent-mindedly decided to leave them in the Argonne muck for the rest, if any, of their lives, they were pleased and surprised when the air service undertook to deliver the papers direct to the fox holes. Afterward there was some complaining from one platoon that half its casualties had been caused through men being knocked unconscious by bundles of the Stars and Stripes falling out of the sky. Often the last stage of delivery would be made by the field kitchens. A four-wheeled stove of

A Scene in the Adirondack Woods, New York

Compare
this photograph with *your* lighter

In this intimate portrait of a Clark Lighter you see that the sparking wheel is permanently covered. There is an opening at the side that shoots the full spark directly at the asbestos wick.

That's one reason that a Clark always works.

When you light a Clark, your thumb never touches the spark wheel. So your thumb cannot be smudged.

We cannot tell you in a photograph all the reasons why you should own a Clark. You know the affection you have for a trustworthy watch! You will have the same feeling for your Clark Lighter.

There are two sizes, many styles in metal, leather or novelty finishes, and the price range is from $7.50 up. You can see Clarks in good shops that sell lighters.

W. G. CLARK & CO., Inc.
North Attleboro, Mass.
Showrooms: 580 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CLARK
ALWAYS WORKS

Why not give it BEAUTY.. ?

IN making your rooms attractive, attention to the little details of decoration is very important. The tasteful use of silver, gold, white gold or bronze on radiators, registers, lighting fixtures, mouldings, picture frames is the finishing touch that completes artistic interiors.

You can choose from a wide variety of Sapolin Gildings in gold, white gold, silver (aluminum) and other metallic finishes, for practically every color and degree of durability required. Some of them withstand heat; and all can be washed with soap and water. Sapolin Gildings and Metallic Enamels come packed in combination cans, ready to mix. They assure you both brilliance of color and economy in their use.

Your Sapolin Merchant will help you choose the correct gilding or metallic enamel for whatever it is you want to decorate. You can be certain of satisfactory results because in the complete line of Sapolin specialties for household use, there is *exactly the right product for each job.* The colors will *remain* rich and bright—the finish dries so hard and smooth it feels *like glass.*

Write for our new textbook of decoration, with illustrations in color and definite instructions for adding beauty to your home. We gladly send it without charge. SAPOLIN CO. INC., Dept. K-10, 229 E. 42nd St., New York City.

SAPOLIN

a special finish...for each surface

ENAMELS
LACQUERS
STAINS
GILDINGS
POLISHES
WAXES

smoking slum would go trundling up a shell-torn road with 200 copies of that week's issue tied on behind.

I happened to be in a wooded ravine not far from Soissons on the afternoon when the stormy Twenty-third Infantry came out of that history-making battle of July, 1918. They had lost half their men and it was a tattered and exhausted but somehow jaunty procession that filed along the woodland path, yelling for food. I think a French observer would have been puzzled at the variety of American appetites if he had seen the chow lines wrenched all askew by the efforts of fifty men to read ten copies of the Stars and Stripes at once, roaring with laughter over the Wallgren cartoon, cutting out the poems to carry in their wallets and snorting with indignation if, as usually happened, they felt that some other division had been allowed to figure too prominently in the account of last week's battle.

I might add that the whole circulation scheme benefited incalculably from the fortunate circumstance that Captain Waldo was the adroit kind of soldier who, at a time when many a general in France was a resentful pedestrian, could and did gather fifteen enlisted men around him and calmly drive off with eighty small trucks, two big limousines and four smaller cars which had just arrived from home. Thereafter these carried the message to Garcia—the multiple weekly message to Private Garcia.

This difficulty of distributing the Stars and Stripes was only one of its many peculiar problems. Starting any newspaper from scratch, instead of merely taking over and reviving one already in existence, must always have its perplexities. But to start one in a vacuum, as you might say—to start one under conditions that bade you challenge and inspect the validity of every automatic assumption of your craft—that was even more an experience to be relished and remembered.

The forest we were entering was so virginal that Lieutenant Viskniskki and his first coworkers not only had to decide what to call the darned thing, what types to use for its text and how much to charge for it, but whether to charge anything for it at all. Instead of the familiar and often exaggerated problem of what the attitude toward advertisers should be, we were in the odd and not unhappy position of being free to decide whether we would have any advertising at all.

Where is Here?

It was decided at last to charge ten cents or, in the good old days when francs were francs, fifty centimes a copy, on the ground that no American would have respect for anything he could get for nothing, and that a free newspaper would have about the same persuasive force as one of those unsealed communications that arrive in the morning's mail vaguely addressed To the Lady of the House. And it was decided to have advertisements for several reasons. For one thing, Viskniskki wanted revenue so that he need never have to go hat in hand to Washington for funds. Then, too, he realized that columns swarming with advertisements gave any publication the smell of success, without which it could not hope to command American respect. So in the advertisements went. In time they poured in from the States in such quantity that we could not hope to print them all, so many were the houses back home that wanted to talk about their wares to the men who were going to do the buying in America in the next generation.

The very editing as well as publishing of the Stars and Stripes presented each day a set of problems to which the total of our not inconsiderable newspaper experience back home provided no answers. Each one had to be thought out afresh, for all the world as though we were getting out the Garden of Eden Daily Gazette. Just as an example, we could not employ so ordinary a monosyllable as the word "here" without first deciding in full conclave what we meant by it. In any other journal, from the Newark Star to the Sacramento Bee, the word "here," in such a phrase as "arrived here yesterday," let us say—except in date-line dispatches published as having come by telegraph or cable from somewhere else—refers to Newark or Sacramento or whatever other city happens to be the newspaper's headquarters. But though the Stars and Stripes was printed and edited in Paris, we could use "here" only when the implication of the context made it clear that we were referring to France. When we wrote of Paris, we were mighty careful to say "there."

In all France, only Paris had presses large enough to take on as a side line each week the printing of so large an edition as the Stars and Stripes became. But most of it was written and drawn at less luxurious vantage points in the A. E. F., and the paper's hold on the confidence and affection of the doughboys would have suffered incalculably if the stuff turned out for them every Friday seemed to be, even by the implication contained in so negligible a word as "here," the output of a bunch of dirty hand-shakers who had sneaked out of the mud and cold and danger and fixed themselves some nice soft berths in Paris.

A Regular Newspaper

A similar question arose as to the heading on the cable dispatches from home. These were cheerful, indifferently written news summaries of the whole country's doings, sent over each week from New York. Automatically we began by giving them a New York date line, but it soon occurred to us that this gave them a provincialism which was not only misleading but, to the troops from Mississippi or Iowa, say, possibly annoying. There were, after all, other cities back home; and it was Private Ross, with the characteristic truculence of any San Francisco newspaperman in speaking about New York, who suggested, as an improvement in technic, that the dispatches be headed merely "The United States."

This suggestion was immediately drowned in a long harangue from Visk, of which the general purport was that hearts just as true and fair beat in the purlieus of Manhattan and the Bronx as anywhere else back home. During this discourse Private Ross, with the manner his superior officers often found rather trying, merely gazed into space. But if he was even then peering into the mists of the future, I doubt if he descried there the fact that when, in time, he came to be editing a weekly of his own, it would be an almost offensively Manhattanesque one and be called the New Yorker. It was not untypical of our editorial and military procedure that a week later Visk suddenly came out of his trance with a brilliant suggestion that the dispatches from home be headed "America." It had come to him just like that in the middle of the night. Didn't we think it was a good idea?

"Why, captain," we said in chorus, for by this time he had been promoted a couple of notches, "that's a marvelous idea!"

Thus, point by point, we carried on daily a silent struggle which had both the unremitting strain and the noiselessness of a wrestling match, and out of which each week the Stars and Stripes emerged. The resulting publication was an eight-page weekly which went to press of a midnight on Wednesday and reached the railheads, toward which its pouches radiated, at dawn on Friday. Its form was that of the typical American newspaper—eight pages to each issue and seven columns to each page, illustrated with photographs—provided by the Signal Corps—with faintly hortatory cartoons by Roy Baldridge and with heathenish comic strips by Wally that had no concealed moral whatever.

I look back through a file of the paper and select, as a fair sample of its contents, the issue that reached the troops on the Friday before the Armistice was signed. It reported the crumbling of Austria and that sudden turn of affairs in the Argonne area whereby the Americans, after weeks of inch-by-inch advance, were suddenly experiencing the exhilaration of chasing the Germans all the way to Sedan. Then it gave the latest tidings in the contest between the nine ports which, with General Harbord as cheer leader, were racing to see which could unload the most material in a single month. Another story reported the adoption of 100 more French war orphans in a single week of that campaign by which the troops, out of their own pay, were contributing something to that portion of the French population they liked best.

Of greater interest, and likely to be read with considerably more care, was the description of the new Twentieth Engineer Regiment; the announcement of the new leave areas opened up at Nice, Cannes and Mentone; the stern tidings that the A. E. F. would import no turkeys for Thanksgiving, and the specifications for Christmas packages which the homesick multitude would be allowed to receive from America. Then I see the news that Margaret Wilson had just landed to sing in the camps and Y huts and that the bonds of the Fourth Liberty Loan were going like hot cakes back home.

All this, of course, in addition to the regular features of the paper, including the variegated letters to the editor, for instance, the column of verse contributed from the ranks, the cartoons of the week, the news of sporting events—boxing matches, races, baseball games, and the like, throughout the S. O. S.—and the regular letter of Henry's Pal to Henry, the Lardnerian feature contributed by Sergeant Seth Bailey, now resident in Oakland, California.

The advertisements ranged from the latest revue at the Casino de Paris to the announcement from a London firm that would provide Christmas cards for mailing to the folks at home. Banks, tailors, opticians and druggists, in London and Paris, hung out their signs, while manufacturers back home, of everything from toothbrushes to tapioca, kept their trade names alive in the minds of the absentees. And the citizens of Toledo took a big corner of one page to point out that no other city had done quite so well by the Fourth Liberty Loan.

Museum Pieces

Such files are rare, and I have heard bids for them running as high as $1500. They will usually be found at this or that public library to which some soldier, who had patiently hoarded all his copies, would have presented the resulting volume when he found, as I did, that so large a memento was a peculiarly inconvenient form of impedimenta. Of course most of the hoarding was done in America, for a large number of the men ordered subscriptions for the folks at home, with a feeling that this would let them out of writing so many letters.

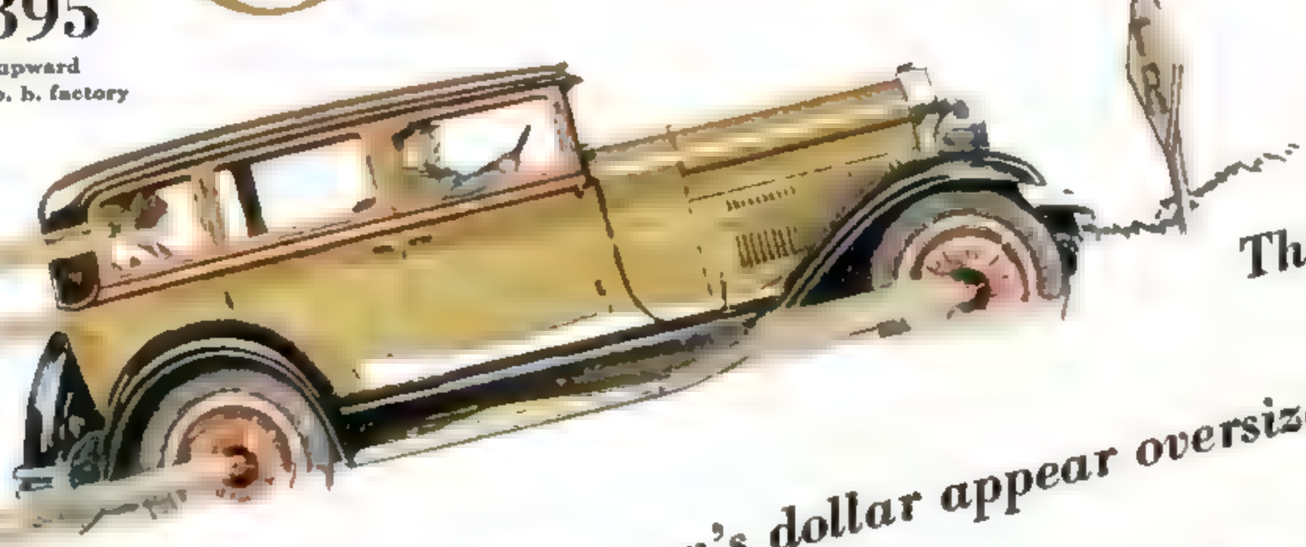
Of the largest issue, for instance, besides the copies distributed in France, the copies sent on by train to the army on the Rhine, and even the pouch of copies sent in pursuit of that now forgotten detachment of our troops which went vaguely into Russia—or have you forgotten that expedition to the Murman coast?—a good hundred thousand copies were sent back to America. But the U-boats had seen to it that the files, thus accumulated, had a few missing numbers here and there.

Then collectors must be careful to distinguish between these accumulated originals and the linotype facsimile of the complete set which was published a few years ago in the Middle West and, I believe, widely sold. And even those unmistakably original files which have brought the highest price in America are seldom complete, for they lack that final rarity, so dear to the passionate collector, the one highly unofficial, private and slightly scandalous issue of which the staff—in February, 1919—published a discreetly small edition as an anniversary number for its own amusement.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Woollcott. The second will appear next week.

68

$1395
and upward
Prices f. o. b. factory



The new "68" at $1395 makes any man's dollar appear oversize—it buys so much more.

The new "78" is genuine Marmon transportation scaled 'way up in comfort and style—

'way down in price ($1895). Each a true-blue Marmon built in Marmon

factories to Marmon's high standards of precision and care — Add up all of the cars

this year and after that we believe you will decide in favor

of the New Marmon 68 or 78.

This is a great year to buy.

You've never seen any car really run until you've tried a Marmon

78

$1895
and upward. Prices f. o. b. factory

OPENED BY MISTAKE

Continued from Page 13

golf course to avoid such murderous eccentricities as hurling his weapons, but one would err. He flings them far and viciously, smashes them to flinders and would eat them if he could.

Most golfers swear moderately when something frightful occurs, such as missing a two-foot putt for thirty dollars or driving four new balls into a lake. Martin Edwards gives off a strange groaning noise like the sob of a dying walrus, low but reeking with agony.

Tex Schramm calls himself something which is manifestly far from the truth, for we know all his people, and Ike Buell turns away with a tragic gesture and asks Nature to strike him dead as a personal favor. Doctor Plank alone pitches his implements, and it was always prophesied that some sunny afternoon he would lay a fellow man cold in death.

Everyone in Mayfair knew perfectly well why Clarence Plank defended Dave Hone and stood up for him when the directors spoke of discharging him. The doctor is a first-class golf shooter when in a calm mood, and he has his quiet interludes every so often, the same as Vesuvius. At intervals he settles down and plays like a middle-aged Bobby Jones, and on these occasions it takes a genius to beat him.

Each year in California is held an important sporting event known as the Pro-Amateur, and for the last three seasons Clarence has teamed up with Dave Hone, winning renown and nice mention in the papers, once with photographs. The duo always finished at the very top, or near by.

A good amateur and a good pro, playing as a team, will usually bring in a low ball of 65 or 66, the pro collecting cash for his skill and the amateur taking home engraved silver urns, which his wife stealthily removes from the living room as soon as possible.

Clarence and Dave teamed smoothly and carried the name of Mayfair to the heights. Our sulky pro is a genuine star and can make a golf ball sit up and sing, but the fact remains that a pro cannot go through life scowling at people merely because he is a sweet golfer—not and make money enough to marry.

"You see, doctor," George said, discussing the subject with his fiery friend, "you cannot always be on hand to save Dave's job for him. Some day he will have to stand on his own feet, and if Mayfair ever fires him he will never get another job, for the clubs all know him."

"What do you want to do about it?" Clarence demanded.

"Fix his head, of course. Did you ever look at that head of his?"

"Yes, and I've noticed yours too. Sometimes I think you ought to trade it in."

"There is a bony pressure," George continued, unruffled, "on Dave's brain, caused by the depression in his skull. It should be relieved. It makes him the seemingly sullen fellow nobody likes, handicaps him as a pro, ruins his business and robs him of a future. Dave is probably a sunny, jovial man, held back by his own skull."

Clarence looked coldly at his associate and informed him that there are many people in this world suffering from skull trouble, some of them surgeons, but there is no discouraging George Butler, once he begins yearning to do good. It was often noticed at Mayfair that whenever George happened to stand idly near Dave Hone, he seemed to be studying the slightly dished-in dome with contemplative interest, and there was a professional gutter in his eye, as though he would like to take a skull saw and start in then and there.

With regard to his own head, Dave's gloomy interest in it was confined strictly to his hair. He felt that a golf pro, only twenty-nine years old, should have hair, and he often spoke unkindly of the Navy. In his spare time he massaged his scalp, dressing it with strange lotions and medicaments, cultivating it hopefully and looking ever for the first signs of returning fecundity. Like all bald men, he was pie for the drug-store advertisements. In time a faint fuzz actually sprouted, a wraithlike substance to which Dave feelingly referred as his new hair, although it was not actually hair any more than an egg is a hen.

Realizing that George Butler was a good doctor, Dave eventually submitted the problem to him and George glanced over the indented scalp with its crop of peach-blow fuzz.

"Can you do anything about my hair?" Dave asked anxiously.

"My boy," replied the kindly surgeon, "it isn't your hair that matters, for some of the world's greatest men have been as hairless as a trout. It is your head, Davie."

"What is my head?" inquired the pro, and there being nobody near by at the moment, George launched into his pet topic and enlarged upon the theory that laughterless men never get anywhere, whereas the happy kind have the world for their oyster and are invited into the very nicest homes for dinner.

"You don't realize it," George said seriously, "but you are losing money every day right here. Men and women shy away from you, Dave, thinking you are a bitter man, disgusted with life. That isn't so. You think this is a pretty good world, don't you?"

"Certainly."

"And you want to make enough money to marry Nell Dunbar, don't you?"

"Bet on that," Dave replied heartily.

"Well, you never will make money until you do something about the old bean. And you know how many times the board has talked of discharging you." Dave nodded. "You know why?"

"No."

"Because the club members regard you as a grouch. The women are forever complaining. Nobody ever sees you laughing and it works against you. I am interested in you, Dave, or I wouldn't bother to tell you this."

"What's my head got to do with it?"

George reached over and tapped the slight depression.

"Here's what's wrong with you, m' lad. You've got a so-and-so."

He gave it one of his private names, a useless word in any language, and followed with a short lecture on skulls, brains, human personality. Dave listened with interest and George asked him as a special favor not to mention the incident to Clarence Plank.

"I'd like to see you shut up these squawkers and be a big success," George added. "I like you and I like Nell Dunbar, because there is one girl in a million. She will make a grand wife and I'll be happy when you can be married. You're the kind that needs a wife. Now Clarence is going up to his ranch to shoot ducks sometime next week, and when he goes you come down to the hospital. It won't cost you a cent."

"Then what?" Dave asked gloomily.

"Then your new career spreads before you," George said warmly. "People who don't like you now will begin liking you and the club members will do business with you instead of going elsewhere. The management will pay you a better salary. Other clubs will compete for you, and if I'm not mistaken we shall hear the sound of wedding bells."

"Will it help me get my hair back?" the pro inquired, with a first show of interest, and the surgeon replied that maybe it would and maybe it wouldn't.

It was probably his optimism over the prospect of hair that stirred Dave to ask the management for a short leave of absence, which was granted. Clarence Plank departed to wipe out the ducks, and two days later a grim-faced young man walked into George Butler's hospital wearing his street clothes. He hung up his hat and informed the head nurse that his name was Hone and that he had dropped in to have the doctor look him over.

Now George is a speed marvel, once he starts fooling with surgical cutlery. Kind hands rushed Dave into an operating room, slapped him upon an ambulant table, put a cone on his nose and George whisked him through one of the swiftest skull jobs in the annals of the Plank-Butler organization. When he emerged from the ether, his countenance was wreathed in smiles. He chuckled for the first time in years and George threw out his chest.

Bound up like a visiting Indian prince, Mr. Hone spent the days of a rapid convalescence in one of George's sunniest rooms, with radio ear phones to entertain him and Nell Dunbar to read aloud. It was a successful case, and for a time George thought of writing an article about it for the Surgeons' Journal and Quarterly Digest, but he decided not to; for say what you will about George Butler, he certainly is no horn blower. In ordinary circumstances, Dave would have had to pay two thousand dollars for the repair work, but it was all free, including meals and pajamas.

Dr. Clarence Plank, with ducks, returned from his ranch, hurried into his establishment to look over the appendixes, and the first sight that met his eye was David in a wheel chair, reading a paper devoted to college jokes and laughing aloud, shaking with merriment. When a man gets to where he can laugh aloud at a paper of college jokes, there is nothing more that science can do for him. C. W. Plank stopped as though shot. In a flash he realized what had happened in his absence.

"Hullo," he said, frowning down upon the bandaged bean.

"Hello, doctor," Dave responded, shaking hands. "How's the ducks? A duck a day keeps the doctor away."

He poked the surgeon in the ribs and fell into another fit of laughing. His tournament partner glared.

"How do you feel?" he inquired, which is what every physician asks when totally nonplused.

"Wonderful. . . . Why is a surgeon like a dub golfer?" Clarence replied that he had never given it a thought. "They both slice a good deal," said Dave, and he burst into such howlings that a neurotic movie actress in B rolled out of bed.

"Well, I'll be both this and that," murmured the doctor under his breath, and before he could stop Dave, the pro had told him two more rapid jokes from the college paper. Without further ceremony Clarence walked into his hospital, seeking the cause of it all. He found George in Operating Room 4, practicing putts on a rubber mat.

"Hello, Clarence," George said heartily.

"Hello, nothing! Didn't I tell you to keep your hands off that fellow?"

"What fellow?"

"Dave Hone."

"Oh, him? Say, I fixed him."

"You did indeed. You have probably destroyed one of the finest golf pros in America."

"Tut'" said George. "Why, the boy laughs all day long!"

"I just heard him laughing, and I saw what he was laughing at. Has it come to the point where you can't be trusted alone in a hospital?"

"I have set Dave's feet upon the high-road to success," George said defensively. "He can now go anywhere and get a job."

Clarence paced to and fro, telling George his opinion. From the other room came the muted sounds of a man laughing at jokes. In two weeks Dave was back at work and the entire club received a shock.

Once a silent man, the pro began to sing snatches from old musical plays. He imitated famous comedians, pulled chairs from under people and chuckled without effort. Gone forever was the sneering, sardonic mien of pre-operation times, and vanished was his abysmal gloom. The president of the board said that, as far as he could see, a change is a change, but it isn't necessarily an improvement.

Two short Saturdays after Dave's reappearance, Andy Geddy came into the crowded locker room and asked for attention.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"What news?"

"Nell Dunbar has thrown Dave over."

George Butler paused in mid-shirt. "What did you say?" he asked.

"I said Nell Dunbar has tossed Dave for a loop. He hasn't got any more girl than a rabbit. They are not going to be married."

"I think you must be mistaken," George returned.

"All right, go ask Dave. He told me about it."

Ten minutes later the surgical friends walked out of the locker room and found Mr. Hone narrating to a small group the incident of the Scotch salesman and the deaf widow. George drew him aside.

"What's all this about you and Nell?" he asked soberly.

"Yes," said Dave. "She broke the engagement, and why I do not know. Still, there's as good fish in the sea."

"Sorry to hear it, Dave," George murmured, turning away so that Doctor Plank could not look him in the eye.

"Have any trouble?" Clarence asked.

"No; she just broke it off."

He asked them if they had heard the one about the canary bird that married the elephant, and with a saddened expression the medical men turned to the first tee and prepared to get away.

"Nice work, doctor," Clarence said scathingly. "You should feel proud. I don't blame Nell Dunbar. Why would she want to marry a laughing jackass?"

It was learned later that Nell had noticed the startling change in her fiancé after his release from the hospital and had hoped for a while that he would get over it. In growing dismay, she realized that he was a permanently merry man—not the one she had promised to marry, but a substitute creature carved by the hand of Science, a sort of laughing hyena, who would be bad enough on an open golf course, but utterly intolerable in the home.

So Nell stepped up in her brave way and told David she could never be happy with him now that George had made a sunbeam of him. She asked to be released, handed Dave his ring and sent him out of her life.

"Certainly ought to make you feel nice," Doctor Plank repeated at intervals to his grieved partner. "When you think of all the good you do, you ought to gather together in a corner and give yourself three hearty cheers."

Being a mild man, George forbore to answer. The golfers played at their pastime and David laughed. In time the Mayfair Country Club began to grow notorious as the home of the humorous and slightly imbecile pro.

Then came the annual Pro-Amateur. With its approach, it was announced that the tournament would be played this year at Green Hills, a difficult course, and Doctor Plank thrust aside his woes and prepared to win another silver mug. His own game happened to be at its top, and, as usual, Dave Hone was hitting the ball with the sweet mechanical precision that distinguishes the expert. As we saw it at Mayfair, the two home boys would have an easy victory, with a low ball of 65 or thereabouts.

Mrs. Martha Plank, loyal and long-suffering spouse, is a great admirer of her husband's golf and has always followed him through the Pro-Amateur. She looks on annually, clad in a nifty sporting costume,

(Continued on Page 69)

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The illustration at left shows the modern dust-proof Alemite fitting which is installed on the chassis bearings of your car. Lubricant is shot through it under high pressure to the heart of the bearing. Old grit and grease are thus forced out

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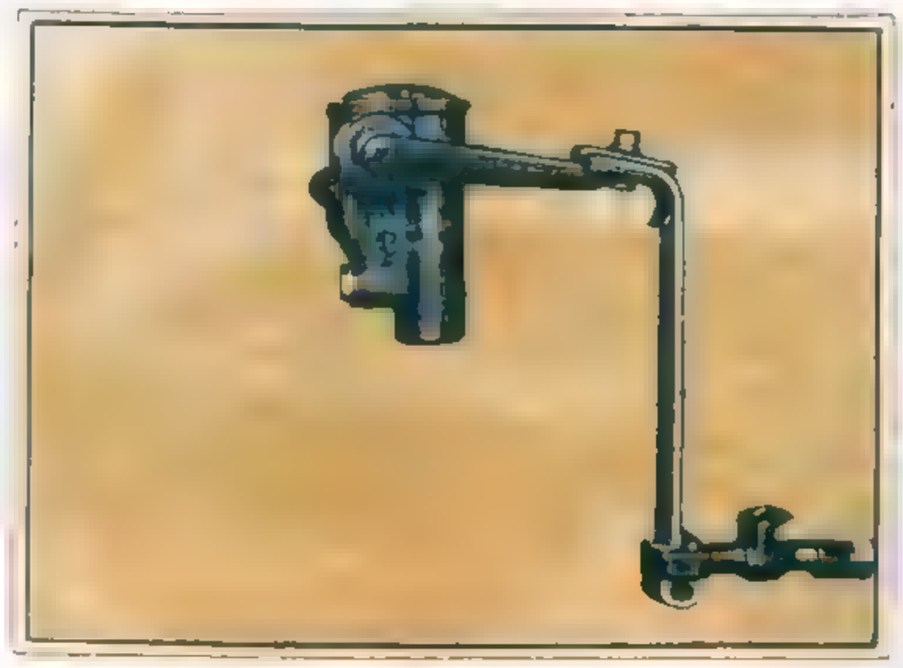

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(Continued from Page 64)

cheering her man silently as he sinks the putts and bats the ball far and away. Clarence has always regarded his wife as a strong factor in his victories, and this year Martha purchased a blue sweater and prepared to stand by.

The scene at Green Hills was pleasant and sprightly, with the clubhouse lawn a riot of colors and gayly clad golfers hurrying about, two by two, amateur and pro. Mrs. Plank, with a smile of encouragement, stood at Tee 1, watched Mr. Plank drive off, and followed after, talking quietly with the official scorer and prepared to applaud.

The sterling team of Plank and Hone, which had always functioned like a perfect machine, was far off its stride from the start. They faltered. They dubbed two shots each in the first five minutes, and in ten minutes they had blown higher than Gilroy's kite. Instead of clicking off the pars and birdies as everyone expected, they fought merely to keep out of the trees and rocks. Something had happened to Dave Hone, and Clarence was boiling visibly.

On the second green he missed a putt no wider than an elephant's foot, and David laughed. It was a friendly laugh, meant to encourage. The pro even started to pat his companion on the back, which gesture Clarence repulsed.

He glared at Dave in wordless rage, for there is nothing in the Pro-Amateur Tournament at which a normal human can laugh, even when the shots are falling near the pin. When the going is tough, there is even less to laugh at, and good reason for a bunker murder.

"Too bad, doctor," Dave said.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"But we're all right."

"Who's all right?" Clarence asked acidly.

"We are. We'll get going in a minute. Sometimes the putts just won't sink, but we'll show them something before long. . . . Did you ever hear about the golfer with the one-eyed caddie?" They were approaching Tee Number 3.

"Will you please keep quiet from now on?" the surgeon asked, and Dave shook his driver playfully and hummed something.

Doctor Plank sliced a dissolute wallop off the tee, threw his driver after it and caved in. He began swearing, and when a tournament golfer starts to swear his goose is cooked. The pro's cheerfulness increased and he surveyed his disintegrating partner in merry astonishment.

On the fifth fairway the sweating surgeon grunted into a brassy swing and dug up a divot the size of a Rotarian door mat. The ball rolled languidly for six yards. Martha Plank, standing thirty feet off, maintained the perfect silence of the perfect golf spectator. She made no sound. She moved no muscle and scarcely breathed. She stood like a sympathetic statue of stone and her moiling husband turned and glared at her.

"Martha," he said huskily, "you are upsetting me and destroying my game. I wish you would go home." The astounded spouse declined to believe her ears and asked for a fresh statement. "Yes," said Clarence, raising his voice, "you make me nervous. Go home."

"If you feel that way about it," she replied with quiet dignity, "I certainly shall not annoy you further."

Without another word she turned and walked off the Green Hills golf course and, as any adult male knows, by that simple request Clarence Plank stored up a real bit of future for himself.

The rest of the Plank-Hone contest is unworthy of mention. They played golf like a couple of frozen jellyfish and were so far behind that the morning papers refused to print their names.

"Better luck next year, doctor," said David.

"I wouldn't care if I never saw next year," replied the amateur. "And I wouldn't go into a decline if you never saw next year, either."

In one of the highest tempers of the season, Doctor Plank crawled into his automobile, said good-by to nobody and drove rapidly away from Green Hills. Thinking suddenly that his wife might be interested in hearing from him, he dashed into a corner drug store and telephoned home, but the effort was wasted diplomacy. Mrs. Plank directed the servant who answered the telephone to state that she did not know anybody by the name of Clarence, and that if she did know any such loathsome person she wouldn't talk to him.

The surgeon hung up the receiver, breaking off a small piece of rubber, climbed back into his chariot and went on into town at thirty-seven miles an hour, being twice arrested, once for speeding and once for removing a gentleman's fender. He spent a furious night at his club, a social pariah, a man without a country, home, wife or friend; and as he sat gloomily on the side of his hard club bed, pulling off his socks, he determined to shoot George Butler in the morning and tell the police it was an accident.

The next day was Saturday. At a late hour Clarence made a flying visit to his hospital, interviewed the head nurse, whom he left in tears, and repaired unhappily to the Mayfair Country Club, where the usual large week-end crowd was at hand. When George Butler appeared, Clarence scowled at him and continued to change his garments.

Members who were present that morning swear that they never beheld the surgeon in a worse mood. He snarled at several old friends, ate his luncheon off in a corner by himself and refused to shake dice. When the matches were arranged for the afternoon, the doctor found himself at the starting tee with George Butler, David Hone and William Earl, a club foursome that has fought many a battle and is a sort of fixture. Clarence led off, intending to play a practice round and discover if possible what had ailed him the day before at Green Hills.

In this he was unsuccessful, for his game was as sour as ever. David Hone had come out from under his cloud and was again hitting the ball with his usual skill. Immediately the surgeon began his famous groaning, begging the powers that be to look at him in his misery and ill luck.

"You have no bad luck," said George. "You're just a terrible golfer."

Fuming and perspiring, Clarence fought his way as far as the seventh green, with everything going wrong. He was on the seventh in two shots, with a ten-foot putt for a 3, which, if he had made it, would have given him one under par on the hole and cast a ray of sunshine into his sodden life. He studied the putt with profound concentration, slapped the little ball gently and it rolled. It continued to roll. The green was hard and smooth. Passing by the cup at a distance of one inch, it seemed to gather gentle speed, and the doctor looked at it in frozen horror. When it finally stopped it was six or seven feet beyond the little tin can and the medical man walked to it without saying a word to any living soul. George Butler giggled silently and waved his hand in a gesture of scorn.

Clarence studied the return putt briefly. He putted and again missed, taking a 5. He turned instantly, and with a bad word he hurled his putter into the afternoon air, and I may say that Doctor Plank uses a steel-shaft putter with a heavy head.

Being totally blinded by rage, he looked not upon the order of his hurling and the flying club went straight to its mark. Its mark was David Hone, who had paused to light a cigarette and was not even looking at the tragedy. The putter struck him on the top of the head and he dropped as if he had been shot through the heart. When George Butler bent over him he was unconscious. George felt for his heart and looked up at his business associate.

"Well, doctor," he said, "you have probably killed this man."

A trifle white about the mouth, Clarence examined the wound, rose up and howled for somebody to get him an ambulance, two motor cars, three nurses and a bottle of chloroform. Caddies began running swiftly. News spread throughout Mayfair that Clarence Plank had finally killed his man.

They rushed David to the pink hospital, laid him out and decided to operate immediately; and because Messrs. Plank and Butler are real aces, a human life was saved to golf. David did not die. In fact, he recovered with a rapidity that everyone said was unusual, and once again he found himself back in the old steamer chair, basking in the sun and watching the ambulance come and go.

But there was a change. Whether it was caused by the flying putter, no man can say, but the fact remains that something had wiped the merriment off Dave's tanned countenance. He sat solemnly in his steamer chair, looking around at the world and asking for no book of jokes. When he started to talk again he related no anecdotes, but merely complained about the food, and there was in his voice the old note of sarcasm. The days of the laughing pro were over. They have never returned.

Doctor Plank telephoned to Nell Dunbar.

"I'll come," she said.

"You'll be surprised," answered the doctor.

Later on, George and Clarence stood shoulder to shoulder, gazing toward a veranda containing a steamer chair. Beside it sat Nell Dunbar, sweeter than ever, and in it rested the convalescent. Nell was holding his hand and looking at him intently.

"Well, doctor," said Clarence, "that seems to look all right, doesn't it?"

"Yes," said George.

"I presume," the other continued, "that you will be able to leave the man alone from now on?"

"Without a doubt."

"He may never laugh again, and if he doesn't, that will suit everybody, including Nell and me."

George nodded thoughtfully.

"Of course," Clarence added, "I shall never throw another club."

"I sincerely hope so."

"Unless ——" said the reformed golfer.

"Unless what?"

"—— unless you lay a hand on Dave. In that case I shall throw just one more putter, and when I get through throwing, you will be beyond helping anybody."

They shook hands in the quiet hospital room and went out to see if you can take sixty-seven gallstones away from an adult voter without affecting his vote.

Moonlight on Lake Worth, at Palm Beach, Florida

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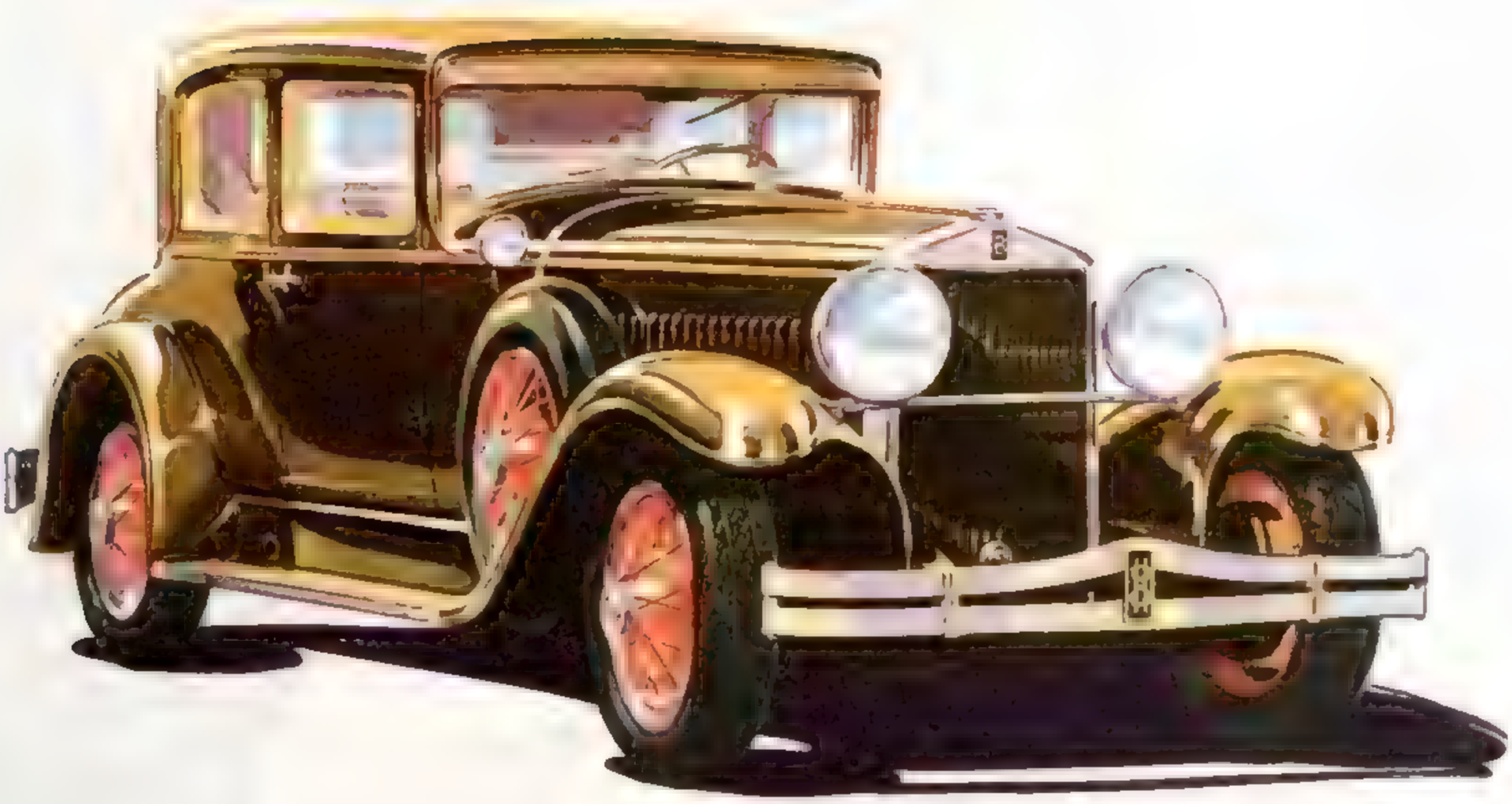

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All the advanced engineering features, the refinements and luxury of the new Century Eight are also to be found in the Century 125 Eight.

HUPP MOTOR CAR CORPORATION
DETROIT, MICHIGAN

THE AMERICAN STAKE IN CANADA

(Continued from Page 15)

Gatun Dam in the Panama Canal Zone and the one above the Gouin Dam on the St. Maurice River in Quebec are more extensive.

The Gatineau Power Company has entered into what is undoubtedly one of the largest power contracts ever signed, having engaged itself to supply the Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario a minimum of 260,000 horse power for consumption in Toronto and elsewhere in Ontario. Again you have a superlative, because this energy will flow over the largest transmission line on the continent. It is 230 miles in length.

Redistribution in Ontario will be easy, because the Hydro Electric Power Commission owns large hydroelectric plants at Niagara Falls and has a comprehensive supply system for the greater part of Ontario. In addition to Toronto, it supplies Hamilton, Windsor and London. The Gatineau Power Company will construct high-tension lines to interconnect the Paugan, Chelsea and Farmers plants and to transmit the power to the Ottawa River, the boundary between Quebec and Ontario, where connection will be made with a high-tension line which the Hydro Electric Power Commission will construct directly through to the Toronto district.

Among the huge industrial concerns to be served by the Gatineau Power Company is the Canada Cement Company, which owns twelve cement plants situated at various strategic points throughout the Dominion, with a combined capacity of 12,000,000 barrels a year. One of the largest units will be linked to the Gatineau project.

The International Paper Company also is building a power plant at Grand Falls, on the St. John River, in New Brunswick, which will be the largest power plant in the Maritime Provinces. The provision here is for 80,000 horse power. This venture is owned by the St. John River Power Company, a subsidiary of the International.

The New Brunswick enterprise will do more than bridle the power of the St. John River. It will give the Province of New Brunswick a rebirth of prosperity. For many years the lumber industry was one of the mainstays of the region. The opening of the Panama Canal, however, enabled lumber to be brought in cheaply from the Pacific Coast, forcing a number of mills in Eastern Canada to shut down. The erection of the power plant now makes development of timber resources feasible in order to supply pulp for paper mills.

Silk Stockings and Newspapers

The Gatineau and kindred undertakings, imposing as they are, comprise only one link in the Canadian scheme. They were essential because the International had to have power before it could produce paper. The paper manufacturing aspect is on a similar scale in magnitude.

The Canadian International Paper Company, owned entirely by the International, and an outstanding industrial corporation of the Dominion, operates three plants. The first one, completed in 1927, is solely for newsprint and is located on the Ottawa River, just below the mouth of the Gatineau. It has a capacity of 600 tons a day, with provision and wood supply for further expansion. The company owns 7100 square miles, or more than 4,500,000 acres, of timber licenses on the Gatineau River, all in a single block.

The Three Rivers mill, located at the junction of the St. Maurice and St. Lawrence rivers, turns out 700 tons of paper a day. One of the outstanding features is that every application of power is electrical. Not only does the St. Maurice River bring pulp wood from the company's forests and provide the power that runs the plant but it also supplies a large amount of fresh water necessary for operation. From such details as these you can readily understand why Canada attracts more and more industries every year.

The third plant is the Kipawa, on the Ottawa River at Timiskaming, Quebec, 230 miles from the dominion capital. It was one of the various Riordon properties taken over by the International in 1925. At that time its production was 165 tons of high-grade pulp a day. This has been practically doubled.

The Kipawa mill produces about half the world's supply of pulp employed for the making of rayon, or artificial silk. At this juncture, a brief technical explanation is in order. The sulphite pulp that goes into the manufacture of newsprint is the same basic material as the sulphite pulp used in the manufacture of rayon. There is, of course, a tremendous difference in the quality. The newsprint sulphite is a very rough product compared to the rayon cellulose sulphite, which is difficult to make and requires the highest possible technical control.

This output of pulp and paper consumes more than 1,000,000 cords of wood a year. Hence the problem of procuring and maintaining a perpetual supply of timber is a vital one. The 18,000,000 acres of forest limits now held by the International and its subsidiaries guarantee an unfailing source of raw material.

Pulp, Paper and Development

At first glance you would imagine that the stupendous consumption I have just indicated means ruthless devastation of forests. Such, however, is not the case. The International follows a policy of conservation well worth emphasizing. When pulp wood is lumbered the trees are cut to a diameter limit of from ten to twelve inches, leaving all trees of smaller girth and the younger growth untouched. This opens up the forests to more sunlight and air. With the matured trees removed, the annual growth of those left is enhanced. Forestry experts agree that in a timberland tract operated this way the annual increment is about 4 per cent, or almost enough to supply the mills of the company.

One final and important detail will serve to round out this necessarily brief summary of a great American enterprise in Canada. The project represents the highest possible international coöperation. On the board of directors of the Canadian International Paper Company are some of the most conspicuous public men in Canada. They include lawyers of the type of the Hon. Sir Louis Gouin, former premier of Quebec; the Hon. Raoul Dandurand and George H. Montgomery of Montreal; capitalists such as Edward R. Wood of Toronto, and John W. McConnell and the Hon. Donat Raymond of Montreal; and a newspaper publisher and member of the dominion senate like the Hon. Smeaton White of Montreal. Every political interest as well as the British and French-Canadian lines are represented.

The International has no monopoly on paper making so far as the American end is concerned. There is the Spruce Falls Power and Paper Company, Ltd., in which the New York Times has a half interest. The corner stone of the huge plant at Kapuskasing, Ontario, which represents an investment of $25,000,000 and will have a capacity of 550 tons of newsprint a day, was laid by Premier Ferguson, of the Province of Ontario, last September. The Times will absorb the entire newsprint production.

Here, as elsewhere in the Dominion, pulp and paper mean big development. Before the Spruce Falls Power and Paper Company came in, the site of Kapuskasing was almost primeval spruce forest. A trainload of interned enemy aliens made the first clearing during the World War. Capital and enterprise are now making the area teem with life. About 4000 people live in the town, and the 90,000 horse power which will be generated from the Mattagami River will attract more industries.

Another kindred enterprise is embodied in the subsidiaries of the Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company, which are the Fort Frances Paper Mills, Ltd., at Fort Frances; the Kenora Paper Company, Ltd., at Kenora; and the Great Lakes Paper Company, Ltd., at Fort William. These three mills, all located in Ontario, have a total daily output of 875 tons of newsprint. The parent company, whose headquarters are at Minneapolis, operates its own railway and an international bridge across the Rainy River. The dominating personality is E. W. Backus, one of the pioneers in American paper manufacture in Canada.

American-owned paper companies have also invaded the British Columbia field. The Powell River Company, Ltd., operates at Powell River, and the Pacific Mills, Ltd., has a plant at Ocean Falls. The total output of these two enterprises is 715 tons a day.

These pulp-and-paper projects represent only a phase of our activity in Canada. Let us turn to another and equally ambitious enterprise which links a vast power project with the romance of aluminum.

To get the setting for what is a real drama of development you must go to the Saguenay River, which joins the St. Lawrence with Lake St. John. Many American tourists know this famous stream as a place to loaf and fish, because the region has become a well-known spring and summer resort. The early soldiers and priests who explored the Canadian wilds knew it in less congenial circumstances. The Indians called the Saguenay the "deep and mysterious river." Its frowning cliffs, vast gorges and swirling rapids made it beautiful as well as terrible. It came to be known as the untamed river.

For years the Saguenay area was the seat of a considerable lumber industry. Originally it was exploited by William Price, an Englishman. His descendants became so conspicuous in lumbering that the region was popularly known by their name. Every activity radiated from the Prices.

Timber exploitation naturally led to the production of pulp and paper. No power, however, was derived from the Saguenay, because of the hazard that the waters embodied. Its damming was regarded as an almost impossible feat. Money and courage, however, turned the trick.

Most Americans associate the late James B. Duke with tobacco, in which he was preëminent. His vision, however, comprehended many things, and one was the harnessing of the Saguenay. He saw it as an opportunity to develop a superpower which could be girded up to varied industries. He therefore engaged the best engineering skill available and set to work to make the Saguenay useful as well as ornamental.

A Once Precious Metal

How this task was accomplished in the face of almost insuperable handicaps—the engineers had to fight bitter cold as well as raging waters—is no part of this story. What concerns us is that as a result of the combination of Duke's support and encouragement and the leadership of F. H. Cothran, the chief engineer, the Saguenay will eventually disgorge 1,400,000 horse power. At the present time this is in two projects, both located on the Saguenay. Some of this power, by the way, will feed the network of power lines owned by the Shawinigan Water and Power Company and help to supply the power requirements of the city of Quebec and perhaps a hundred other cities, towns and industrial establishments within the Province of Quebec.

When Duke died the estate was so large that some of the properties had to be sold to realize the huge inheritance tax. One of the projects thus disposed of was part of the Saguenay power. This brings us to what is in many respects the most individual of the American undertakings in Canada. A brief approach is necessary.

Aluminum has entered so intimately into our daily life that few realize how comparatively recent is its introduction. This silver-white metal, familiar to everyone, which is used in the manufacture of aircraft, automobile bodies, furniture and in a hundred other different ways, was unknown to wide popular use as recently as the late '80's. One reason lay in the fact that the only source of raw material—that is, the base—is the ore known as bauxite, found in commercial quantities in France, South America, Asia and Africa. The bulk consumed in the United States and Canada, however, comes from British and Dutch Guiana. It is also available on a much smaller scale in Georgia, Alabama, Arkansas and Tennessee.

The first individual to extract aluminum was a German chemist named Wöhler in 1827. Fourteen years later a Frenchman produced enough metallic aluminum to determine its use and characteristics. The cost, however, was so great that it could be employed only in jewelry. Aluminum became the objective of scientific research the world over. It remained for a young American, Charles Martin Hall, to give aluminum to the world as a practical commodity. He made the discovery while a student at Oberlin College, Oberlin, Ohio, when he was only twenty-two years old, and got the basic patent in 1889.

A Town in the North Woods

Firm in his faith that he had a big thing, Hall attracted two other young men to him. They were Alfred E. Hunt and Arthur Vining Davis. The latter had graduated from Amherst and was an old friend of Hunt. This trio became the pioneers of the aluminum industry. They converted a laboratory metal into one of the most important assets of contemporary everyday use, reduced the price of aluminum from eight dollars to twenty-five cents a pound, and made its employment practically a necessity in civilized life.

Their first capital was a bare $20,000. From it has sprung the Aluminum Company of America, whose investment is in excess of $150,000,000 in the United States alone. The fifteen plants employ considerably more than 30,000 people.

With aluminum, as with every other great industry, cheap power is an essential. When part of the Duke project on the Saguenay became available in 1925, the Aluminum Company of America acquired a slice of it. Buying the power was one thing. It was quite another to manufacture aluminum products on the remote bank of a river far up in the Province of Quebec. The company had a rolling mill and foundry in Toronto, but this was a long way off.

It was decided to create a whole new community in the wilds, a few miles downstream from the power station at Chute à Caron, one of the Duke plants. Accordingly, the city of Arvida—it gets its name from the first two letters in each of Davis' three names—was laid out. Davis succeeded Hunt as president. What was open farm land three years ago is now a town of 7500 people. It will be expanded to meet the requirements of 50,000. The first unit of the aluminum plant is in operation, being driven by 100,000 horse power.

Arvida is planned as the model city of Canada. Unlike most other communities, it will not have to pass through long years of gradual development from a straggling start. Like a municipal Topsy, it will "just grow" full-fledged. Landscape gardening, sanitary research and the last word in housing are being capitalized to the highest degree. A cathedral, schools, hospitals, clubs, golf courses and a civic center

(Continued on Page 77)

Illustration painted from authoritative governmental photographs

THE RISE OF PREVENTIVE MEDICINE

Only a few months ago the Mississippi River overflowed its banks. And, seeking refuge from its swollen, yellow waters, millions of men, women and children were thrown together, homeless, helpless, often starving—subsisting for a period under the most primitive conditions.

Fifty years ago, disease would have flared up inevitably. Contagious diseases, spreading through the camps of refugees, would soon have threatened the entire country. Then the Mississippi disaster, dreadful as it already was, would have assumed terrifying proportions under the grim shadow of pestilence.

But instead, from every part of the country, by automobile and train and airplane, vaccine and antitoxins in tiny, precious vials came to the flooded regions. Organized bands worked day and night, inoculating, vaccinating, applying all the available knowledge of preventive medicine to avert the peril of contagion. And their labor was successful. At no time was there danger of disease ever spreading beyond the stricken area!

The rise of preventive medicine has been swift indeed. Two generations have not gone by since Pasteur proved to the world that it was within the power of man to conquer contagious disease. And already typhoid, yellow fever, cholera, diphtheria, smallpox, scarlet fever—many of our worst enemies have been mastered.

More important still, we are no longer satisfied merely to fight diseases. We are learning to guard against their ever appearing among us by making ourselves immune to their attacks.

In this work of prevention, E. R. Squibb & Sons have always been recognized as important factors. The work of the Squibb Laboratories in furnishing dependable serums and antitoxins during such emergencies as the Mississippi disaster was in line with a tradition built by almost seventy-five years of active co-operation with the medical profession in its struggle against disease.

During these years physicians have come to rely more and more upon the purity and reliability of Squibb Products. They have found that everything under the Squibb label is always of unquestionable trustworthiness. For the purest materials go into Squibb Products. Science, skill and care are used in their manufacture.

Thus Squibb vaccines and antitoxins have given the medical profession dependable means for prevention of infectious diseases.

Similarly, the familiar Squibb Household Products such as Bicarbonate of Soda, Epsom Salt, Milk of Magnesia, Castor Oil, Cod-Liver Oil, etc., have given thousands of homes reliable means with which to meet the minor emergencies that often arise in every-day life.

The "Priceless Ingredient" of every product is the honor and integrity of its maker. © 1928

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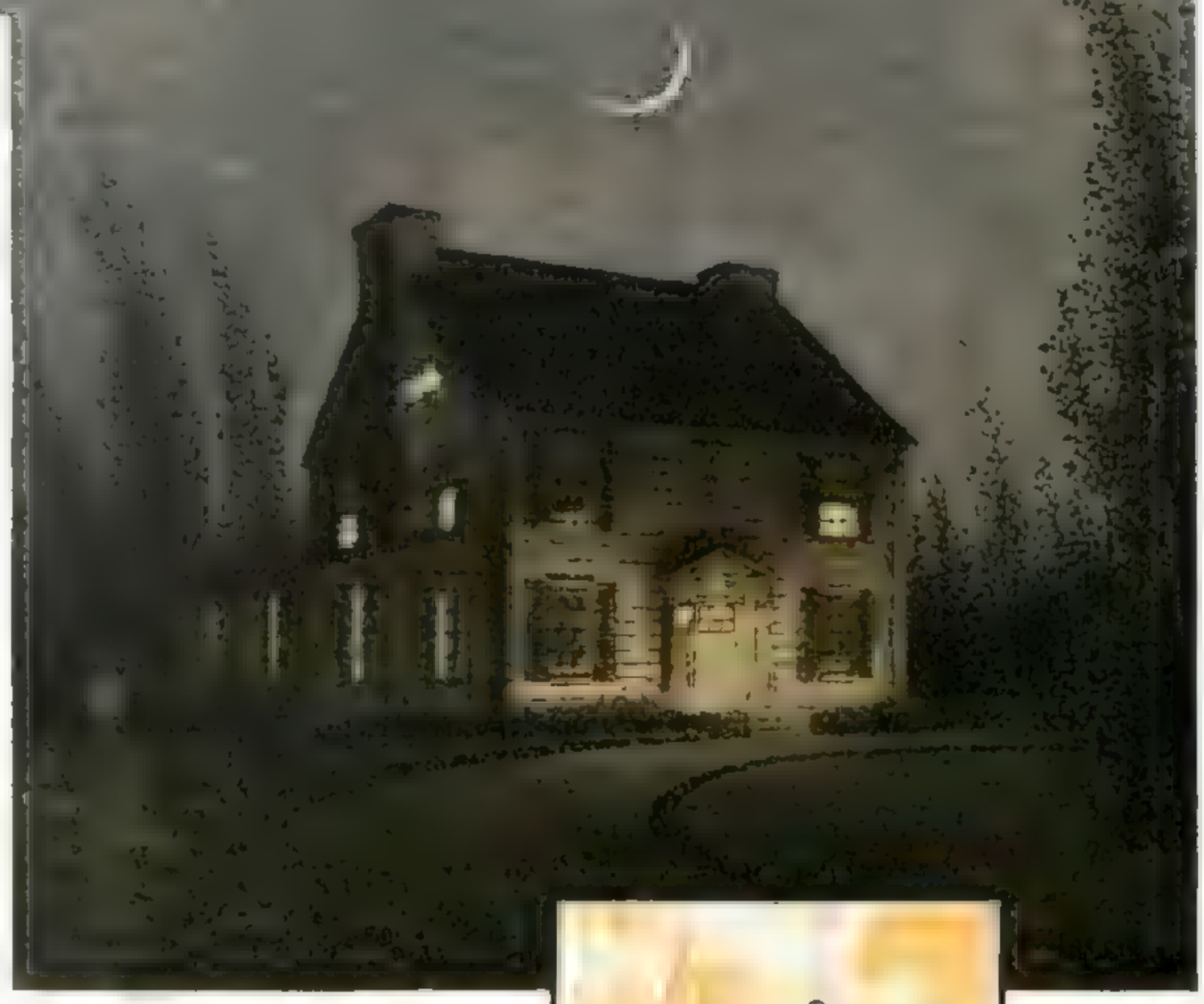

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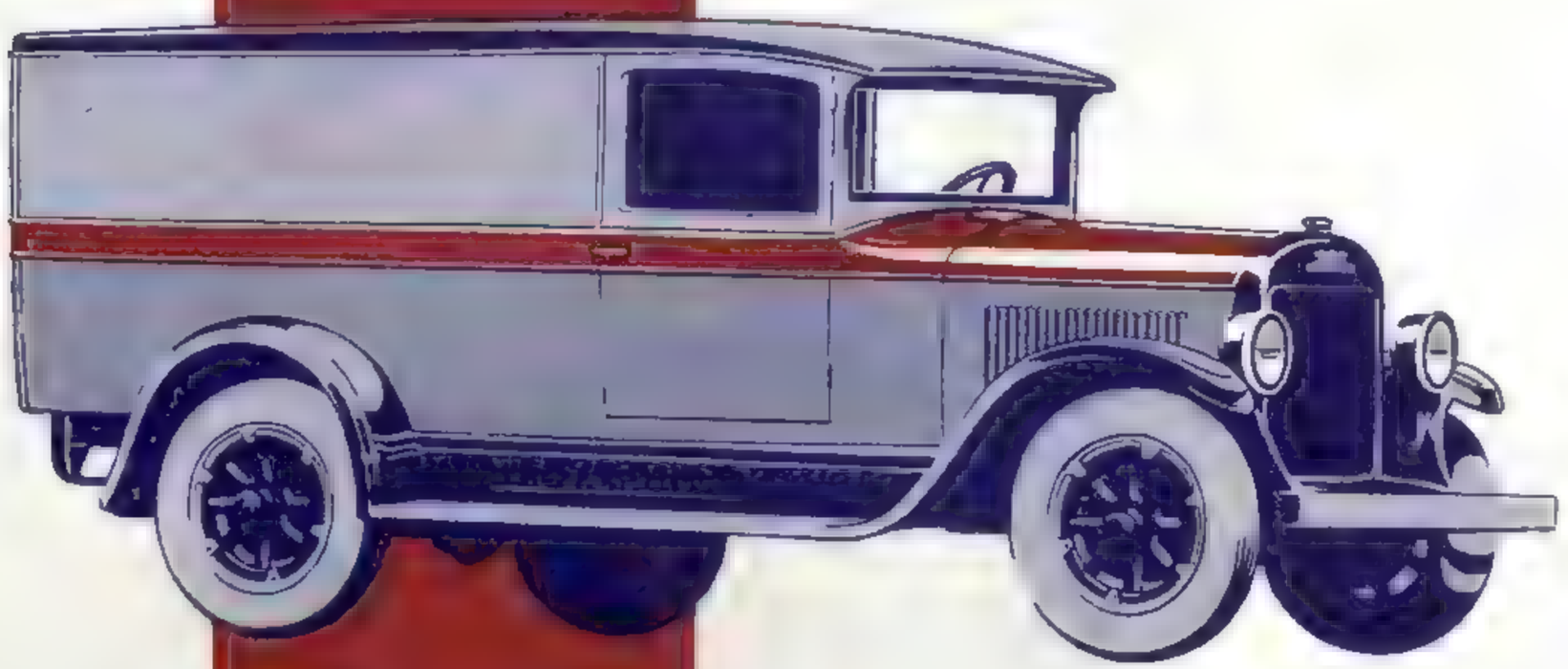
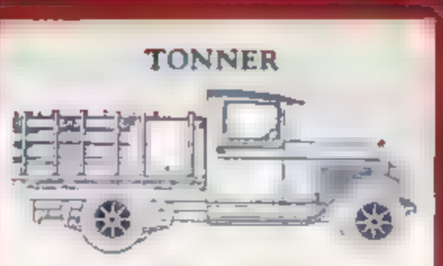


That 1-ton loads may ride more swiftly and more cheaply



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Coupe Comfort
Irreversible steering gear
Single plate clutch
Automatic chassis lubrication (Myers Patent)
Fully equipped throughout

GEARED to the gaits of modern passenger car traffic—that's the new TONNER, the most recent addition to the Speed Wagon line.

For the TONNER is a Six—like all the other Speed Wagons—and it is equipped with 4-wheel brakes, that its trips may be quicker and safer whether the route lies across a county or through the thickest of downtown congestion.

Reo has built this Speed Wagon TONNER to help merchants meet the new competition and the new conditions of traffic and of distribution, to aid them in energizing and vitalizing their businesses in that all-important matter of contact with customers, to assure "impressional deliveries."

Try a TONNER yourself—or ask your best driver to put the TONNER through its paces. There is one waiting for you at your Reo dealer's. See the complete Speed Wagon line with a range of capacities from 1000 pounds to three tons, and a variety of wheelbases.

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

The TONNER SPEED WAGON

for faster, surer, easier, cheaper hauling

(Continued from Page 72)

are part of the program. The total investment will be considerably more than $100,000,000. To operate this huge enterprise the Aluminum Company of Canada has been organized.

The vessels carrying the bauxite from various parts of the world come down the St. Lawrence and then go up the Saguenay to Ha Ha Bay, where the cargoes are transshipped on the company's railway to Arvida, twenty miles away. In connection with Ha Ha Bay is an interesting story. Many wonder how the name originated. According to the widely current legend the way of it was this:

The early *voyageurs* and trappers who first paddled up the Saguenay encountered a large body of water that flowed into the stream. They invariably crossed it, expecting to arrive at the source of the river. Instead, after much effort, they found that they were in a harbor and had to return. Nature, to employ the slang phrase, gave them the merry ha-ha.

No one will be surprised to learn that in Canada, as in South America, we lead in automobile output. Of the 185,000 motor cars produced in Canada last year, approximately 99 per cent were standard American makes. To a greater degree than obtains with any other product, the automobile manufacture is merged into the Canadian scheme of things. The Ford concern is typical. Most people assume that the vast establishment in Ontario is just a branch of the parent company at Detroit. This is not the case, as a brief history of the institution will show.

In 1904, when Henry Ford began to turn out low-price light cars, a group of Canadian business men obtained concessions for the manufacture and sale of Ford products in their country and the whole of the British Empire, with the exception of the British Isles. The Ford Company of Canada was organized under the laws of Ontario and later reincorporated under a dominion charter. The original plant was a two-and-a-half-story brick structure with only 34,000 feet of floor space. Today the Ford Motor Company of Canada operates, at Ford, Ontario, what is considered the largest automobile plant under the British flag. In it the Ford product is completely manufactured by British workmen from British raw materials. The daily capacity is 500 motor vehicles. Up to the end of last year the company had produced more than 700,000 cars. While all the parts are manufactured at Ford, the cars and trucks for Eastern Ontario are assembled at Toronto, those for Quebec at Montreal, while the product of Western Canada is put together at Winnipeg.

The Automobile Industry

More romantic in background is the story of the General Motors of Canada, Ltd. Sixty years ago a young Scotch farmer named Robert McLaughlin built his first buggy in a barn at Enniskillen, Ontario, thus laying the foundation of the McLaughlin Carriage Company, the predecessor of General Motors in the Dominion. In this evolution you have the identical transition which marked the development of the automobile in the United States. W. C. Durant, for example, was originally a carriage manufacturer.

It was not until 1907, however, that the McLaughlin Carriage Company turned its attention to automobiles. In that year McLaughlin and his two sons made a fifteen-year contract with the Buick Motor Company to manufacture Buicks in Canada. This was followed by a similar arrangement with the Chevrolet Company in 1915. Four years later the McLaughlins sold their entire holdings to the General Motors Corporation, and the General Motors of Canada came into being. It has become one of the largest industries beyond our northern border. The huge plant at Oshawa, Ontario, is a model of its kind and can turn out 500 cars every twenty-four hours.

The policy of General Motors, when establishing a division in a foreign country, is to make it as nearly local as possible, with the result that more than 98 per cent of the employes at Oshawa are British. The purchase of raw materials and parts in Canada also has been encouraged. In 1927 the company bought locally materials valued at $27,000,000.

Though the Ford and General Motors make by far the largest output, various other American cars are made or assembled in their own plants in Canada. They include the Studebaker, Willys-Knight, Durant, Dodge and Chrysler. The Fisher Body Company also is represented.

On a kindred scale is American-owned tire and other rubber production. In 1909 the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company extended its manufacturing activities to Canada with the purchase of a small factory at Bowmanville, Ontario, about forty miles east of Toronto. In 1917 the tire processing was transferred to a modern factory at Toronto. The original establishment, however, was continued at Bowmanville, where solid tires, belting, rubber heels and hose are still made. These two institutions are operated by the Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company of Canada, Ltd., a subsidiary of the Goodyear Rubber Company of Akron. It has become the largest manufacturer of tires and tubes in Canada, having a capacity of 8500 tires, 10,000 tubes and 60,000 pairs of heels a day. In 1926 the Canadian company acquired the St. Hyacinthe Textile Mills, at St. Hyacinthe, Quebec. The 20,000 spindles there now make a substantial proportion of the requirements in tire fabric.

Hidden Wealth

The Goodyear operations in Canada emphasize anew the value of the branch factory. Due to tariff and shipping conditions they supply a substantial portion of the company's export business. The organization has branches or sales representation in practically every civilized country except Russia.

Since the backbone of Canadian wealth is agriculture, the Dominion has long been an important field for the International Harvester Company. Its operations, both in manufacturing and sales, are carried on through a subsidiary—the International Harvester Company of Canada, Ltd.—which owns three factories. The products, as well as farm implements and motor trucks produced in the United States, are distributed through twenty branch houses, scattered from New Brunswick to British Columbia.

The three factories are the Chatham works at Chatham, Ontario, nearly sixteen acres in extent, which manufacture speed trucks, wagons and sleighs; the Hamilton works at Hamilton, Ontario, with 180 acres, where the output is harvesting machines, seeding machines, tillage implements, plows and threshers; and the Hamilton Twine Mill, at Hamilton, Ontario, the binder-twine plant.

Although the Chatham works were not acquired until 1910, the International Harvester products had been well established in Canada for a long time previous. The pioneer Canadian outpost of the old McCormick company was launched at Winnipeg in 1887, and the first tractor ever used in Western Canada was bought there by a Manitoba farmer a few years later.

The extent to which American agricultural implements are used in Canada is strikingly revealed by the statistics. In 1925 the Dominion, which is a considerable producer itself, accounted for farm machinery worth $26,000,000 and imported from the United States implements to the value of $14,000,000. In 1926 the Canadian output remained the same, while imports from us rose to $21,840,900. The proportion remained practically the same last year.

In addition to manufacturing and distributing activities, the company has introduced in Canada the system of agricultural extension which it has carried on throughout the United States since 1911. The purpose is to furnish practical information and advice to farmers with regard to agricultural methods and problems, and the work is conducted on a strictly noncommercial basis.

An important part of the system is the operation of demonstration farms where the principles and methods advocated by the company's agricultural-extension department's experts are put into actual practice. These farms are not show places in any sense. They are equipped with labor-saving machinery and are expected to pay their own way. There is the same regard for economy that would be observed by any prudent farmer. Two such farms have been opened up, one at Oak Lake, Manitoba, and the other at Gull Lake, Saskatchewan.

No domain anywhere is richer than Canada in resources. There are many who believe that eventually mineral wealth will supplant agriculture as the first asset in the dominion balance sheet.

What is known as the Pre-Cambrian Shield, which extends over Ontario, Manitoba, Saskatchewan and part of Alberta, covering approximately 60 per cent of Canada's mainland, is a vast treasure house containing nearly every known metal. Just what its possibilities are may be realized from past production in the two comparatively small spurs that jut into the United States.

One enters the states of Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota and includes the Lake Superior iron mines, which account for nearly 80 per cent of all the iron ore we use, and the rich Michigan copper deposits.

As in the early mining development of Nevada, Utah, Arizona and California, romance has studded the way in the Canadian mineral empire. The famous Cobalt silver area owed its beginning, for example, to the accidental discovery, by a blacksmith named LaRose, of a huge chunk of silver ore which he thought was lead. This was followed by the opening up of the LaRose mine. It in turn made possible the Hollinger gold mines, with their sixty-five miles of underground railway and 8000 employes. Americans own a share in the Hollinger properties as well as in the well-known Porcupine camp.

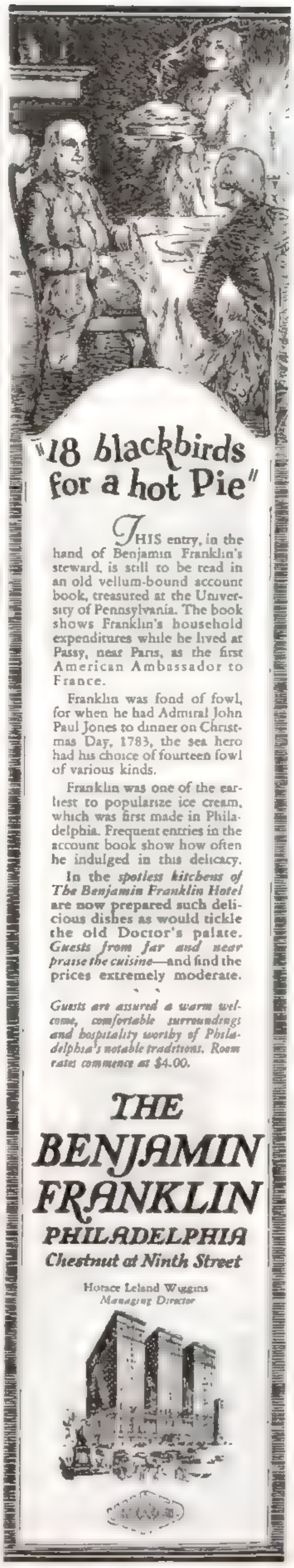
The latest, as well as one of the largest, American-financed operations is the underwriting of the Flin Flon copper, zinc and gold property in Northern Manitoba by a syndicate headed by Harry Payne Whitney, of New York. More than $20,000,000 is involved. In this area 20,000,000 tons of ore have been blocked out. The region is inaccessible and a railway is being built to connect it with the centers of distribution.

From the Stars

An older enterprise dominated by Americans is the Premier mine in British Columbia. Between 1922 and 1925 it was the largest single producer of silver in Canada, and still ranks second. It holds first place for gold in British Columbia. In 1919, the Premier, which was originally sold to a syndicate for $100,000, was acquired by the American Smelting and Refining Company for many times this amount.

Gold, silver and copper are familiar stories. Every schoolboy knows that their employment is almost as old as the universe itself. Of two minerals of comparatively recent wide use Canada provides the most extensive of known repositories. I refer to nickel and asbestos.

Nickel has undergone an evolution that joins ancient times with the present jazz era. It was first produced from nickel-bearing meteorites which fell many centuries ago in China, Persia and Northern Europe. The metal was then used for making swords. When the ore was discovered in Germany it resisted amalgamation to such an extent that the old superstitious metallurgists believed it to be bewitched by Satan. They therefore named it after Old Nick. Such is said to be the origin of the word "nickel."


"18 blackbirds for a hot Pie"
THIS entry, in the hand of Benjamin Franklin's steward, is still to be read in an old vellum-bound account book, treasured at the University of Pennsylvania. The book shows Franklin's household expenditures while he lived at Passy, near Paris, as the first American Ambassador to France.
Franklin was fond of fowl, for when he had Admiral John Paul Jones to dinner on Christmas Day, 1783, the sea hero had his choice of fourteen fowl of various kinds.
Franklin was one of the earliest to popularize ice cream, which was first made in Philadelphia. Frequent entries in the account book show how often he indulged in this delicacy.
In the spotless kitchens of The Benjamin Franklin Hotel are now prepared such delicious dishes as would tickle the old Doctor's palate. Guests from far and near praise the cuisine—and find the prices extremely moderate.
Guests are assured a warm welcome, comfortable surroundings and hospitality worthy of Philadelphia's notable traditions. Room rates commence at $4.00.
THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN
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Chestnut at Ninth Street
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Ansonia Squareclox tick off the night and wake you at the time you set.

Your dresser will be proud to wear this handsome clock. It tells honest time.

It's rather insistent about getting you up... but... that's one reason you'll buy it.

All made of brass ... honest brass, inside and outside. Three sizes.

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FINE **ANSONIA** ALARMS

SQUARE BOSS . . . Over 5 in. high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

SQUARE OWL . . . About 4 inches high, fine brass case, black faced, radium dial.

SQUARE RASCAL . . . Under 3 inches high, fine brass case, silverplated dial.

ANSONIA CLOCK CO., 12 East 41st St., New York. Check for $3.50 enclosed herewith for Squareclox indicated. (X the one you want.)

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Name

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Joseph Wharton, the great American ironmaster, first produced malleable pure nickel in 1865. It was not until the United States Navy ordered nickel-steel armor plate in 1891 that commercialization of the metal became possible. Today it figures in a varied capacity, ranging from coinage and nickel-plating of brass and steel products to automobile-radiator shells, hardware, domestic appliances and utensils.

Nickel was discovered in 1848 in the Sudbury District of Northern Ontario, which now produces 85 per cent of the world output. The region was a vast wilderness, and it was not until the railway came twenty-seven years later that exploitation began. What was believed to be a mountain of copper was first tapped by the Canadian Copper Company, whose founder was S. J. Ritchie, of Akron, Ohio.

Great difficulty was encountered in smelting the ore. It was then discovered that the trouble was due to the presence of nickel. The hitherto unknown quantity now became the master product. The International Nickel Company was organized by Americans and absorbed the Canadian Copper interests.

International Nickel now leads the world in production, because it owns the Creighton mine, the biggest single source of supply, set in the heart of the Sudbury range. It operates a mine and smelter at Copper Cliff. The company holds all the land on which this town of 4000 persons is built—another evidence of how big industry starts up communities. The nickel refinery, located at Port Colborne, is driven by Niagara power.

No less diverting is the story of asbestos, which was born in the volcanic furnaces of the earth's creation and formed under the tremendous pressure that was set up when the crust of this old world of ours began to cool. The curious fact is that asbestos lay hidden through all the ages undisturbed by the forces of rot or decay. This is one reason why it has become so valuable in commerce as a heat resistant.

The use of asbestos in a small way dates back to Biblical times. In this respect it is a full brother to crude petroleum. Like oil, its commercialization is recent. The ancient Egyptians used asbestos fiber with which to wrap their mummies. In light of modern employment of asbestos, this might have been a precaution against the eternal fires.

It was not until 1870 that asbestos emerged from a costly curio into an essential mineral. Even electricity did not have so swift a transformation. By 1910 a considerable commercial utilization had been found. Today asbestos goes into a great number of products that include packings, insulations, roofing, clothing, paper, textiles, building materials, cements and fire-fighting equipment.

A Gusher Expires

In view of the widespread ignorance about the source of asbestos, it may be well to say that it is obtained from rock mined by the open-pit method. The asbestos fiber is part of the rock. To get one ton of asbestos it is necessary to blast, mine and mill fifteen tons of the ore. Shaking screens and air suction are employed to separate the soft silky fiber from the worthless rock. The fiber is then refined and shipped in bags to the factories.

Canada provides the major part of the asbestos supply, although it is also found in South Africa and Arizona. The biggest American operators in the Dominion are the Canadian Johns-Manville Company, a subsidiary of the Johns-Manville Company in the United States. Among its properties is a 500-acre asbestos mine near the town of Asbestos, in the Province of Quebec, where the concern also has a plant for manufacturing paper, shingles and pipe casings.

Other American companies operating asbestos mines in Canada are Keasbey & Mattison and the Philip Carey Manufacturing Company. There is also a 15 per cent American interest in the Asbestos Corporation of Canada, Ltd., a merger of twelve firms, with production in the Thetford district of Quebec.

Canadian oil has likewise been subject to American financial and executive influence. It marked the earliest entry of our capital into Canada in a big way. When the Pennsylvania oil fields were brought into production in the late 50's the excitement engendered by a new and promising source of wealth stimulated an oil consciousness beyond the northern border. Activities centered in Lambton County, Southwestern Ontario, where evidences of petroleum had long been familiar. A gusher that came forth in 1862 led some to believe that the Ontario fields were potentially richer than the Pennsylvania area. Time has fully discredited the expectation, however.

In 1880 a small but flourishing petroleum industry existed in the Lambton district. That year Imperial Oil, Ltd., was organized and became the foundation upon which the structure of one of Canada's greatest industries has been erected. It was not until 1897, when the old Standard Oil Company bought control, that real expansion began. Today the company does 90 per cent of all the refining in Canada and transacts about 70 per cent of all Canada's oil business. It has many large storage and distributing plants, harbor facilities, tank cars and a fleet of lake and ocean tankers.

Canada's Search for Oil

From inception, Imperial Oil has devoted itself to meeting the demand in Canada for refined oils and other petroleum products. This meant finding an adequate supply of raw material. Canada, like the United States, is an avid consumer of petroleum; but unlike the United States, she has so far failed to produce more than an inconsequential portion of her crude-oil requirements. About 98 per cent of the petroleum consumed in the Dominion is imported. A year's domestic production is absorbed in four days, and there is always the danger, real or fancied, of an embargo on United States oil.

It followed that in 1919 an energetic search for oil was instigated. Although drilling in the Turner Valley district in Southern Alberta met with a fair measure of success, it was obvious that much time must elapse before the domestic supply could meet the nation's needs. Accordingly a big program was launched in South America.

That Imperial Oil should now be so conspicuous in the South American field is due to the foresight of Walter C. Teagle, who became president of the company in 1914 and continued as chief executive until he was made head of the Standard of New Jersey in 1917. Under his stimulation, a subsidiary, the International Petroleum, Ltd., was organized to carry out the Latin-American program. G. Harrison Smith, an American of long oil experience and the lifelong friend and associate of Teagle, was selected as president of the International and still holds that post. In consequence, International Petroleum now dominates the oil business in Peru, Ecuador and Colombia. In the Peruvian field alone it has a production of 10,000,000 barrels a year. Operations in Colombia are through the Tropical Oil Company, a subsidiary, whose annual output since 1921 has grown from 66,480 to 14,800,000 barrels a year.

Structurally, Imperial Oil, Ltd., is a Canadian joint-stock company. At the time of its reorganization to come under control of the Standard of New Jersey, following dissolution of the old Standard trust, $40,000,000 of stock was issued, of which approximately 75 per cent was taken up by the New Jersey company. It was Teagle's idea, and it remains in force, to make the Imperial and International strictly Canadian concerns. As a result there is a large holding of securities in every province.

The officers of both companies are predominantly Canadian. Teagle was succeeded by the Hon. W. J. Hanna, one of Canada's outstanding lawyers and statesmen. On his death Charles O. Stillman took the helm of Imperial. Although born in Cleveland, he has long been identified with Canadian oil and became a British subject. Victor Ross, vice president of both organizations, graduated from star financial expert in Canadian journalism to assistant to Teagle in New York and later joined the Imperial. A. M. McQueen, in charge of production, served his apprenticeship in the Lambton fields. A further evidence of how Canadians dominate this enterprise is shown by the fact that the Hon. R. B. Bennett, the new Conservative leader, is on the board of the Imperial.

That Canada should have become the biggest outside market for our goods is all the more remarkable when you consider that they are subject to a higher rate of duty than any other imports into the Dominion. In this respect we are at a disadvantage in comparison with competing nations. Practically all the countries of the British commonwealth enjoy imperial preference. Both Belgium and France have lower tariff rates than the United States.

One reason for our supremacy is that industrial standards in Canada are primarily American. The readiness with which replacement parts can be obtained from the United States gives us a great advantage in the equipment line. Outside of the United States and the United Kingdom, the only manufacturing country participating in Canada's import trade to more than 2 per cent is France, which has an appreciable share of textiles, chinaware, leather gloves, soaps, perfumery and cosmetics. The United Kingdom is our principal competitor in iron, steel and tin plate. German cutlery also is a factor.

Finally there is what might be called our human contribution to the development of Canadian life and industry. The contact spans a long era. Two former Americans—Lord Shaughnessy, who emerged from Milwaukee, and Sir William C. Van Horne, once a citizen of Joliet, Illinois—were dominant factors in shaping the Canadian Pacific Railway.

Among the American-born conspicuous in public life today are Sir Henry W. Thornton, born at Logansport, Indiana, who is chairman of the board and president of the Canadian National Railways System; Hon. Pierre Basile Mignault, judge of the Supreme Court of Canada, a native of Worcester, Massachusetts; Sir George H. Perley, a former cabinet minister and Canadian High Commissioner in London during the World War, who comes from Lebanon, New Hampshire; and H. Milton Martin, Public Administrator of the Northwest Territories, whose birthplace was Clintonville, New York.

Canadian Man Power

In the field of industry are such outstanding figures as George H. McKee, a Pennsylvanian by birth, and George H. Millen from Glens Falls, New York, who are powers in pulp and paper; Daniel C. Durland, president of the Canadian General Electric Company, who hails from New York City; Paul J. Myler, president of Canadian Westinghouse, who first saw the light in Pittsburgh; Julian C. Smith, vice president and general manager of the Shawinigan Water and Power Company, an Elmira, New York, product; and Roy M. Wolvin, president of the British Empire Steel Corporation, originally from St. Clair, Michigan.

No less conspicuous in his domain is Dr. Charles Herbert Best, the biochemist, director of the Insulin Division of the Connaught Antitoxin Laboratories at the University of Toronto and the associate of Dr. F. G. Banting, the discoverer of insulin, which is used in the treatment of diabetes. He was born at West Pembroke, Maine.

Thus Canada and the United States represent the type of coöperation that makes for the highest amity.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Marcosson dealing with United States-Canadian relations. The next will be devoted to the Canadian stake within our confines.

SALMAGUNDI

The Social Side of Easter

Friendships grow brighter with Easter—the season of rejoicing—the time when thoughts for others spring naturally to mind. Remember your friends with Salmagundi—the chocolates that convey a message.

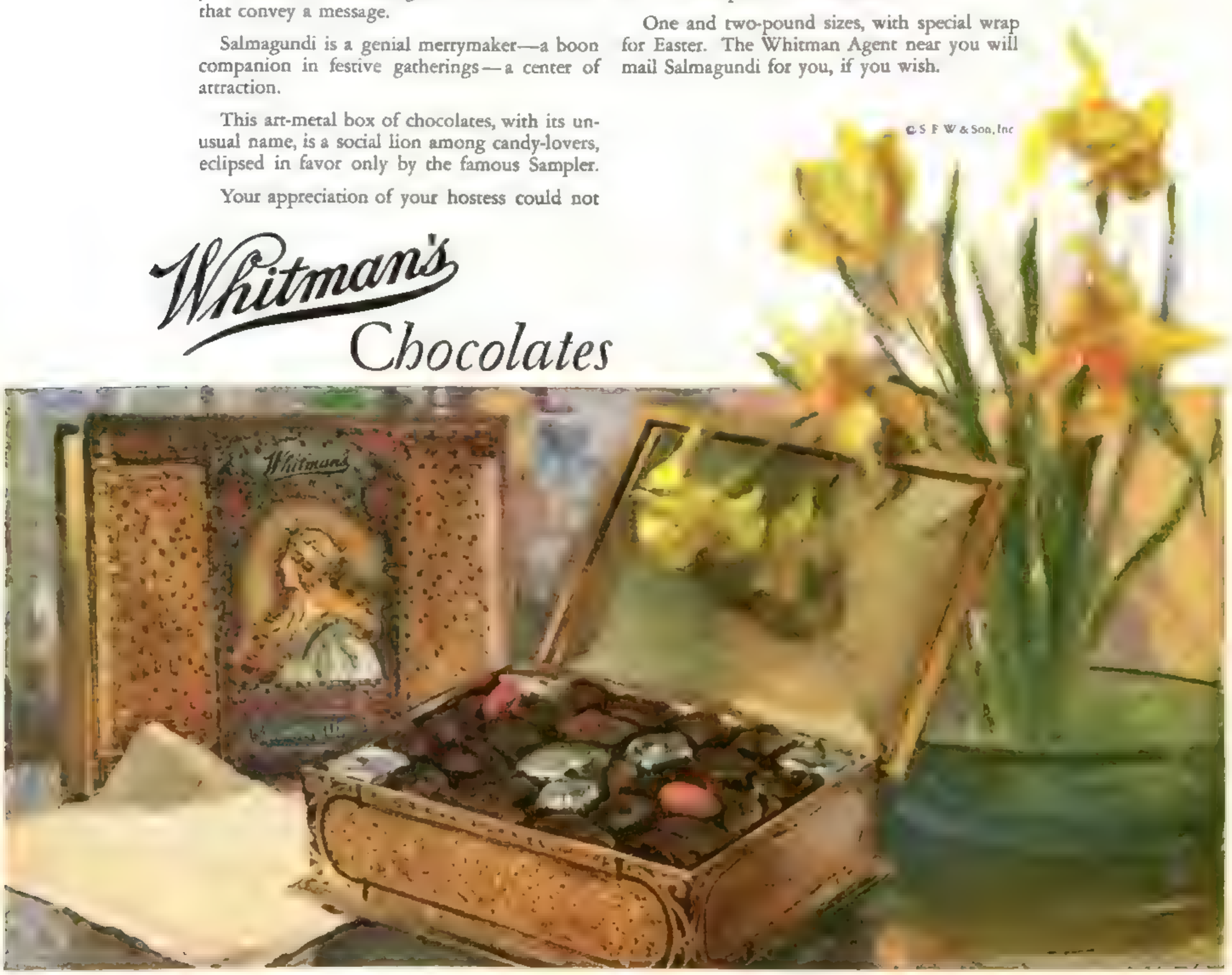
Salmagundi is a genial merrymaker—a boon companion in festive gatherings—a center of attraction.

This art-metal box of chocolates, with its unusual name, is a social lion among candy-lovers, eclipsed in favor only by the famous Sampler.

Your appreciation of your hostess could not be more gracefully expressed than with a gift of Salmagundi. And sending Salmagundi through the post, to a friend at a distance, is to bestow one of life's pleasant little thrills.

One and two-pound sizes, with special wrap for Easter. The Whitman Agent near you will mail Salmagundi for you, if you wish.

Whitman's Chocolates



SECOND CHOICE

(Continued from Page 27)

"Oh, my dear, it's much worse than that! She's announced her engagement to someone else."

"Really?"

"She let him come all that way, expecting to marry her. But you tell Val about it, Ned. You were down at the hotel with him. I expect he's drunk now. Ned was consoling him all afternoon."

"Well, you see," began Ned solemnly, "I met the poor old lad when I was overseas ——"

"Yes, but spare us your war experiences!" broke in his wife.

"I was only going to tell you," retorted Ned with hurt dignity, "that in those days Owen Mallory was quite a hero."

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I thought you were going to tell us about those days when you were a hero. But it doesn't matter which one it was. I can't bear heroes."

"Nor heroines either?"

She gave him a look of calm scorn.

"Really, Ned, that was rather clever. But go on, tell Val, skipping warfare."

"How can I skip warfare with you around? Honestly, Val, I don't blame you for not getting married."

"Thanks, Ned. That's very good of you. You're the only person in town who doesn't. But where did he meet Beth Randall?"

"Canteen. She was only a kid then, of course—1917. And I bet all the work she did you could put in a thimble. But she looked like an angel with that blue thing around her head—or a Madonna or something. He was passing through Midland on his way to camp. She handed him a ham sandwich at the railroad station and he fell right in love with her—like that. Found out who she was and got introduced, and pursued her ever after. Of course she was flattered. Older man—money. Her people jumped at him."

"Then why did she give him up?"

"More of the filthy, my girl—millions! She's going to marry old man Satterlee."

"What?"

"Oh, didn't you know?" cried Edith excitedly. "Didn't we tell you? My dear, just imagine! We forgot to tell Val!"

"But Mr. Satterlee is sixty seventy—how old is he, Ned?"

"A hundred—exactly. That's the point. That's why poor old Owen is drunk this minute."

"Girls who look like Madonnas are always terribly mercenary," remarked Edith. "Choose a good honest hatchet face if you want disinterested love."

"Yes, but then you can't enjoy it," Ned objected.

Edith shrugged her substantial shoulders.

"Well, I shan't waste the evening discussing love. It's far too unimportant. Call up the Selkirk and find out what's happened to Owen. If he isn't coming we shall have to get some other man for Val."

"Oh, please don't bother."

"My dear, your mother would never forgive me, making you dress up and everything. We must do something, now you're here. Besides, Ned couldn't stand an evening at home. Ned, what man could we scrape up for Val? It's getting more difficult every day."

"Speak for yourself," he retorted. "I can take care of Val. Why are you the only married woman in town who hasn't got a beau?"

Edith merely lifted her gaze heavenward by way of repartee and Ned left the room to telephone. When he came back his face was as tragic as is possible with pinky well-fed cheeks and round baby-blue eyes.

"Owen has killed himself!" he declared.

"Ned! No!"

"No!"

Valeria joined in the little cry and an icicle seemed to slide over her shoulders. Ned let his weight thud despondently into an easy-chair.

"That's only my guess," he explained. "Those idiots at the Selkirk just said he was out. But he's gone out to shoot himself, I feel sure."

"How vulgar of you, Ned, to invent dramas!" cried his wife. "Positively you're as sensational as a scrub woman. If Owen has left the hotel he is simply on his way here."

"I'm accustomed to abuse," replied Ned with dignity, "but you might at least wait to hear all the details. Owen left the hotel over an hour ago. Now then, what's become of him?"

Edith rose and tugged at a silk-embroidered bell pull.

"The subject of Owen Mallory is exhausted," she said, "as far as I'm concerned. I was willing to do what I could for him, though naturally I don't like people with broken hearts. But if he won't have it, well ——"

She paused for breath and to order her limousine.

"Val and I are going out to the club. You may stay here and weep over your friend if you like. But it's too utterly silly. He isn't a sophomore. And if he really wants to, there are loads of girls who will marry him."

"And you think it doesn't make any difference who it is?"

"Certainly not—not the slightest. Nor with anyone else either."

"Upon my word, Edith ——"

"It all comes to the same thing in the end."

"And what's that?"

"Irritation."

"Irritation?"

"Oh, don't pretend! You know very well that all the little ways that simply enchant you at first just end by being annoying. It's like a chemical—marriage—turning everything acid."

"Why don't you say a poison and be done with it?"

Ned looked sulky; for most men, no matter what their private opinion of matrimony, are shocked to hear a woman abuse it.

"Oh, it's the same with everyone," soothed Edith.

"Well, I am so glad you didn't mean anything personal."

Valeria, who had been listening to the discussion with more seriousness than either party to it thought was warranted, now asked if they had seen Lenormand's Failures.

"I always remember," she said, "'You kill your love or your love kills you.'"

Ned looked disapproving.

"If I find it's like that, I leave after the first act. You ought not to think about life in that way, old thing."

His wife's laughter struck the air like a harsh bell. Her maid was folding her into an ermine cloak.

"You ought not to think at all," said Edith, "if you want to go on living."

"A hot lot of cheer you'd have been!" Ned murmured, getting to his feet. He shot a look half dubious, half defiant at his wife. "Suppose we stop by Louise and Stan's and pick up anyone they've got there. It's always better to have a crowd, don't you think so?" he suggested. "And I could run Val out in my car."

Edith surveyed her husband and her guest comprehensively before she spoke. Then, in a tone of iced resignation:

"Certainly—if that's what you and Valeria wish."

Too irritated to protest, Valeria watched her hostess sail majestically out of the door.

"Don't mind the poor old girl," Ned comforted. "It's simply her nature to look on the dark side."

His wife's presence removed, he had bounced back with the resiliency of a spring to his normal delight in the world. He grasped Valeria's arm unnecessarily as he assisted her into his long, low roadster.

"Don't be amorous tonight, Ned. I'm depressed."

"But that's the very best cure," he declared with thorough conviction.

His attention, though, was necessarily diverted for a time by the intricacies of his own estate and the sharp turnings among the small hills which made up that desirable section of the town. But when they came out on the level road along the river Ned abruptly stopped his car and, quite without preamble, kissed his silent passenger.

To Val's surprise, the embrace was not unpleasant—rather, as she had been assured, comforting. Ned's shoulder and arm had an agreeable solidity. He was, as always, most beautifully groomed. His cheek was as smooth and fresh as a baby's, and smelled delightfully, though somewhat mysteriously, of lemons.

"Is that you, Ned," she murmured, her nose still pressed into his neck, "or just a marvelous new soap?"

"What?"

"Doesn't matter—nice."

"Kiss me again, Val."

She sat up.

"Oh, did I? I forgot about Edith."

"What shocking taste—to mention my wife!"

She laughed.

"That reminds me of the rudest thing that was ever said to me."

"What? But we don't want to talk."

"Yes, I must tell you, Ned. Listen! Once a man kissed me—oh, with quite a lot of fervor! And then —— Do listen, Ned! Right away—right then—he told me that he was really most happily married!"

"Bounder!" declared Ned.

"No, it was just funny. Awfully bad manners, of course. I didn't mind his happy marriage. I mean—I'm not a poacher, you know."

"Don't I know! I wish to —— No, I mean, honestly, Val, what's the harm? Of course I'm awfully fond of Edith, but ——"

"Look out, Ned, you'll be repeating the bounder."

"Kiss me, Val. Don't talk. Please kiss me. Look here! I said please. Now play fair. I want you to—terribly!"

"Even if I—even if I'm thinking about someone else all the time?"

"Oh, Lord! What a thing to say! But—well, yes. I don't care. I do care, but I'm crazy about you."

"Oh, no, you're not."

"I am. Yes, I am, Val. With all the rest it was just fooling. But now ——"

"Ned, you simply haven't got the face for tragedy. You look exactly like a little boy who's been told he must do without dessert."

"Darn you, Valeria Grove! You can say the rottenest things! I'm going to take you home."

"Do! Best place for both of us. I can't bear the idea of kissing my friends' husbands. Maybe if I didn't know Edith—never would see you again ——"

"What, Val? Tell me!"

"If you'll start the car."

"No, but tell me, Val. You said if you didn't know Edith, never would see me again —— Oh, Val, do you care about me just a little? Tell me what you meant."

"I simply meant," said Valeria in a slow, deliberate voice, "that I'm so utterly wretched, I'm so desperately miserable, I might love you—just as I'd jump off a roof."

"Well, that is absolutely the worst thing I ever had said to me in my whole life!" Ned gasped. "That ends it! I can stand a lot—they call me good-natured—but I won't stand being compared to suicide." Abruptly maltreated gears joined in his protest. "And I'll get hell from Edith too," Ned predicted.

But on reaching the club he found that Edith's attention was, at least for the moment, diverted. The usual midweekly dance was in progress, and in a smaller room which opened from the ballroom Edith had established herself at a table near the door with Louise and Stanley and their two guests, ostensibly to watch the dancing. But with the exception of Stan, who looked as fatigued and indifferent as usual, all of them were glancing obliquely, yet constantly, in another direction, while to the general air of lively though veiled curiosity Edith added a touch of triumph. And as Ned and Valeria approached ——

"There!" she said, vindicating with a slight gesture her own sound common sense. "I never saw anyone look less broken-hearted."

At a table against the wall a large man sat alone and noticeably upright. Smiling, and yet not smiling, like a great sleepy cat, with narrowed lips and almost closed eyelids—three horizontal lines in a square would have made an apt caricature of him. Toward the Seltzer bottle and glass on the table his hand never moved. And in his closed face the features were motionless. But now and then, through the shutters of his eyelids, there came a quick flash of blue, like a sudden glimpse of the sea in full sunlight.

All over the crowded room curious eyes and even more deliberate lorgnettes were directed toward him. All around, and unmistakably about him, there was a buzzing, as of wasps at fruit. Yet with the almost insulting composure of a tiger in his cage in the park, he endured the holiday he had himself provided.

Edith, who was experiencing the very human longing to poke a stick through the bars, turned her dissatisfaction upon her husband. "I thought you said he would shoot himself," she complained.

"All I hope is he doesn't shoot someone else."

"Nonsense!"

"I tell you," Ned declared with the air of an expert, "the poor old lad has gone down for the third time."

"He doesn't look the slightest bit submerged."

"Oh, but that's how it takes him—with the grand-ducal manner."

"He's as cold as a fish," objected Edith, "and in as little danger of drowning, either from liquids or love. What do you think, Val?"

But Valeria's gaze could not stop to interrogate the stranger. Passing over him as hurriedly as everyone else in the search that had occupied her ever since she entered the room, now, with a slight electric shock, her eyes found their magnet. Hugh was here, dancing with Madge Harcourt.

VI

WITH the grace of a trained seal—or so Valeria thought maliciously—Madge Harcourt moved in her partner's arms. The resemblance was increased by her frock of sleekly shining black velvet and the elastically good-natured way she had of turning the small head which made her plump body seem even larger.

"Honestly, that girl doesn't dance. She oozes," remarked Edith, who was always ready to place her critical talent at a friend's disposal. "How a man can hold her—especially in that slippery dress. Wouldn't you think even Mrs. Harcourt would know black panne velvet's middle-aged? And why can't she let the poor girl show a little bit of back or something? Doesn't she realize a fat girl's only chance is her skin?"

Confident in the charm of her own frock—green chiffon sprinkled with clear shining beads, like a spring tree covered with raindrops—Louise declared that Madge didn't need attractive clothes—or skin, either.

"Not in this case," she added with a significant nod toward Hugh.

Valeria felt a familiar contraction of the heart, but she had drilled her features to a hard composure.

(Continued on Page 84)

Too busy to keep well!

The medical profession admits frankly that a high percentage of ill health is due to a condition that might so easily be prevented

WE Americans, what a hurly-burly race we are! Getting up by the alarm clock; racing through our meals; hurrying from this appointment to that as though our lives depended on it.

Many of us never give a thought to our health until it has begun to decline. And as a result, millions of us are below par every day, due to a condition that in most cases might so easily have been prevented.

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Keep up the program faithfully for two weeks. You can vary it if you like by combining Post's Bran Flakes with fruits or berries, fresh or preserved. It also makes marvelous muffins and bran bread.

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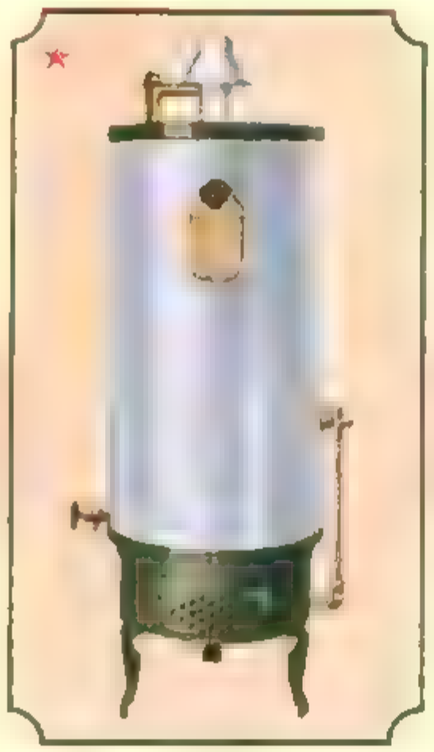

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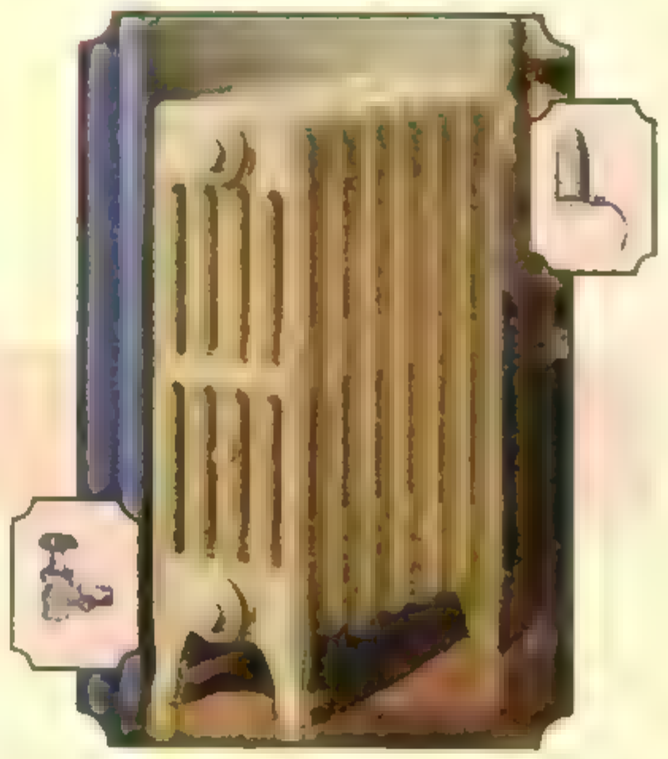

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   Machine-ground contact surfaces and sealing groove insure gas-tight construction.
7. Two-way smokehood
   Permits direct or elbow connection to chimney.
8. Angular grate bar construction
   Makes for more efficient, convenient operation, and allows the use of smaller sizes of coal.

NEW IDEAL "HOTCOIL" GAS WATER HEATER

Designed to combine instantaneous heating with automatic storage, giving constant hot water supply at lowest fuel costs

1. One-piece, jointless copper coil heating element
   Provides extensive heat-absorbing surface, insuring immediate hot water recovery.
2. New Arco Metal Bellows Regulator
   Designed to give instant automatic control of gas flow, with utter reliability.
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   Insure standard water content of one pound of water per sq. foot of radiation.
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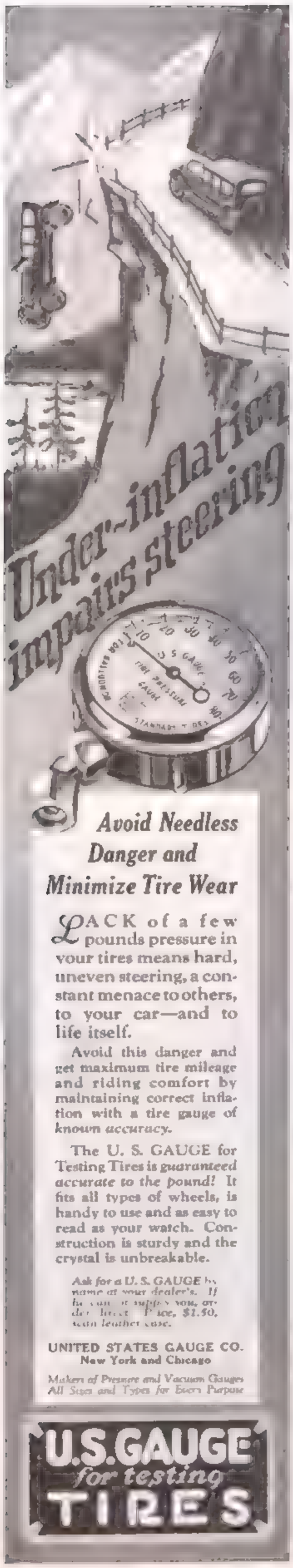
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(Continued from Page 80)

"Hugh has the European idea of marriage," Louise went on. "That's why he has hunted among the debutantes so many seasons."

Ned, who had gone over to Owen Mallory's table and talked for some moments into a completely unresponsive face, now came back alone, while Owen rose at the same time, closely observed. His tall, solid body, with heavy shoulders, his head, where the hair and skin had sunburned to the same color, were held firmly upright. His expression as hard as his muscles, he walked with deliberate slowness through the gantlet of stares and out of the room.

With her almost automatic response to appearance—surely the most important thing in the world—Louise observed that she couldn't say much for Mr. Mallory's face, but his figure was marvelous.

"There was a time," her husband objected, "when only ladies had figures. Or, at any rate, no lady knew the opposite sex possessed 'em."

"Well, I am not a lady," boasted Louise. "They're as much out of fashion as pompadours."

Edith was still resentful.

"Ned has slandered his friend," she complained, "if he can walk like that. Positively, Ned, I shan't believe in any more of your yellow journalism."

"Never mind," he retorted. "I know Owen better than you do. And it's not very nice of you to laugh. The poor old lad hasn't had a wink of sleep for the last two nights."

"Oh, men always say that—and then snore!"

Ned continued to worry.

"Owen won't join us and he won't go home. I offered to drive him back to his hotel or anywhere he wanted to go. But he said he was enjoying it here. That's not true, of course. I simply can't imagine what he's up to. Do you suppose he could be hanging around here on the off chance of seeing Beth?"

"What good would that do him, now it's all over?" impatiently demanded Louise. "You'd think he'd never want to see her again."

"Oh, but, my dear!" cried Edith. "Again? He hasn't seen her at all!"

"Not at all! What do you mean?"

"Oh, haven't you heard?" Edith was happy to furnish new details. "She simply refused to see him after he got here. I feel sorry for Mr. Randall—he had all the dirty work to do. Owen went up to their place just dozens of times, storming and raging, and demanding a personal interview with Beth, but ——"

"For cat's sake!" broke in her husband. "Owen doesn't want that spread all over town. I wish to goodness I had sense enough never to tell you anything!"

"I simply can't understand why we didn't hear it at the lunch club," Louise complained. "Are we getting incompetent, or is someone just holding out on us?"

"Disgusting little coward!" Valeria cried abruptly out of her long silence.

"Oh, well, yes, no doubt!" Louise shrugged. "But I don't blame her. No one likes a scene. And if Mr. Mallory's so temperamental she's well rid of him. Nothing could be a worse bore than a husband who's too much in love with you."

"But, my dear, that's a condition soon remedied," her own husband remarked in the gentle voice that covered a fund of irony.

His tightly pressed lips seldom smiled, and in his thin face, that wore a permanent look of fatigue, the dark eyes were unrevealing. Valeria liked Stan for no very definite reason. With his quite impersonal courtesy, his dark opaque gaze, he scarcely seemed conscious of her as an individual. Yet every now and then their eyes met in a queer, quick look of understanding. This happened now, and Valeria thought that the way Louise treated her husband was rather a shame. Then came the bitter recognition that this thought was typical of a spinster.

The music ceased at that moment and Madge and Hugh paused near their table. Hugh would have passed by with only a chaffing word and gesture of greeting. But Madge, with the formal politeness that her mother's rigid training and her own good nature had imposed on her, came over to speak to her elders. Rather like a shy, very proper little girl, she exchanged commonplaces with Louise and Edith. But she endured their critical inspection with a certain dignity, a poise that would mature, perhaps, into the famous manner of Mrs. Harcourt—that dowdiest, yet most impressive of Midland's matrons—with her invincible goodness, her solid worth that repelled impertinence or familiarity.

With Val, though, Madge's surety wavered. It was curious, the look she gave the older girl. Her eyes sheered off, came back to Valeria's beauty, at once reluctant and fascinated and frightened, like a child before a flame. There was a suggestion of hatred there, too, and a certain defiance. And then, irresistibly, her eyes sped to Hugh, and wavered, dropped, while a slow pink flush came up in her round cheeks and she bit her babyish lip in shame at the betrayal. And as if to prove that her look had meant nothing, she turned hastily away and began to talk to Ned with forced animation. He was kind enough to respond with an appearance of flirtation, and Hugh took swift advantage of the moment to speak to Val.

His tone was too low for anyone to overhear, his manner too casual for anyone to try to. But the tenseness of his words was repeated in his eyes:

"I've got to see you."

Her heart gave a sickening lurch. But she controlled her features. Her lips scarcely moved.

"On the terrace?"

"In about ten minutes." Madge turned her head quickly and Hugh added: "No, not until the eighteenth. They've put it off."

"What, Hugh?" Her voice rang treble and new as a child's.

"The golf tournament. Val was asking me because I'm on the committee. Well, so long, everybody—see you in night court. Come on, let's shake a leg, Madge."

He put his hand on her arm. Coloring slightly, she drew it away and they walked off with a demure distance between them.

"Honestly," cried Edith, "it's a crime the way that girl's mother has brought her up!"

VII

"DO YOU want to dance with me, Stan?" asked his wife, bestowing a favor. He regarded her with his blankest and blandest look.

"If you wish me to, my dear—of course."

"I was asking you what you wanted," she replied with a perceptible sharpness. For even from her own husband Louise expected compliments.

"Oh, I'm sorry. I didn't understand. If you really want to know what I'd like ——"

She stared at him. It was evident that this bizarre idea had never in all her life occurred to her.

"I'd like very much to get a breath of fresh air," he went on. "It's stifling in here, as usual."

"Oh, do go then." Louise shrugged her shoulders. "You really ought to live at the North Pole, Stan."

"Sometimes I think I do." His tone was smoothly pleasant. He rose. "Come with me, Val?"

She jumped up at once and he put her cloak around her.

"Thanks ever so much," she said when they were outside. "I was just wondering how I could get away."

The broad stone-paved terrace on which they stood was the first of a series that led down to the drive at the rear of the clubhouse. Below were the lights from a long line of parked motors; above, in a clear frosty sky, a multitude of stars. It was so cold that no one else had ventured out.

"I suppose you heard what I said to Hugh."

"I didn't intend listening, but—all my senses are sharpened where you are concerned." His tone was so impersonal she could scarcely believe that he was really saying those words. But he went on, still in the same level tone: "I can no more help listening to everything you say, Val, than I can help looking at you constantly."

She stopped—they had been walking up and down, driven by the keenness of the air—she stopped and looked right into his eyes with incredulous amazement. And all at once it flashed upon her that she had been a fool to think his eyes opaque, his face expressionless, himself without emotion.

His voice, though, continued in its monotone:

"You must have seen for a long time, Val, that I've been trying not to fall in love with you."

She was almost frightened by this sudden reversal of personality. And his evident seriousness was as different as possible from the well-known varieties of flirtation. But perhaps all moves were best checkmated by flippancy. So she said:

"And now you are telling me—because you have succeeded?"

He brushed her inadequate raillery aside with a slight impatient gesture.

"I tell you because I can't help myself," he declared, and seemed seriously annoyed with her for having this effect on him.

For the first time, in an amorous encounter, Valeria felt awkward. Stanley's tragic intensity embarrassed her, since she felt nothing for him but liking. All the more, because she liked him, she didn't want to wound his self-esteem. Perhaps if she could have experienced a distinct moral shock, she wouldn't have minded being rude.

But how was she to be terribly shocked at disloyalty to Louise, who regarded a husband merely as a social and financial convenience, and whose only personal passion was for compliments? Besides, as Valeria now reflected, she couldn't go about in a perpetual state of moral indignation.

"It seems that I am expected to be the little sister to all my friends' husbands," she exclaimed with a laugh. "I really don't know whether to think it's funny or rather a bore."

He pressed her arm in a sudden surprising grasp.

"You don't imagine I enjoy playing the fool!" he whispered harshly. "This isn't your ordinary flirtation, Val, though I know you've had plenty of them." His voice grew bitter.

She drew away, looked at him coldly, antagonistic now.

"You know nothing about me," she said, "and care less. You've simply heard some gossip about me, and think you can amuse yourself with a little safe flirtation."

A swift spasm twisted his face unrecognizably.

"That's not true. You don't believe that." His voice broke, he caught her in his arms, surprisingly strong for one so slender, and pressed his lips down furiously on hers. "I love you! I love you!" he whispered in a voice of agonized shame.

She tore herself away from him angrily and he let her go. His arms dropped to his sides. He stood quite still for a moment, and then, turning sharply, went inside.

Valeria stood drawing in deep breaths of the cold air while a curious conflict, a strange tumult of varied emotions, went on in her heart and mind. She was still electric with anger, still almost stunned with surprise. Her flesh crept in revolt from his violence. She felt such a degree of sex antagonism that she hated all men at this moment. And yet, if she wanted to be quite honest, she had to admit that he had thrilled her too. She was disgusted with

(Continued on Page 88)

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"A good name is rather to
GOOD

be chosen than great riches"

—PROVERBS XXII:1

WHILE the automobile was yet a curiosity and a dream, Goodyear was fashioning rubber into serviceable tires.

They cushioned and quieted the elegant carriages of the rich. They shod the family surrey of the well-to-do. They sped the light "democrat" wagon on its busy round.

Into the making of even these earliest Goodyear Tires went something beyond the power of rubber and skill to provide:

Something transcending formula or process or compound:

Something, as the Proverb says, that is rather to be chosen than great riches:

A Good Name!

HEIR from its beginning to the greatest name in rubber, Goodyear has valued Good Name above all transient things.

Whatever might add to the lustre of that name, at whatever price, has been welcome.

For whatever might detract, debase, degrade—profit or necessity could plead but vain excuse.

The man of science, peering through his test-tubes into future worlds; the pitman at his steaming molds that weld, shape, sinew modern life together; the lonely pioneer of highway transport, first venturing the mountain and the desert paths that now spread carpets to his freight; the hard-driving tester on the road; the veteran executive at his desk—all these Goodyear men have steadily served another and higher demand than simply the work in hand:

A Good Name!

THE years have marched by, and through fair days and dark Goodyear has kept alight its name as a beacon to men.

For the millions on millions invested in its products, Goodyear has countered with millions on millions invested to serve its public:

Factories, mills, mines, scattered throughout America.

Rubber plantations in Sumatra, half a world away. Cotton plantations in Arizona, where the desert now blossoms like the rose.

Machines that Goodyear itself invented, perfected, to develop the straight-side cord tire.

Methods that Goodyear originated, such as the Plant Analysis Plan for industry.

Service that Goodyear established, as supplied by standardized, authorized Goodyear Service Stations everywhere.

New materials, even, like SUPERTWIST, the extra-elastic, extra-durable cord fabric essential to the modern low-pressure tire.

Product after product—tires, belts, heels, aeronautical goods, and so on—so palpably superior as to outsell any others of their kind.

Great traditions these, you may well say, yet Goodyear preserves a greater:

A Good Name!

BY right of accomplishment now, as by inheritance, Goodyear is the greatest name in rubber.

In total sales its business outranks any other rubber manufacturer's in the world.

Much-prized as this distinction is, it is no more than the by-product of a deeper resolve.

What that resolve is you will find best expressed in the exclusive values of all you use that Goodyear makes.

But if you would look still farther back, into the source and wellspring of Goodyear vigor, look to the admonition that speaks in Goodyear minds and beats in Goodyear veins:

Better still, read it in any Goodyear office or workroom, in factory or field:

There, framed in a place of honor on the walls, you will see displayed before the eyes of highest and humblest, Goodyear's first command to endeavor and final talisman for success:

"PROTECT OUR GOOD NAME"

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GOODYEAR

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herself at the realization. And it was in this mood that Hugh found her.

VIII

WITH the incorrigible optimism of love, Valeria had freely translated Hugh's brief whisper, "I must see you," into "I can't do without you a moment longer. I'm bored stiff with Madge."

"But I wish he wouldn't slink," she mentally complained as she watched him warily approach her now on the terrace. "It isn't a crime to speak to me, even if he is with another crowd tonight."

The secret reflection tinged her tone with acid.

"Well," she hailed him, "is this cross-roads dark enough for you? It's rather chilly for me."

She shivered and huddled closer in her velvet cloak.

"I wish there was some place we could have a real talk, Val," he said, and his tone was fault-finding. "At your house—well, your mother ——"

"Are you complaining that mother doesn't leave us enough alone?" she cried with a short sharp laugh. "It's always seemed to me that she was rather indecently tactful."

Oh, why had she said that? Why was she always at her worst with Hugh? She hated the sound of her own voice. Her very anxiety to please, the nervousness he caused her, made her unpleasing. The tightened muscles of her throat squeezed her voice into a sound she scarcely recognized and her constricted heart distorted all her thoughts.

She made an effort then to speak naturally:

"Shall we sit out a dance in one of the cars?"

He started back nervously as she indicated the long line of motors drawn up below the terrace.

"You know, the house committee's trying to stop that."

"Oh?" She looked at him levelly. "And why are you suddenly so considerate of the house committee?"

"I'm thinking of you. It doesn't look well for you."

"Thanks very much. But isn't that something new, too—thinking of my reputation?"

Oh, why—why was she being so horrid? She knew that men are more repelled by sarcasm than by a physical blemish. It seemed to her that she was doing everything possible to make Hugh dislike her. And she was not surprised, she really couldn't blame him, when he retorted sullenly:

"At any rate, I've been more careful of your reputation than you have yourself. There never was a girl more reckless of appearances. If we've been talked about it isn't all my fault."

She folded her cloak tightly about her shoulders and stood up to her full height. She was exactly as tall as he—that was why they danced so perfectly together. She laughed, she controlled her tone to light good humor.

"I really don't give a darn what people say, and you know it, Hugh!"

But instead of being pleased, he frowned

"That's the worst of it," he replied sharply

Her surprise was so great she couldn't keep up the pretense of good humor.

"Just what do you mean by that?" she asked in a cool, rapid voice under which anger threatened.

He pulled at her arm.

"Don't let's fight. I didn't mean anything special"

She turned toward him, expecting a kiss. But, nervous and cautious, he looked around once more Then, with an expression of relief, exclaimed:

"Oh, I know—the library! No one's ever been there since the club was built—not to read, anyway."

This was a standard club jest, but Valeria laughed obligingly. She did not expect Hugh to be original, knew quite well he wasn't witty. His small talk was made up of the slang, the *clichés* of the moment, the code words of his own set; his humor consisted of what he could remember from theatrical revues; an innuendo concerning one of his intimates was of a thousand times more value to him than the wittiest bon mot.

But, as Valeria reflected, you don't love a man for his conversation. She loved Hugh for his eyes—the blueness of his eyes -the touch of his firm, square-fingered hands; for the irresistible force that came out from him and drew her to him, that force which has no description and no recognizable cause. No chemist has ever yet analyzed love. And those who seek reasonable causes for it, in good qualities, in friendship, in mutual tastes, are deluded. Twice deluded those who imagine that they love what they admire. More often than not, the heart desires the opposite of what the mind recognizes as worthy. At any rate, so Valeria thought as she and Hugh made their way to the library with a stealth that annoyed her.

It was, as Hugh had foreseen, untenanted. The only light and the only sound in the long red-carpeted room came from a coal fire, which was burning steadily under a black marble mantelpiece. Drawn up to it at right angles was a huge sofa. The overstuffed chairs were empty. On the long tables a line of dull brown magazines lay undisturbed. The dark book-lined walls were cut at regular intervals by the deep embrasures of long windows, over which now red silk curtains were drawn.

Hugh switched on the electric lights and as nervously snapped them off again. Then he dragged a cumbersome armchair in front of the fire. Valeria, who had already placed herself on the sofa, looked at him in surprise. Just behind her dark head were red silk curtains; the dark cloak had dropped down from her white shoulders. She waited for Hugh to speak. But this took a long time. He sat facing her, and yet not looking directly at her, with lowered head and uneasy hands. The silence grew tense, was stretched to the breaking point. And fear crept up in Valeria's heart until she could feel the cold tide at her lips. But she remained motionless as a figure carved from white jade and her small head was imperial against the red curtain.

IX

HE WOKE from a dream so troubled, so confused, that he could not remember any of its details. But the feeling of crushing sorrow persisted He struggled against it, as if trying to push a heavy stone from his chest. He sat up, wondering where he was. But he could not have been dizzier if he had fallen from a great height, and his mind refused to reconstruct the immediate past. It shrank back from memory with a sort of horrified blankness, like a racked body before the instruments of torture.

He certainly had not the slightest recollection of having gone to sleep in this most unusual place and uncomfortable position. He was in a sort of alcove, with a narrow red cushion beneath him, and directly in front of his eyes, closed red silk curtains But just as he was about to push them apart, he heard voices and recognized from their sharp troubled timbre, even before he understood the words, that this was no time for intrusion Then, as the voices went on and he could not help hearing everything they said, he became more and more dismayed by his unintentional eavesdropping But what, in heaven's name, could he do? With every word that was uttered, it became less possible to announce his presence.

"It's simply that we ought to look facts in the face, Val. You've got nothing and I've only my job. And it isn't much of a job you know that"

"Yet sometimes even poor people take a chance"

"Not with our sort of friends We'd have to keep our end up in Midland. As a bachelor, I've hardly any expenses at least, no one expects me to throw parties. But if you're married you've got to have a house and servants and entertain. Oh, it's hopeless for us here simply hopeless."

"Then why not leave Midland?"

"Leave Midland!"

"You said yourself your job isn't much. I could ask Stan Chadwick or Howard Lane to find something for you in one of their branches in another town."

"But —— Good Lord, Val, I don't want to leave Midland!"

"Not on any account?"

"Of course not! All my friends are here—my clubs everything—my whole life. I've made good here. Why, that would be simply crazy!"

"I see. All right, let's not talk about it. I'm not asking you to marry me. You started the subject."

"But, Val ——"

"Drop it please, Hugh. We've gone on so long, I suppose we can go on still longer, waiting for someone to leave us a fortune, though there's no chance there for me—all my relatives are as poor as I am -or for you to corner the market or strike oil. Just what are we hoping for, I wonder."

"There's no use being sarcastic. As a matter of fact, though, I realize it isn't fair to you, Val. That's why I wanted to talk to you tonight."

"Well, have you anything else to say except that I'm penniless? I hear quite enough about that at home."

"Honestly, Val, you make me feel like a dirty dog."

"I wonder, Hugh, if you are trying to break our engagement. You can hardly do that—when there's never been one."

"That's right. We've never been really engaged, of course. But I thought ——"

"You thought I thought so? No. I never think—when I'm in love."

"Oh, Lord! You make it so darned hard for me, Val! I hate like the devil to tell you, but I want to marry Madge Harcourt"

There was a long silence. Then her voice came, almost whispering:

"But you don't love her, Hugh." And he was silent. "You don't love her!"

"What right have you got to say that?"

"Because you love me."

"I did. God knows I did, Val. Only ——"

"And you don't now? Well, say it then!"

"I ——"

"You see? You can't say it! Oh, Hugh, I know you don't want to marry me! But why can't we go on ——"

"Val, for heaven's sake! Suppose someone should come in!"

"Oh, Hugh, if you loved her I wouldn't care! I would care, of course, only —— But you can't look at me and say you do!"

"What's the use of all that? That won't help matters any now. I'm sorry, Val. I guess I haven't been quite fair, taking up a lot of your time and all that. Still, you were perfectly willing. And you certainly ought to know your way about by this time. And it isn't as if there'd been any harm."

"What do you mean by harm?"

"Well, but you know perfectly! It isn't as if we ——"

She laughed shockingly, a sound that tore through the nerves.

"Yes, you have been very cautious. I congratulate you. Don't worry. I wouldn't have the ghost of a chance if I wanted to bring a breach-of-promise suit."

"Don't talk that way! Don't laugh like that! Pull yourself together!"

"Yes! 'Suppose someone should hear you! Suppose someone should come in!' That's how our whole love affair has been conducted! I see it now. I understand. I used to think it was because you had a little of the Puritan in you. But now I see it was more—the lawyer!"

"It's a pity you couldn't have a little more of the Puritan as you call it. I never knew a girl so reckless."

"That is good! You are reproaching me. But at least you can say there was nothing technically wrong. It was only a matter of a few kisses—but it wasn't a few! Do you remember"

"Val, you mustn't! I ——"

"Oh -oh, this is funny! It's because you don't dare! You don't dare to kiss me now!" There was a thick silence. And then a cry—a little, bitter and desperate cry: "So ashamed—to think—I ever loved you"

"It's over then?"

"No, don't go! Don't go, Hugh! I've lost all my pride."

"Val, don't!"

"I don't care! I don't care! I don't care what you think of me—what I think of myself. When I said all those things I was only pretending, trying to be angry. I can't, because I love you—I love you!"

"Don't! Don't!"

"I can't help myself! I can't get over it! I never can! I've tried!"

"We mustn't! We mustn't, Val!"

"I can't let you go. When I think of Madge —— Oh, don't marry her! Don't marry her, Hugh! You love me!"

"But neither of us has a cent -or ever will."

"We don't need money"

"You are talking like a child. The way you've lived ——"

"I've hated it all! I never wanted it! I could change, Hugh. I wouldn't care how or where we lived. And you wouldn't mind, either, after a while. We could be happy, I know. And we wouldn't be poor always. You'd succeed. I'd help you. I could help you. And I'd ask all my friends—they'd do twice as much if we were married you see how I've lost all my pride—I'm begging you to marry me, Hugh, begging you. And I don't care! I don't care now!"

"Val, you make me feel like a perfect cur. I just can't talk about it any longer. I'd better go."

"I won't let you go! When you're here you know it's not Madge and never can be Madge—or anyone—anyone but me."

"No one's ever thrilled me like you, Val. No one ever will."

"I knew it."

"But—I'm going to marry Madge."

"You shan't! I'll tell her ——"

"There's nothing for you to tell"

"—— what you've said tonight—just now!"

"She won't believe it."

"But she won't accept you when ——"

"She has."

"Has?"

"It's done. You can't change it now."

"You mean —— Oh, no! You've already"

"The engagement's going to be announced at once. That's why I had to see you."

"You did that—before you told me? You waited until it was all over! Didn't even come to our house!"

"I did come tonight. I wanted to tell you when I came over tonight."

"Then why didn't you? Why didn't you?"

"Because—well, frankly—the truth is, I knew your mother would make such a devil of a row. And it would have been just as disagreeable for you as for me."

"Oh! Oh! How good you are to me! How thoughtful! Oh, how funny! Oh!"

"Val, Val, for God's sake!"

"'Someone will hear you! Someone will hear!' All right, I want them to. I want everyone to know just what a sneak and a cad you are! And I got you into everything—all my friends—and made them your friends. You used me—just used me like a ladder to climb on—and then kicked me aside when you were through. Everything you could get out of me—and Madge's money, besides—you're at the top now and don't need me any longer. But I can tell everyone what a rotten little snob and climber you are."

His voice answered her breathless, gasping voice with perfect calmness and coldness: "It wouldn't do you the slightest good. And if you'll take some really well-meant advice you'd much better not abuse

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Master of the Mighty

Cautiously through the quiet harbor waters the ocean giant feels its way. The mighty engines which only a few hours before made man the master of rushing, mountainous seas have been stilled . . . Stilled, because their brute power, the victor of terrific onslaught, is not able by itself to bring the ship to its dock with safety. A little tug providing the accurate *control* required is *master of the mighty.*

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TWO HUNDRED home designers—among them the most skilled in America—co-operated with the lumbermen of the Pacific Northwest in creating a series of original and beautiful home designs . . . to be built with the four "Big Tree" woods of the Douglas Fir region.

The American Architect, one of the leading architectural journals of the world, in reviewing the results of the competition, said:

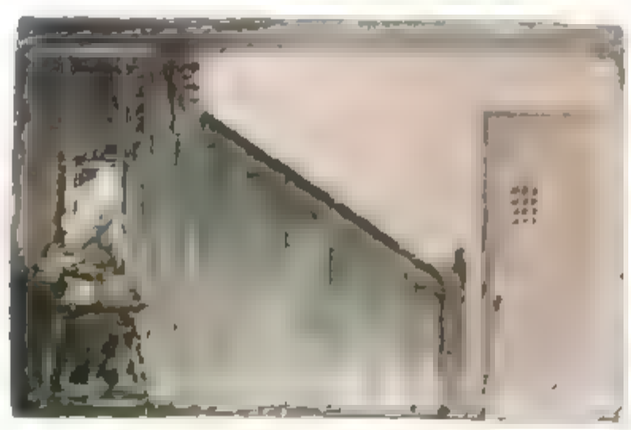
> ". . . . Novelty and originality in the treatment and use of woods native to the Pacific Northwest, and excellence and ingenuity of plan take precedence in this competition . . ."

Some of the designs reflect the romance of the early American period . . . others the quaint cottage types of England and Northern France with their steep pitched roofs and timbered walls. Nearly all of the interiors suggest paneled walls and beamed ceilings of baronial splendor—available today for the home of modest cost.

Douglas Fir vertical siding at front entrance is sand-etched and stained weather-gray

Douglas Fir—a giant of the forests—totals one-fourth of the timber in America. *Douglas Fir is used for more purposes than is any other wood.* Douglas Fir is obtainable in unusually long lengths, wide widths and clear grades. Engineers use Douglas Fir, because of its strength and durability, to support the heaviest structures. Architects use it for the most beautiful and impressive interiors.

West Coast Hemlock—a distinctive species of high character—has a beautiful grain . . . works smoothly . . . takes stain readily . . . is practically free from pitch . . . has a comparatively hard surface . . . is much used as flooring.



Old-world charm is the keynote of this staircase, emphasized by occasional hand carving

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Hand-hewn Douglas Fir beams contrast with a V-cut, sand-etched ceiling over fireplace and living room

Twelve of the Prize Homes are illustrated from the original architectural drawings and described by the successful competitors in our booklet, "Prize Homes of West Coast Woods." This and a booklet describing the four West Coast woods, will be sent without charge to home builders, architects, engineers, realtors, retail lumber dealers, contractors, carpenters, painters, or others directly interested in building. Please specify in the coupon below to which group you belong.

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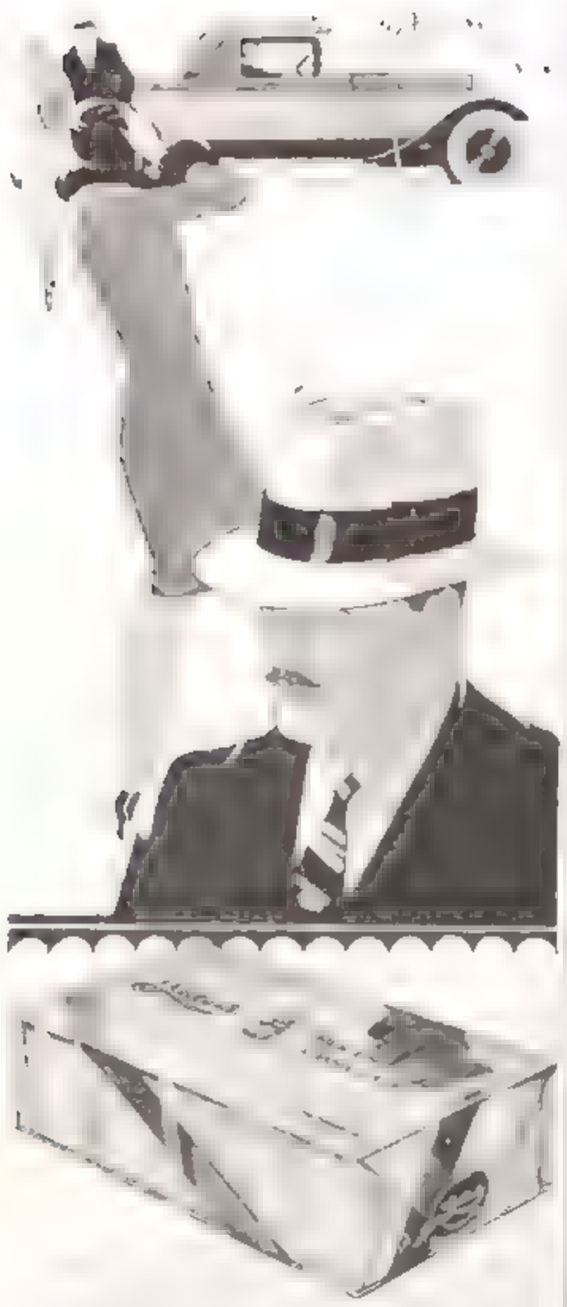

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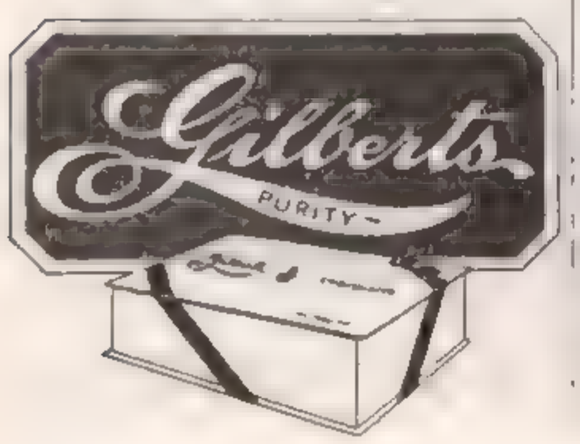

(Continued from Page 88)

me. It will only damage your own case. And, frankly, you are quite damaged enough already."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you started this truth party. Don't blame me. Besides, if you can call me a cad and a snob —— It'll do you good to hear a few plain facts anyway."

"Go on."

"You accuse me of marrying Madge for her money. But that's not true. I like her. I'm fond of her—in a way. And there's another thing—of course, I know you're not so bad as people think—not bad at all really. You've always made yourself out much worse than you are—it's your own fault, Val, but you're damaged, your reputation's damaged. And for a woman that's the same as if all the things were true."

"Yes?"

"So I wouldn't have married you, anyway, if you'd had all the Harcourt money. It's a relief to tell the truth at last. But remember, you started this, or I wouldn't have told you, of course."

"You needn't apologize." Her voice was calm now. "I never expected chivalry from you."

"If it's any relief to despise me ——"

"No, I only despise myself."

"Well, we can't stay here talking ——"

"Yes, you had better go."

"And hadn't you better come along, too, Val?" His voice betrayed his uneasiness. "Won't Edith and Ned wonder where you are?"

"Oh, yes, Edith and Ned. We must think of them, of course."

"Look here, Val, there's no use taking that tone. It isn't a tragedy—I mean, I'm sorry, of course. But after all, this has happened in the world before."

"Go away." Her voice was whispering, but it cut like a scream. "Go—please go."

The painful voice ceased abruptly. There was the sound of footsteps and a closing door.

When Owen was sure they had both gone he came out into the room. It was not until he was almost at the door himself that he saw her, flung down on the sofa, in her dark cloak, like a doll whose legs have been broken, so still that he thought he might be able to get out unobserved. But she must have heard something or felt his presence. She stood up soundlessly, the cloak slipped in a huddled shadow about her feet. And in her pale silvery dress she looked like one who has been crazed by the moon. Not beautiful, not human. But she was no more pale than he.

"I was there," he said at last. "But I'm going away; you won't have to see me again—in your life. There's no use asking to be forgiven."

She seemed not to understand, not even to be able to hear him. And though she stared and stared, her eyes went beyond, as if she could not see him. Then, in her utterly devastated face, the drained lips began to tremble.

He found himself saying out loud the thought that was beating in his brain. He was astonished to hear his own voice.

"I'd like to get my hands on that fellow!"

More astonished, though, at the change that came in her face. She spoke softly.

"I wish," she said, "that you would kill him."

x

"DARLING! Darling! Are you awake?" "Tick-tock," reassured the clock in the hall.

Utter darkness.

"Darling!"

Drip! Drip! Oh, dammit, that tap in the children's bathroom again! Why couldn't mademoiselle turn it off properly? Had all Frenchwomen the racial antagonism toward plumbing?

The darkness was oppressive.

She fumbled about and found the switch for the bedside lamp. Her husband sat up, blinking, his crisp fair hair on end, his narrow and charming mouth stretched. What beautiful teeth he had. Even yawns were not unbecoming.

"Oh, Howard, darling, I am so sorry. But I thought I heard the bell."

"Bell?" he repeated, as if that were an incredibly new word. He looked so much like his three-year-old son, Bunny, that she burst out laughing. It was too absurd, how all of them the whole family were identical! She caught sight of herself in a long mirror at the foot of the bed. She was enough like Howard to be his sister instead of his wife. The same fair hair, though hers was straight and his curly, the same gray eyes and definite features, but, most of all, the same expression. It was almost indecent!

"The servants must be dead or out dancing." His bare feet came down with a thud on the floor. "Alma darling, I couldn't wake up. Are you feeling rotten?"

"No, no, I'm all right. The bell ——"

It rang again now, a more continuous far-away screaming

"They are simply pretending not to hear," she said of her employes. "Why can't one ever get good old faithful servants?"

"Because we aren't amusing enough," he explained. "No fun for them unless you throw plates at each other."

He was struggling into his bath robe.

"Oh, How, love, won't you take an overcoat? I know you think I'm fussy. But there is a draft."

"Your grandmother!"

She laughed at his rudeness.

"You mean mother. She discovered drafts—brought them back from her honeymoon in Europe."

"And gave them to you for a birthday present." His heelless slippers flapped sharply away. "I can't imagine ——" he grumbled.

Neither could she. She lay tense, waiting. There couldn't be anything wrong with mother. She'd seen her only that morning. They'd had a little tiff, as a matter of fact, over the new layette. Poor mother! So pink and so round and so heroically pressed into the tailored things she hated. It had been horribly difficult for her to give up the flowing veils, the inconsequent bows and diamond beetles of her youth. And now she was not even allowed to take out her rococo taste on her grandchildren! The elder, Beatrice—called Beedy—had been the only victim, and that before Alma knew better. The poor lamb's first dresses had been so loaded down with embroidery and lace she couldn't lie straight in her cradle—another grandmotherly anachronism. This new precious should profit by all the mistakes that had been made on Beedy and Bunny—whose real name was Howard, of course.

There wasn't a single relative Alma could think of who might be ill or in trouble. They were all—her own family and How's—too rather disgustingly pink and prosperous. Her own life was so happy she sometimes feared that disease of the too contented—smugness. But speculation passed into concern and then fear as Howard stayed away a long time. In a black velvet robe and red satin mules, with scissors as a weapon, Alma hurried to the head of the stairs, and was relieved to hear Howard's step ascending. She ran halfway down and plunged into his ready embrace.

"Why, darling, what's the matter?"

"Oh, How, I thought—gunmen ——"

The scissors dropped with a clash. They both laughed.

"Silly! It's only Val."

"Val?"

"Yes, kind of funny, isn't it? You'd better go down. She doesn't seem to want to talk to me."

"Crazy old thing."

"Yes, I think maybe she is. I put her in the drawing-room—the fire was still going, and I piled on a lot more wood. Alma, have you got on stockings?"

"No."

"Then come back this instant. No, wait. I'll bring 'em down."

They parted with a brief kiss and Alma hurried through the hall and threw open the drawing-room door.

"Why, Val, what on earth ——"

She was sorry she had spoken when Val turned her white face. Her short hair was tossed like the plumage of a wind-beaten bird. And though she stood in front of a blazing fire, she clutched her cloak tightly about her with reddened hands and shivered with long convulsive tremors that shook her whole body. Her thin, high-heeled slippers were blackened and torn almost to bits.

Whatever the trouble might be, it was too recent for the acid of questions. So Alma took Val silently in her arms, patting and soothing her, as if she had been Beedy or Bunny. And Val submitted with a sort of dreadful passivity, as if she had been turned to stone.

Presently Alma coaxed her into an easy-chair and, sitting on the arm of it, chafing her friend's cold hands, Alma began to talk as casually as if this were the most usual sort of call. She put her red-slippered feet on the fender and, toasting her ankles, complained that they were getting matronly.

"While yours, Val, haven't changed a bit since you were seventeen. I think I could snap them in two with my fingers—honestly don't see how you walk!"

Val spoke for the first time then in a hoarse, weak voice, while she stared down at her wrecked slippers as if in surprise.

"I—walked—all the way from the country club."

"Valeria Grove! You didn't! Why?"

Tears splashed down suddenly on Alma's hands.

"Please don't ask any questions. That's why I couldn't go home."

"Darling, of course I won't. Look, lovey, don't cry. Alma doesn't care what you do. You may walk round the world in silver slippers. And you shall stay here as long as you like and not be bothered by anyone."

Howard came in at this moment with an accusing manner and a pair of silk stockings. Before he could speak his wife made mysteriously threatening signals to him with her fair eyebrows.

"We should, all of us, love a drink of your famous Scotch," she said. "I think with hot water, don't you, bartender?"

"But, Alma! You shouldn't!"

"Oh, run away!" she implored. And in the earnestness of her appeal, her gray eyes turned quite blue. "There's an alcohol lamp in the pantry."

"Put on your stockings then." He issued the counter command in a tone that was meant to be sternly masterful.

Val stood up. Her face was once more restless and wild.

"Oh, do you mind, Alma? Could I go to bed? I don't want any whisky."

"Put you to sleep, darling."

"I know. But then you wake up—and it's worse."

"All right, come along."

Alma put her arm around Valeria's waist and they went upstairs to a charming room, done in crisp sky-blue taffetas and pink-sprigged chintz. There, Val's knees seemed to give way. She sank down in a low chair, her head hanging, her hands limp. Alma, pretending not to notice anything unusual, bustled about, turning on the hot water in the bath, bringing Val a blue taffeta dressing gown frilled with lace, a pale blue crêpe de chine nightdress and satin slippers, warming the linen sheets with a hot-water bottle, helping Val take off her frock, even kneeling down to remove the pathetically battered silver shoes. Not until Val was tucked into bed would Alma leave her, and then she turned back.

"Darling, if there's anything else ——"

Great wide-open eyes, blank as a doll's, stared up at her from the pillow. Like a doll, Valeria had submitted to all her care and had not spoken. But now her lips opened, quivered:

"I—I'm afraid—I can't sleep."

It was as if one of her own children had said it. How often had she heard Beedy or Bunny say that, just as she was about to turn off the light and leave the nursery. The little quavering, hopeful, half-frightened

(Continued on Page 95)

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(Continued from Page 92)

voice: "Mummy, I I'm afraid I can't sleep."

She rushed back to Valeria and knelt down by the bed and put her own cheek on the pillow.

"Oh, my lamb, you must sleep though! What can I do for you? I must do something."

Valeria was silent for a long time. Then she whispered:

"There's nothing anyone can do. Because—I'm no good. How how nice it would be if we were like animals—just go to sleep and forget."

Alma stood up quickly.

"Oh, wait! Doctor Gathney gave me something after Bunny was sick so long and I was all worn out and nervous. I'll get it for you."

As she searched among the bottles in her own bathroom Howard appeared at the door, a figure of wrath. He had apparently not gone back to bed, but had entertained himself in her long absence by pacing back and forth, meditating upon the sins of feminine friends. He gave her the sum of his reflections while she found the sleeping draft. And when she had returned from taking it to Val he was still enlarging on the same theme:

"Of all the damn inconsiderate ——"

"Oh, nonsense, darling! Val's my best friend. Men always admire the Damon-and-Pythias idea among themselves. But you like to think of us as cats."

"All I say is, Val ought to be more considerate of you now ——"

"Not at all. Having a baby's a perfectly natural, happy thing. Val's heart is broken."

"Is this the ninth or the tenth time?" he asked brutally.

She sat down on the bed and looked at him with those good clear eyes that could always make him feel ashamed.

"You are simply a pig," she declared without rancor. "You don't want anyone else to have the least little bit of me—not even the babies—or mother—or poor Val or a stray dog—or a beggar on the street."

"My love isn't divided," he replied sulkily.

A swift, triumphant radiance made her good, fairly pretty little face quite beautiful.

"But, Howard, don't you see? If I love anyone else—everyone—it's because of you—just because I love you. That's what you have given me, my darling!"

XI

SHE thought Valeria might not care to endure the curious eyes of a servant, so she carried up the breakfast tray herself. It was a bright and boisterous morning, white clouds like sailboats on a merry wind, a prodigal spilling of golden light. Mademoiselle had taken the children off to the park, prancing like ponies. And Alma, too, felt extraordinarily happy, with that quite unreasoning, unselfish happiness which only beautiful weather can bring.

She put the tray down on a table outside Val's door and knocked softly. There was no answer.

"Val darling!" she called. "I won't come in if you don't want me. I'll leave your breakfast outside."

When she came back an hour later the tray was still there. Mother had called in the meantime. And Alma had telephoned Val's mother to explain—though this was rather difficult, since she knew none of the details—what had happened last night. It was not easy for Alma to lie even whitely—for she had always been too happy herself to find deception necessary—but she told Mrs. Grove that Valeria had promised, at the meeting of the lunch club yesterday, to come and spend the night with her.

"I suppose she just forgot to tell you," Alma apologized. "And if you don't mind, Mrs. Grove, I'll keep her with me for a few days. Howard may have to go out of town, and I'm a little nervous, alone in the house, with just the servants. I'll send for Val's clothes any time that's convenient for you."

She had already gathered from Mrs. Grove's many interruptions and exclamations that Valeria had been on a party with the Pembertons the night before. So, next, she telephoned Edith. But Mrs. Pemberton, she was told, was having a clay pack, her entire face was covered with mud and ice and her mouth couldn't be released for the next half hour.

Alma interviewed her cook, the seamstress who did the mending, her personal maid, who wanted to leave—apparently because Alma didn't wear out her frocks fast enough—and the new gardener, who was trying to turn Alma's walled garden into something like the plot in front of a suburban railway station.

Then, just as Alma was at last free to go upstairs to Val again, Edith telephoned, so excited over some gossip she wanted to tell that she would scarcely allow Alma to speak.

"Oh, I wasn't worried about Val," she dismissed that subject lightly. "Of course I might have been if Ned had disappeared too. But you can expect anything from Val, and I wasn't responsible. I'll be her hostess, not her chaperon. But I wanted to tell you, Alma, the big scandal ——"

"Oh, yes, do go on! I'm dying to hear," replied Alma politely, though she was really longing to get away.

"It's one of the queerest things that has ever happened in Midland—if not the queerest!" cried Edith, relishing her subject. "No one can possibly understand it! There's simply no sense to it!" She broke into an excited laugh.

"But what, Edith?"

"Why, out at the club last night, Owen Mallory—you know, Ned's friend, the man Beth Randall—but you've heard all that, of course. Well, he almost killed Hugh Warrener."

"What? Hugh —— But why, Edith?"

"That's just what nobody knows. But he's in the hospital—Doctor Gathney's private sanatorium, of course. The Harcourts rushed him out there and tried to hush the whole thing up, but of course they can't. Mr. Harcourt will keep it out of the papers, but that's about all he can do. And just imagine their feelings—their good old conservative feelings—when Madge fainted!"

"Madge —— Oh, Edith, I'm all mixed up. What has Madge Harcourt to do with it?"

"Well, you are behind the times! Everyone but you knows she's simply crazy about him, and has been for ages."

"Crazy about Mr. Mallory?"

"No, she doesn't even know him. . . . Hugh!"

"Oh!"

"It's a good thing Val wasn't there too. There was quite enough excitement without her. My dear, you never saw such a thrilling—they were just like coal heavers or something—a regular prize fight, only with more hitting. And before they could pull Owen off—Ned and everyone ——"

"Edith! Surely this didn't happen in the club?"

"No; but right outside it. No one knows exactly how it started. People were going home, getting their wraps and their cars, so everything was all mixed up. It was after the dance. Hugh was with the Harcourts—they had a big party—but he'd gone on ahead, and Owen must have met him down on the drive below the clubhouse. Anyway, by the time Madge came out they were fighting. So she screamed and ran down the steps and then fainted. That's what her mother gets for bringing her up properly! A modern girl would have had more *savoir-faire*."

"Why, it's the worst thing I ever heard of!" exclaimed Alma indignantly. "This Mr. Mallory must be a perfect brute! Didn't he give any reason?"

"None at all, my dear. Not a reason! And nobody can possibly imagine one. That's the worst of it. We're thinking of offering a prize —— He didn't even know Hugh—had never seen him before! Owen got off with only a tiny cut under one eye and dreadfully skinned knuckles. But he won't say anything—not a word—not even to Ned. He's a thoroughly provoking person."

Somewhat disappointed in Alma as an audience, Edith now hastily said good-by; she must telephone Maude, who hadn't been there.

"Though of course it's all over town by this time," said Edith discontentedly, "you're probably the last to hear it."

Alma went upstairs, trying to decide whether to tell Valeria. She sent the tray down and ordered fresh coffee. Then, having fully made up her mind not to be the bearer of bad tidings, and feeling much more light-hearted in consequence, she pushed open Val's door.

"Why, you old lazybones!"

Sunlight was rioting over pale taffetas and gay chintz, but Valeria still lay asleep. Under the soft covers the contours of her long body were modeled firmly as marble. Against the white pillow, her dark head had a classic serenity. In sleep, more than ever, she resembled a painting by an early Italian master. Alma thought of Luini as she looked on the exact egg shape of the face, the wide, calm brow, the nose very firmly and rather sharply drawn, the mouth that was innocent in its frank voluptuousness. And—unusual beauty in a woman of twenty-nine—the unwrinkled eyelids, smooth, thick and white as the petals of a gardenia. But, asleep, Valeria had no age. She was as timeless as all immortal beauty. One hand lay outside the coverlet—smooth eggshell brown against the pale blue; long, delicately drawn fingers, slender wrist, curved in an exquisite rhythm. There was no treachery in spying on a beauty so flawless. Alma waited, smiling, for her friend to open her eyes.

Then, all at once, from what cause she could not discover, Alma felt cold. A strange electric chill ran, prickling, down her spine. She dared not touch the hand that lay passive as marble. It seemed to her now that Valeria was not asleep.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Maine Birches After a Storm

Has your House this "Frigid Zone"?

NOW, near the end of a long, cold winter, you know what your home's "Frigid Zone" is. It is the layer of cold air nearest the floor, the chilly, child-high zone, often many degrees colder than the air around grown folks' heads and shoulders.

This "Frigid Zone" is but one of the 12 symptoms of a faulty heating system. One simple addition will correct ALL these faults now in your present home, or prevent them in the new house you plan to build this summer. Thousands are enjoying the new comfort and economy of positive air circulation. Why suffer through another winter?

Check these 12 Symptoms

For your own information, take a pencil and check each symptom you can recall:

1. Overheated Furnace
2. Hot Basement
3. Hot Chimney or Smoke Pipe
4. Discolored Furnace Casing
5. Discolored Smoke Pipe
6. Cold Rooms
7. Sluggish Air Flow
8. Cold Registers
9. Slow Heating
10. Extremely HOT Air
11. Dried-Out Furniture
12. Large Coal Bills

Send us your checked list and our engineers will explain, without cost or obligation, how faults can be corrected.

FORCED AIR *Sends Heat Where You Want It*

A Miles Automatic Furnace Fan system is easily installed. Then you press a convenient electric button. Instantly warm air pours up through every register into every room. The fan *pushes* the heat up the pipes—up where you want it—instead of wasting it in your cellar and chimney. It cuts fuel bills. It ventilates your house with four changes of air every hour. In summer, it pushes *cool* air up the pipes.

The Forced Air System is not just a fan. It is your good warm air furnace plus the specially designed Miles Furnace Fan with its patented Automatic Louvers.

Send the coupon below for name of nearest dealer, and our new free book.

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Automatic FURNACE FAN
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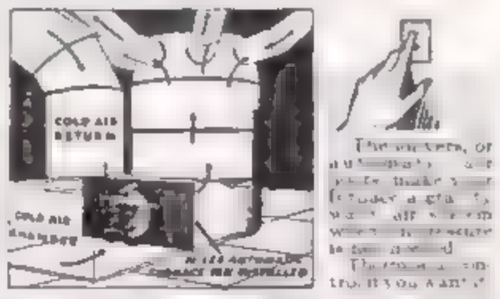

THE WARM AIR FURNACE FAN CO.

Send me your free book explaining how RUNNING HOT and COLD AIR and name of your nearest dealer

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YOU own a hundred things that need Kant-Rust

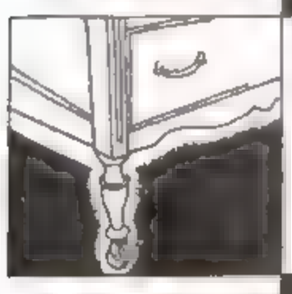
FOR every light lubrication need, Kant-Rust goes farther and gives more satisfactory results. Its penetrating graphite goes to the most inaccessible spots—places never reached by ordinary oils.

Automobiles

Kant-Rust is a great time-saver in lubricating automobiles. It removes spring squeaks. Lubricates shackles, tie rods, brake connections, generators and starters, and releases sticky valves.

Vacuum cleaner

Kant-Rust is a perfect lubricant for the motors of your vacuum cleaner, sewing machine, washing machine and electric fan. It provides positive lubrication and will not short circuit.

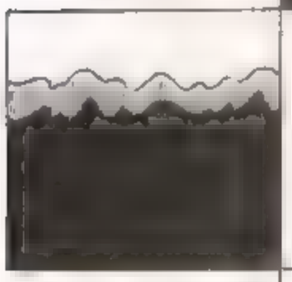


Castors and hinges

Kant-Rust will keep castors, door hinges, locks, clocks, and literally hundreds of other things about the house, in perfect working order.

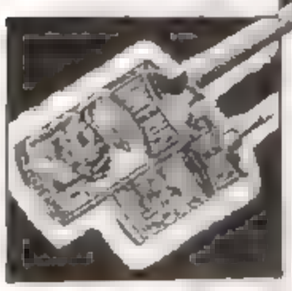
Gas stove

By occasionally wiping off gas stoves, flat irons, the bottom of iron cooking utensils, etc., with Kant-Rust, you can keep them shiny and free from rust.



Under a microscope all metallic surfaces show the tiny "peaks and valleys" which cause friction. The drawing at the left shows how ordinary oil helps to smooth out these rough surfaces, but fails to eliminate them.

The drawing at the right shows how the scientifically made graphite in Kant-Rust fills in the "valleys," tends to give a smooth, *frictionless* surface and thus eliminate wear.



Kant-Rust is sold at garages, auto supply shops, hardware stores etc. The pint can with long spout, for automobile use—$1. The handy 3-ounce can, for household use—30 cents.

KANT-RUST

KANT-RUST PRODUCTS CORPORATION
Rahway, N. J.

PROFITS IN PETS

(Continued from Page 21)

a cat, sat down on its haunches and bent an ear for scratching. Then I saw that its spots were really spots, and not rings, like a leopard's. This is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the trained hunting animals of India, which combine the trustworthiness of a dog with the appearance of a great cat. The cheetah was very tame and we grew to be good friends.

This farm was built much like a zoo on a small scale. The buildings were half wood, half brick. In one of the animal houses were stalls, each with a strongly fenced little outside yard, for tapirs, ibexes, zebras, antelopes and other beasts. In another house were rows of iron cages—eighteen in all—with floors bound in sheet iron, where we put tigers, leopards, panthers, hyenas and bears. Next door was the elephant house and yard, and a camel pen. And all around the three-acre farm stood a forbidding, six-foot fence with a strong padlocked gate that took no chances.

My employer bought his stock from domestic breeders, from explorers and sailors. His greatest source of supply, however, was from the three agents he sent out himself. These men—trained trappers and hunters, as well as good bargainers, skilled animal trainers and fair amateur zoölogists—made two or three trips a year, coming home with a whole menagerie of jungle plunder. Because of the many requirements for good agent collectors, he often had trouble in finding capable men for the work. A single trip might cost from $5000 to $15,000—usually nearer the former for a South or Central American expedition for birds and smaller animals, and the latter for an Asian or African trip to bring back the big fellows. Usually the agents were started off on their expeditions with only a few hundred dollars—enough for their passage money and initial expenses. Then, as they found opportunity to buy this or that animal from native hunters or collectors, they cabled the particulars to us and more money was sent on as needed. No bonding company, ordinarily, would accept these men as risks, because of the combination of temptation and unusual opportunity. On one occasion an agent started out with a couple thousand dollars and disappeared. Nine months later he wrote in from Venezuela and asked for another chance. He got it and he made good.

The day after I arrived I went with the son of old Fritz to escort an expected shipment of animals from the dock to the farm. A large hired truck took the biggest stuff—a tapir, a pygmy elephant, cranes and pelicans, a twenty-foot python and two leopards. We helped load them and watched them disappear. Then we loaded our own half-ton truck with twenty-five baboons and a lot of macaws, and set out for the farm ourselves.

The Freedom of the City

Going through the streets we drew a crowd as easily as the Pied Piper of Hamelin. Every boy between the ages of eight and eighteen, and quite a few girls, followed. Some of them tried to jump on. Finally, passing a building undergoing noisy construction, a box of three large baboons hit a derrick and opened. Out popped the baboons. One stayed with the truck, too frightened to leave the rest of the load. The two others ran up one street and down another, forty miles an hour, as if they had been given the keys of the city. Everybody chased them, policemen joining in. In the excitement two or three people tried to tackle the apes and were badly bitten. Finally we cornered them and made our way, each of us with a baboon writhing under his arm, back to the truck. We put them in their box again, nailed it securely, and gave a sigh of relief.

When we reached the farm once more the big truck was nearly empty; all the animals were in their new cages or stalls, but they were having trouble with the seven-year-old royal Bengal tiger. That's unusually late to be captured and he was pretty savage. Old Fritz and the truckmen had got the crate he came in against the waiting cage all right, with both doors open, but the tiger refused to budge an inch. He crouched at the back of the crate and stuck there, roaring so that the noise could be heard for blocks. Soon a good-sized crowd collected outside the gates, waiting to see us all carried out in thin slices. For nearly three hours we all poked at that beast with sticks, coaxed and whistled and held pieces of meat tied to the end of broom handles before his nose. Absolutely nothing doing. Finally we lashed the cage and crate securely together, gave it up for the night and went out of sight. After just a few minutes royalty sniffed dubiously at the new throne and decided to try it. He marched, slowly and with dignity, out of the crate and into the cage, and sat down to dinner.

Every stall and cage had to be cleaned twice a day, and when it was warm enough the animals were let out in their runs, the birds in their own pool. All winter the temperature inside the houses had to be kept about sixty-five or seventy degrees.

Lions of the Hour

It seemed to me that the animals in this little zoo were much more active than animals I had seen in public exhibitions—more pacing back and forth, more vicious snarling, more springing angrily at steel bars. Our animals were wilder—nearer the jungle—but civilization was closing in on them fast. The proximity of man kept them anxious and excited. Later on, after exposure to the limelight, they grew hardened. I found that there was a wide variation even in animals of the same species—one tiger irritable, another almost as docile as a cat, a third contemptuously indifferent.

That particular shipment of animals stayed at the farm for some time, then slowly began to disappear. A small South Carolina zoo, suddenly heir to a few thousand dollars, bought the elephant for $2500. A pair of white-necked cranes, sometimes called Lilies of Japan, went to a Kansas millionaire collector of birds for $350. The Bengal tiger and most of the baboons went to a celluloid jungle for a motion-picture drama, bringing nearly $2000, and an order came from a circus 1400 miles away for the tapir. In the meantime a snow leopard chose a busy time to jump through a skylight over his cage. We sent immediately for outside help. In the excitement of the search a local policeman fell over a wheelbarrow that stood in his way and struck the pistol he was carrying. It went off and shot him in the arm.

"It's one thing," he said disgustedly while we were bandaging him, "to be clawed by a tiger, but it's very different to be shot by the handle of a wheelbarrow."

We finally cornered the leopard—a beautiful, grayish-white beast—crouching in the cellar of the bird house, and restored it safely to its cage.

Another time two half-grown lions were on their way from us to a showman in Washington, D. C. They left in an express car, in strong crates. In the same car were other expressed articles traveling the same route, but there was no attendant chaperoning the lions. When the train was a couple of hours outside the city the lions chewed their way out of their crate. The express messenger, hearing a noise behind him, turned, took one look, and made a dash for the door. He got safely into the next car without a second to spare. After that there seemed to be nothing to do. The lions stayed in the express car, loose, while the train put on extra speed. The train conductor wired ahead frantically to Washington and the express company had animal handlers on hand there to force the young kings of the express car back into crates—but not before they had made those other express packages look like a rummage sale.

I stayed at the farm about two years and a half, enjoying myself enormously, and slowly and steadily—almost without realizing it—saving money. I needed to spend only a very little to live on. During the first summer my brother Carl and my sister Dorothea, on a trip to the city, came out to the farm to see me. It so happened that I was more than usually dirty and disheveled.

I had been up all night with a little kangaroo—a gentle creature I had made a pet of that was suffering from some strange malady. Carl and Dorothea found much to laugh at in my "animal nursing," as they called it. But Carl was taking the law course instead of me, and of that I was deeply glad, for I knew it would please my father and mother just as much as if I had done it.

When I was twenty-two I went back to the city to work in the store itself. I found that I was more interested in the retail end of the business. And I liked to be where I could watch the contact between human beings and animals when people came in to buy pets.

Through the forenoon in the store the trade was light, and we got as much of the feeding and cleaning of the day attended to as we could. During the later part of the forenoon one or two big buyers occasionally came in—agents for zoölogical gardens, public or private, or circuses. In the afternoon we got their orders ready for shipment all over the country and took care of a steady stream of trade. I realized that people longed to be left alone to prowl around, curious and delighted, among the animals, but business obligations, and the eye of my boss on me, made it imperative to try to sell them something.

I stayed where I was, quite contentedly, for more than ten years. My salary had climbed slowly and steadily, as had my savings account. Even then, I think, a dim goal was in my mind—some day, if I could, I would have a shop of my own.

Finally, to the pride and delight of our parents, Carl became a full-fledged lawyer. I, too, was very glad—glad that he had pleased them where I had grieved. I went home frequently, but I talked little of my own work. They loved me, but they thought me and my life inexplicable—even a little shameful—and Carl found it ludicrous. So the talk centered generally on him and his prospects.

Monkey Business

Then the owner of the shop went abroad for three years, leaving me in charge of the small-animal end of his business—the city store. Having the lines in my own hands was a real thrill, and that dim goal took slightly more definite shape: To own a pet shop—a small one, perhaps, but my own—run it just as I would like to run it, watch it grow.

Meanwhile this enormous business of his was partly under my managership the pet-shop stock. His gross sales ran almost to $500,000 annually, and about $300,000 of that was in my charge. We had the three agents going out all the time, keeping in touch with the depots in South America, Africa, India, Australia, Germany, making expeditions of their own into the interior of South America. I learned more about their work.

Usually the cost of the small animals—monkeys, marmosets and coatimondis paid mostly in trinkets or clothes or tools, averaged about three or four dollars each. Coatimondis—much like small monkeys, with rough brown fur and long pliable noses—will eat almost anything—bananas, nuts, bread. They would cost three or

(Continued on Page 101)

In historic old New England the use of enduring materials is a tradition

This Old *wrought iron* Flume has defied corrosion for half a century--

IN no part of the country is the love of permanence more deeply rooted than in New England. To the New England mind, change and decay are "the old woe of the world." The inveterate fondness for enduring materials can be seen in every city or hamlet. Fine churches and town halls, dignified mansions, modest cottages, not a few, show the venerable character of things that last.

Even mills and factories built by the pioneers of industry in New England share in this worthy tradition.

From such a mill, belonging to the United States Rubber Company and known locally as "the Old Shop", one of the earliest "rubber and boot" factories of the Western Hemisphere, our present illustration is taken.

An old wrought-iron flume, built half a century ago, supplies the Old Shop with its most vital necessity—plentiful volumes of water. Resting firmly on its stone supports, taken to the embrace of sturdy trees which were not yet sprouted when the mill was built, the ancient flume has become so much a part of the landscape that generations of children have come to look upon it as belonging to the hill.

A more perishable material than wrought iron would long ago have crumbled to dust.

A time-tested and time-honored material it is, filling the practical mind with admiration and satisfying the sense of permanence—honest old-fashioned stuff with all its native slags and fluxes, and with enduring virtues as long familiar as the anvil and the forge.

Of such material, Byers Pipe is made. In New England, Byers Pipe has many of its staunchest friends. For water supply, plumbing, heating, and steam systems, unseen and often forgotten, Byers has faithfully served many generations of New England users.

By the Byers Record, All Pipe is Judged.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

BYERS PIPE

GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

TEXACO

Instinctively . . they demand the best

Their chauffeurs are the smartest; their motors, the finest. Experience . . . the world they live in . . . has taught them to demand the best . . . instinctively.

It is significant that at almost every favored resort there has developed an overwhelming preference for Texaco Motor Oil.

But this tendency, however marked, is not surprising. It merely serves to indicate a growing realization that no engine, regardless of price, is ever superior to its motor oil; that no motor oil is really fine unless it can insure constant, trouble-free service. *And this golden Texaco can, and does.*

For Texaco is free of tars, paraffin wax and cylinder stock . . . substances present in many motor oils which tend to dull fine engine performance.

Whatever car you drive . . . whatever its type of engine . . . there is a grade of Texaco Golden Motor Oil authorized for it, at the Texaco Red Star and Green T.

FULL BODY

IN ALL GRADES

The Texas Company, 17 Battery Place, New York City

Texaco Petroleum Products

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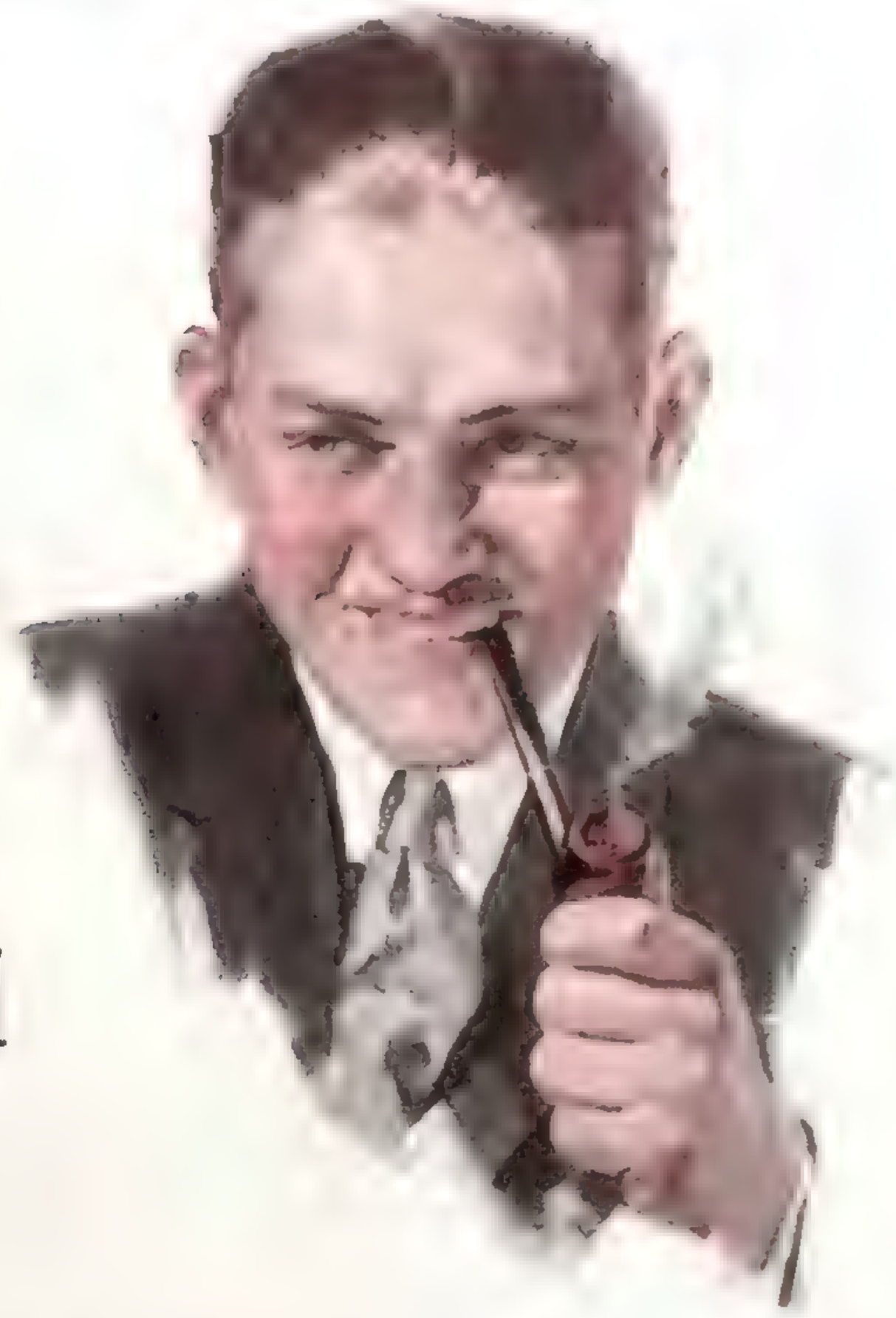
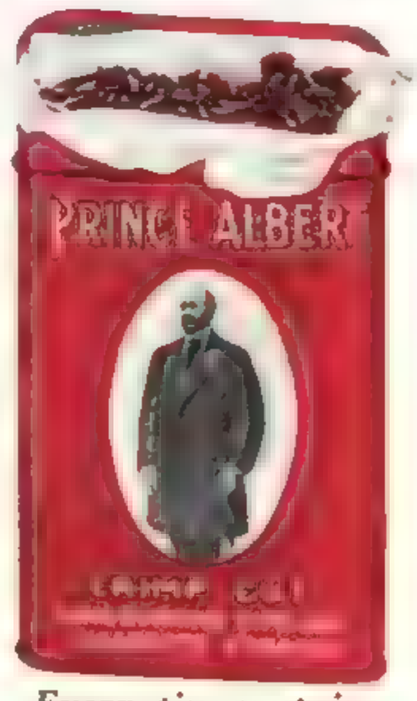


I'm for it a hundred per cent!

I'M ALL for P. A. Without a single mental reservation. It's my brand and I want the whole world to know. That's not sentiment—it's sanity. Swing back the hinged lid on a tidy red tin and let that glorious P. A. fragrance broadcast its own story. Then load up and light up. . . .

Cool as the box-office man. Welcome as two-on-the-aisle. Mild as milk-toast, yet with plenty of rich, satisfying body to let you know you're smoking. A pipe is a grand old pal when you pack it with P. A. And you want to pack and puff from morning to midnight, once you get a taste of this tobacco in your jimmy-pipe. You'll say so.

More Prince Albert is smoked than any other brand. Nobody can tell me that this just "happens." *That* many million men can't be wrong. No matter what your present set-up may be, try long-burning P. A. If you don't check with me, then *you're* right and the *world's* wrong!



Every tin contains TWO full ounces of the grandest tobacco you ever smoked.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

(Continued from Page 96

four dollars more to feed before they reached New York. So did the smaller monkeys, and marmosets even more, eating seven or eight bananas a day. Occasionally a spider monkey, too, was bought for as little as three dollars, but not often.

The prices I finally set on the stuff that came in had little to do with the amount originally paid. Rarity, cost of transportation, maintenance, hardihood—all such fluctuating factors had to be figured. The animals we sold for pets had to reimburse us for those that died from disease or before getting acclimated. Insurance companies refused, usually, to insure our shipments—risk of loss was too great. On the other hand, I sold one chimpanzee for $3000 that cost us only $500 to get in with a big shipment.

On a trip that cost us altogether around $10,000 we usually came out about $5000 ahead a good 50 per cent profit. On the other hand, every once in so often a whole expedition would go wrong for one reason or another and we would lose heavily on it. On the whole, our profit was not particularly great, when the risks were taken into account. From $30,000 to $40,000 a year on the $300,000 gross that came under my supervision was entirely satisfactory to my employer, and even that necessitated continual vigilance.

Experience and competition have gradually established a pretty definite scale of prices for the better-known animals, even of the larger varieties sold mainly to zoos and private collectors. We printed a catalogue and price list: Chimpanzees and orang-utans $1000 to $1500; elephants from $2000 to $3000; leopards around $350, and so on.

The boats that brought in our shipments were regular floating zoos themselves. One time when I met a boat at the dock, the men had a rare hyacinthine macaw perching gravely on one of the lifeboats, and a Maguari stork, that later went to a zoo for $150, marching around the deck with a rope tied to its leg, and a little porcupine, gentle as a kitten, in a leather collar and chain, scampering along behind it.

The wood and wire cages for larger animals were kept in the hold. And in the hold, the men told me, every free minute, was the ship's crew, happy as kids at a circus—white, black and Indian. They loved it. As many as could just gathered around and watched. Watched, I have no doubt, with exactly the same feelings and reactions that I like to read on the faces of the crowds outside the windows whenever, concealed by a big aquarium or cage, I stand unobserved and steal a moment or two from my work for it—curiosity, sympathy, delighted interest; fingers reaching out almost instinctively to touch.

The Pet and the Purchaser

Snakes came in only in warm weather, but birds could be shipped later and came in all through the fall. Since canaries are the backbone of the pet-shop business, the trade in them is brisk until the end of the year, when there is a short lull. All small or unusual animals that can be given as pets—monkeys, marmosets, coatimondis, and the like—sell well until after Christmas, so that November and December are often the busiest selling months of the year. Then, in early spring, the big-animal trade becomes brisk again, with the beginning of the circus demand.

That particular market—circuses—is constant. Shows that tour the country wear out animals quickly. The traveling from place to place makes their life a much harder one than the lives of animals in a zoölogical garden, where they are scientifically cared for. They die and have to be replaced more often.

That first year of my managership I worked hard to make good sales. I disposed of several pairs of rare parrakeets—most of them to wealthy women—at $1000 a pair. It was quite a trick—and a valuable one, too—to suit the pet to the buyer. If a woman who lived in a small apartment thought she wanted a Great Dane puppy, I tried to persuade her to take a kitten or a Sealyham terrier instead; if another needed a bird just to decorate a studio I kept her from buying a persistent, loud-singing chopper canary and sold her a pair of love birds. I wanted to avoid building a business by selling people things they wouldn't be satisfied with. Besides, when a customer has a real love of animals and opportunity to care for only one pet, that love can be directed almost as easily to a convenient as to an inconvenient animal and it was usually I who did the directing.

There was one young girl—eighteen, nineteen; something like that—rather poorly dressed, who used to stop outside the window every day at a quarter to nine and a quarter to six. On her way to and from work, I supposed. We had a Samoyed puppy in the window—a long-haired, white dog in conformation something between an Eskimo dog and a spitz—and the girl made friends with it through the glass. After a week or so, when we wanted to change the window, the puppy had to come inside. The next morning, when the girl stopped at the window, the dog was gone. She came inside and found his cage almost immediately.

"How—how much is he?" she asked wistfully.

"Eighty dollars," I said. "A great bargain. It's a thoroughbred female."

Peculiar Friends

Her face fell. A pedigree, I expect, meant nothing to her; she was attracted to that particular puppy, that was all.

"Eighty dollars!" she repeated. "Oh, how can I ever save that before somebody buys her?"

Well, I could tell she couldn't afford an eighty-dollar dog, but I was sorry to see her so disappointed. That night I went to a friend of mine who had a litter of cross-breeds he wanted to get rid of—an accidental mating of a white collie and some other breed—and got an all-white one for two dollars. I took the Samoyed away and put the little mongrel in a cage next to the one the Samoyed had been in. As I expected, the girl came in the next evening—apparently just to see the puppy she liked again. This time she found the cross breed.

"That's a nice puppy," I said casually. "You'd like that one. And you can have it for five dollars."

She took up the dog, and a small tongue licked her chin. He was sold. The Samoyed was forgotten, and she hugged the puppy tightly as she gave me the five dollars. The results were all I could ask for. She was delighted, and she had a dog she could afford. The little aristocrat I sold two days later to a well-to-do business man for his small daughter—and not for eighty dollars either, but for a hundred and twenty-five dollars!

People often buy pets that would surprise you. It depends on what appeals to them in the particular animals, or what they want an animal for—companionship, rarity, decoration, or some last subconscious link with primitive jungle days. An Englishwoman, for instance, takes a baby lion about with her on motor trips; the beast wears a collar and chain, and rides in regal splendor in the back seat. Rex Ingram is said to prize highly a little lemur—a monkeylike creature with a fox face—and to wear it attached to his wrist by a chain. A little girl on Long Island takes her parrot bicycling with her. The bird perches on the handle bars and calls "Good morning," politely to anyone it sees. A Chicago man paid $1000 for a six-year-old elephant from the French Congo for his little boy to play with. It is a pygmy—four feet high at the shoulder and only a foot higher than a newborn Indian elephant. The little boy rides around on it as if it were a pony; he has taught it to bow in thanks for peanuts. A man in the West has a pet coyote that operates a revolving table.

In New Jersey a woman who loves birds has made a pet of a crested lark; it plays with her like a dog—takes her finger in its beak and shakes it in greeting. A certain actress paid $300 for a purple-faced monkey with a stiff white beard encircling its wrinkled face; she told a few friends she bought it "because it resembled her dear, dead grandfather." Bear cubs are common; a rancher living in the Rocky mountains catches and tames them. He says he sells them as soon as he shows them to people, because, when he upturns the burlap bags he carries them around in, the little bears roll clear across the floor, over and over in tight balls, and delight everybody that sees them. An old retired sailor in Maine likes to spend a quiet evening smoking, using one of his enormous pet turtles as a foot rest.

One day a girl asked me for an owl—said a friend of hers had one, in an apartment—and she wanted one like it. I didn't have an owl, but I sold her a beautiful red-and-blue macaw instead, for fifty dollars. Once I sold a man, most unexpectedly, a wild dog of the variety we call "jungle dog." Some people call them wolves, but they are not true types, if they are wolves at all. I had made a great pet of this one; he ran all around the store, friendly as an Airedale. The man, not knowing just what the animal was, had made friends with it while I was waiting on another customer. He was attracted by the reddish-brown coat—not like any domestic dog's—and the animal's air of alertness. He took it for forty-five dollars, and a green collar and chain to go with it. I often wondered what sort of life my jungle dog went into. People make friends with a kangaroo, a Siamese cat, an African gazelle, an alligator, an ostrich.

There came a Saturday afternoon when I was fixing up my own collection of animals that I kept out at the farm—some parrakeets I'd picked up, a few macaws, three good bitches that I bred from, a Samoyed, a collie, and the always popular Boston bull. The Boston had a litter of fine pups ready to be sold—I always sold my own stock right from the store, giving the owner 10 per cent—and I was getting the ten-week-old terriers ready for their journey. Just that morning I had received a statement from my bank—more than $4000. The combination of the amount and the pups ready to be sold made me sit down and think hard for a few moments. I decided the time had come to start in business for myself.

I knew I had to be careful. I was not in a small town with no other pet shops to compete with; nor was I, on the other hand, in an enormous city where the huge population would make the chance of success more possible, even though there were many other shops. It was, however, a large city, with, I thought, a good opportunity to establish a business.

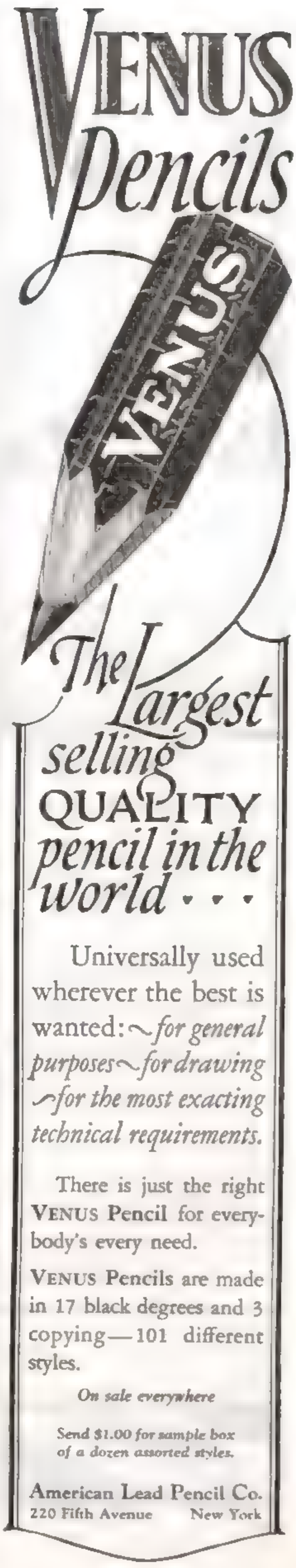
A Pet for Every Home

There are more than 5000 pet shops scattered over the United States. That includes department stores, five-and-ten-cent stores carrying goldfish, sometimes even notion and hardware stores—some prosperous, some not. Most of the dealers I know believe that the saturation point for pets in American homes is still far away, that the number of American homes with animals is much smaller than in Europe.

"In Germany," one old pet-shop man said to me, "hardly a home but has a pet of some kind—and that is true with many a family that finds it hard enough to feed themselves, let alone an animal. But America is still a wide-open market."

I knew that there was far from being a pet to a home in this country, and I had seen the animal business grow steadily during the years I had been in it. The big dealers, with yearly sales of $500,000 or more, of course have also their big-animal markets.

But the usual pet shop—such as mine would be—doesn't get that trade. It depends on the middle-class customers; from experience I knew that only 5 to 10 per cent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"ANYONE CAN SEE," says the progressive food packer, "that only the best is good enough for glass. Fruits that ripen on the tree, to be packed within a few hours after picking . . . vegetables chosen at the peak of their freshness and sweetness and rushed into sterilized glass jars . . . delicately flavored sea-food packed in glass immediately . . . pickles, jams, olives, jellies . . . these and more than a hundred other products are selected, and then guarded every step of the way that leads them into their shining containers of glass.

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of the small-shop trade is with richer people. Sales are small and have to be numerous. When I once sold $100 worth of goldfish for an outside pond to a single customer, I nearly wrapped myself up in the box with them, I was so surprised. It had cleaned us out of goldfish entirely.

I had watched the breeding of dogs, cats, fish, canaries, rabbits, ferrets, and so on, in America steadily increase. American-bred stock is apt to be hardy, but it is dangerous to stock up too heavily on it, because people want imported pets as much as they want imported hats or shoes or anything else.

Yet there are fisheries in Buffalo that ship a ton or more of fish a week. At the last show of the Gold and Tropical Fish Society of Philadelphia, there were more than 10,000 people present, and 172 varieties of tropical fish were exhibited. It is said that 300 fish, in all, besides the common goldfish, have been domesticated. A canary breeder in Indianapolis has 400 to 500 birds the year round; another man in New York State is said to have 3000. License bureaus report 10,000,000 licensed dogs in this country; there were more than 2000 at the last national dog show, and 89 cats in the Silver Cat Society show. Then there are the oddities in the business: A guinea-pig farm near Boston, with 3000 pigs the year round; a man raises chinchilla rabbits—their pelt is much like the real chinchilla—for fur and food, and sells them for $1 to $3.50 apiece in the raw-fur market; a man in Springfield, Massachusetts, sells 20,000 nightwalkers and a thousand hellgramites a month to fishermen; goat farms, whose owners tell me it costs only $1.25 a month to maintain a goat; a man in Canaan, New Hampshire, who makes a business of buying and selling freak animals—a five-legged cow and two-headed horse; and so on.

Well, I finally started in. I rented a little store with two good-sized windows for $150 a month, paying $900 in advance. Shelves, show cases for foods and accessories, water tanks, cages, and changes in the store came to $1800. My boss, who was encouraging and glad to help me, although he said he was sorry to lose me from his own organization, let me have a good stock of imported canaries, some macaws, parrots, marmosets, and so on, on sixty days' credit. That is twice what is ordinarily allowed in the trade, where long credits are held in check by the perishable nature of the stock. I took, in all, about $1100 worth. A fairly full stock of bird seed and all varieties of prepared food came to $400 more.

Garden and poultry supplies came to an equal amount. Then, for cash, I shopped around among the different dealers I knew for bargains. I got some cheaper canaries for ten dollars a dozen, guinea pigs, sixteen dozen goldfish bowls for fifteen dollars and several good dogs.

Just a Little Longer

For dogs I had to pay pretty good prices. One man told me that he kept ten dogs breeding, sold pups at sixty dollars and seventy-five dollars apiece, and made only $850 annual profit on them. A $50 or $100 stud fee is no unusual price for a fine dog. I was able, by being slow and careful, to buy here and there a few good litters right. I even got two fine thoroughbreds for fifteen dollars each, from a private owner not used to breeding, who had no idea how much it had cost him to raise the puppies to nine weeks' age. I got a few collies, Airedales, cocker spaniels and Pomeranians reasonably; also a hair-clipping machine for fifty dollars—a new model with exceptionally quiet action; fine for clipping long-haired dogs.

Altogether, my cash purchases ran up to nearly $900, almost before I realized it. That left me with little more than $400 working capital and a total indebtedness of nearly $2000, due for the most part in sixty days. Suddenly I found myself beginning to get scared. But I needn't have worried. The store was in a good location, on a busy street that was a center for city and suburban transportation. That gave me a variety of demand—large dogs, small dogs, supplies of all sorts. From the very first I sold enough to meet the bulk of my obligations on the nail.

At that, the first year wasn't easy. I was so anxious to establish my credit by meeting every bill as it came due that I let a lot of stuff go at bargain prices, without making the profit on it I should have. Although my turnover for the year was better than $12,000, I made little more than my own living expenses. Many a day I was tempted to throw the whole thing over and go back to the big store. For the amount of work that brought in practically no return in dollars and cents that year I could have been getting seventy-five dollars a week at my old job. But I stuck to it—always "just a little longer."

Accidents in Business

That went on for part of the second year. Then, the second Christmas I found myself really drawing ahead. Sales were good. I was fortunate in getting that year a lot of the motion-picture-company trade. It's not so large, of course, in the East as it is in the West, where the Hollywood stars buy freely and often keep private zoos. But even in the East picture companies need small animals and pay good prices for them.

I had a little honey bear that I'd bought from a sailor for twenty dollars, to use as a window attraction. It was so badly needed in a comedy a week later that they bought it for $350. For a while one studio took seventy pounds of dog meat a week. Now and then I was able to rent animals to them at ten dollars a day. A horned owl that I kept for three years brought in nearly $300 in that time as a screen actor.

I advertised steadily in newspapers, occasionally offering special sales of canaries and goldfish or dog foods, and I had steady customers for accessories. That year I would have come out well ahead as far as profits went, but for two accidents. One was the loss of a rare ape I'd picked up to sell to a rich Cuban lady who has one of the largest collections of simians in the world near Havana. It took sick and died on my hands before her buyer made his scheduled visit to the city. The other loss was through a lawsuit.

There is some strong instinct that makes pet-shop visitors poke their fingers into cages. Curiosity, perhaps—the desire to see more clearly through handling than the eyes can see, or just a longing to touch an appealing puppy or kitten, much as most women reach to take babies into their arms. At any rate, the urge seems to be universal. But a new monkey, fresh from South America, often resents the intrusion. One day while I was busy in another part of the store a little boy slipped under the guard rail, far toward the back of the store—where customers are not supposed to be anyway—and put his fingers into the cage where a large monkey was brooding over wrongs. The animal bit the boy's finger, making it bleed. Blood poisoning set in and for a time the child was in a serious condition. His father brought suit, and although I had witnesses to prove that the boy had climbed under the guard rail the jury decided against me. Besides legal fees, I had to pay $1000 damages.

But the business itself was improving. At the beginning of the third year I hired an assistant. That year I sold nearly 1000 dogs and cats. Many thousands of goldfish went too. Of these, the "Moor" telescopes were very popular—a really black fish, velvety-black. Then there were the fish we call "Comets," the most rapid and graceful swimmers; and the pretty Japanese fantails and nymphs. I also sold about 3000 canaries and other birds—since birds are being so widely used as decoration now, it has opened a wider market. My gross sales ran well above $40,000 for the year, and my profit more than equaled the salary I had been getting from Mr. Graumann.

During vacation seasons I boarded goldfish for people who were leaving the city although there were unexpected hazards in that. I remember a certain lady who confided her pet to me and later came back from Maine to find her fish a different color. She was not only startled but utterly unconvinced. This was no Tommie, but some changeling! Not even Tommie's evident ease of mind in his own aquarium, surrounded by his usual fern, could persuade her he was Tommie. She took the fish home, but he had become a waif, and I don't doubt it was a long while before he was once more a member of the family.

It has now been about five years since I relinquished participation in business, and I miss very greatly the daily activities of the store. I used to be in the shop at seven o'clock every morning and my assistant arrived at eight. By 8:30 we had the morning cleaning and feeding done, and were ready for people who stopped in on their way to work. Every morning I went over the stock to see what we needed, get a new shipment of goldfish settled, evaluate a litter of puppies—you often have a thirty dollar, a fifty dollar and a seventy-five dollar dog in the same litter—get a shipment of birds ready to go out to the Middle West, write an ad for the Sunday paper or decorate the windows. I took care of them myself, and I liked to change them a little every two or three days. The temptation to overcrowd them was almost irresistible, but one I learned to avoid. Something alive—a rare macaw, an amusing monkey, a beautiful cockatoo, an appealing puppy—was always my best drawing card. Second was the crowd itself, as it collected outside the windows.

Crowds differed of course. The early morning passers-by, on their way to work, came first. Usually they hurried past, with here and there a clerk or shopgirl who paused for a moment. In this crowd there were few buyers. Occasionally some office boy or stenographer made friends with a puppy or kitten, stopping every morning to greet it, hoping against hope that his or her savings would catch up with the price before some rich customer got the pet. But the savings were usually too late.

When Hard Work Is Pleasant

We went out to luncheon at eleven to twelve and two to three, because the noon hours were among the busiest; although when the rush was all over we found there had been less actual buying done than during the rest of the day. People from offices for blocks around, who had finished their sandwich and coffee and pie in twenty minutes, had forty minutes left to prowl around with a friend. They loved to come in and look at the animals.

In the afternoon I looked over the trade papers for good exchanges, answered correspondence—orders, requests for information, and so on. Sometimes I went out looking for bargains—a good sale of puppies I'd heard of, a new kind of cage on exhibition at the near-by factory, a bird or fish or dog show.

Every cage in the store was cleaned twice a day and floored with fresh cedar shavings. It was absolutely necessary to fight the repellent odor that you associate with small, overcrowded animal stores. Constant, unremitting personal attention was imperative—just the same, I suppose, as in most lines of work. You have to work hard for what you get, but to me it's been worth it.

I liked the work. Yes, I did like it—all of it. It took courage, when I was a boy, to oppose my parents and insist upon doing what I wanted to do. But I am glad now that I did; I believe it has worked out for the best. Carl became the lawyer and my mother and father were not disappointed. And I—why, almost to my own surprise, this business I started grew slowly but steadily. The yearly profits climbed up. I am very glad to have this assurance of success that money brings, but most of all I am glad my trade was with a commodity I like so well—small animals.

"What!...Ordinary Syrup on Our PANCAKES?

... *Not When There's a Man to Please,"* Women Say

Mrs. Clyde Kasten, having tried "just syrup" several times before, refuses to make the same mistake again, saying her husband simply won't have anything but the famous Maple Tang of Log Cabin on his pancakes

Plenty of butter, lots of Log Cabin is the Real pancake "secret" Warming the syrup first gives an added richness

The World-Famous MAPLE TANG that's the Pancake Secret of America's Most Noted Breakfast Places

At home, men may take what they get. But away from home, they *order what they want.*

Let a dining-car waiter bring him syrup without this famous *Maple Tang* for his pancakes, and there's trouble straight away. Let him get pancakes without it, at even his favorite hotel, and again a great wrong is registered.

In virtually EVERY famous breakfast place in America, pancakes are served that way—with the melting maple flavor of the Great North Woods to entice people back time and time again.

Today, in thousands of homes, women have stopped ordering just "syrup" and specify Log Cabin. It's so easy to make a man believe his wife is the greatest pancake maker in the world that way!

The Flavor No Other Syrup Offers

Throughout all America, Log Cabin stands supreme in its field. Its flavor is world-famous. It is making tens of thousands of women known as wonderful pancake makers—because they've learned that it isn't so much the way they *make* pancakes, *but the Syrup they use*, that counts.

That flavor comes from a secret blending of the two finest flavored maple sugars known, *Canadian and New England*, with just enough pure, granulated sugar added to tone the flavor to delicate richness.

Try making *your* pancakes wonderful, too. Today get Log Cabin at your grocery. Costs only a few cents more than just ordinary syrup. Always sold in Log Cabin shaped tins. The Log Cabin Products Co., St. Paul, Minn.

To obtain TRUE MAPLE FLAVOR in syrup is simple if the housewife insists upon the syrup she buys being in this can shaped like a Log Cabin. This Log Cabin can is the identification for genuine Maple flavor

HEEBY JEEBY

(Continued from Page 19)

Thus between them they drove Heber into an awkward, hopping dance not unlike that to which in old times a tenderfoot might be subjected in a Western drinking place.

Preacher Wing never tried to step on Heber's toes, but he did smile, as who could help it, at the little man's efforts to escape the attentions of these companions of his. He used to smile and catch Heber's eye, and there was something in his expression which invited Heber to chuckle, too, as though he and Preacher Wing shared between them a joke too subtle for the comprehension of these others.

And once, when Preacher Wing, passing through the street alone, met Heber, he stopped and spoke to the little man in a kindly tone; passed the time of day with him; said reassuringly, "You don't want to let them bother you. They don't mean anything. They're just boys."

Heber's retort was curiously venomous, and Preacher repeated, "Shucks! Keep out of their way if they bother you. They don't mean any harm."

But Heber could not wholly keep out of their way. It happened more and more frequently that he encountered them; and when he did so, it was always to suffer some indignity. One night Tot Limburner caught him and lifted him clear of the ground and held him squirming against the side of a building, with a grip upon his coat lapels and a fist pressed against Heber's chest so that the little man could scarcely breathe. And the giant roared with mirth at his own jest.

"There he is, Piper!" he cried. "There, don't he look just like a spider now?"

"All he needs is a web," Piper agreed, and he asked seriously, "How about it, Spider? Can't you spin a little web for us? Just one little web?"

Heber, after his first futile resistance, hung helplessly in Tot's grasp and preserved that grim silence which was his only defense against their good-humored bullying, until they were tired and let him go.

He might have changed his place of residence, but there was somewhere a stubborn streak in Heber and he stayed where he was. Yet his encounters with these three, and his fears of encounters which never occurred, combined to make his life a torment. It never occurred to him to strike back at them. For one thing, he was outnumbered; for another, the idea of resisting Tot Limburner was utterly absurd; and in the last analysis, Heber would never be a combative man.

When it was possible to do so, he avoided them; when there was a chance of flight, he fled; but when there was no escape, he submitted to their attentions with a grim stolidity. They were a part of the gantlet he must run.

Lamper, Heber's employer, was a thrifty man, inclined to save a penny where he could. One of his economies was to keep pins in use so long as it was in any way possible to make them serve. When they became so battered that they would not stand up, he sawed off their ends, so that sometimes the ten pins at the foot of an alley were to an exactly measuring eye of ten different heights. A spectacle curiously disconcerting. But now and then a pin was split or broken; or from repeated amputations it became too short for use. The wastage was inexorable; and at intervals even Lamper had to buy a new set of pins.

One day in December he called Heber up the alley and kicked at a heavy bundle on the floor at his feet.

"Here, Heeby," he said, in a good-humored tone. "Here's a Christmas present for you."

When Lamper did buy new pins, he always allotted them to Heber, as the oldest employe. Heber derived from these infrequent favors a kind of rapture. Now at Lamper's word, he gathered the bundle in his arms, his countenance for a moment transfigured. With no word to Lamper he carried it down the aisle beside the alleys and across into his own domain, the pit nearest the wall.

The old set of pins which he had been using he tossed over into Ikey's pit, next to his. Then lovingly unwrapped the new ones and wiped the dust and sawdust from them with caressing care. When they were polished till they shone, he set them up in their appointed places, stood back to admire the mechanical precision of their arrangement, bent down to squint along the diagonal lines of them to make sure that each line was exact and true; and for a while he gloated over them, hugging his knees upon his perch atop the balustrade, content to watch them standing there with shining and enraptured eyes.

After a time the usual midday rush of business began, when men took advantage of their lunch hour for a few minutes' exercise, and Heber was kept busy. To handle the new pins was a delight almost beyond expression, and he was fortunate enough that day to have for his customers the most skillful bowlers. Their balls came down the alleys smoothly, spinning as they came, and not too fast; and when one, well sped, struck the head pin shrewdly and swept the alley clean, Heber felt the delight of an artist, as though he had collaborated with the bowler in this perfect strike.

During the leisure of the afternoon he rubbed and polished the pins again, to remove from them the traces of their initiation; and after supper, when business picked up once more, his pleasure was renewed. He was almost sorry when a little after ten o'clock the last bowler departed. The alleys were deserted, and Heber and his professional associates were left with nothing to do.

Lamper and one of his friends sat by the cash register near the stairs that led down from the street, smoking and talking together. Two of the boys, Ikey and Mat, bowled a few strings while Jim set up the pins for them. Heber arranged and rearranged his new pins upon their spots, brooded over them from his perch upon the balustrade, got down again to correct some imagined inaccuracy in their arrangement.

He heard Ikey ask Lamper, "How about going home?"

And Lamper said, in a surly tone, "Don't be in a hurry! It's still early. Time to do a lot of business yet."

Outside Heber could hear the slackening tumult of traffic along the cobbled street, and the occasional roaring passage of an Elevated train. It was a warm night for the season, and rainy. He thought vaguely that it would be uncomfortable, walking home across the bridge.

The other boys got tired of bowling and gathered at one side of the alleys to gossip together; and Ikey shouted derisively to Heber, "Hey, Heeby Jeeby! What do you think you are—an owl, roosting there?"

But Heber paid no attention. He had learned that silence was his best defense; and they returned to their own affairs again. The place became quiet. Outside the traffic rumbled, the voices of Lamper and his friend came murmurously from the other end of the alleys; the boys whispered and laughed together, and Heber hugged his knees, perched in the shadows there above the new pins.

But abruptly the quiet of the place was disturbed by an irruption from the street. The swinging door at the foot of the stairs flew open and banged against the wall so strenuously that the glass in it was shattered, and a great voice shouted mirthfully. Heber, peering through the smoky atmosphere of the bowling alleys, recognized Tot Limburner, and Piper Day and Preacher Wing were on his heels.

At the sound of breaking glass Lamper swung and leaped to his feet and cried profanely. "What you doing there?"

Big Limburner towered above him. "Who wants to know?" he rejoined. "Who rises to inquire?"

Lamper was a bold and hardened man, but he had no mind to argue with this colossus.

"That's no way to do," he protested in a querulous tone. "Busting up a man's place of business that way."

"Well, now, that's different," Limburner told him. "Yes, sir, that's different. What do you want to make of it?"

The man who had been sitting with Lamper quietly and unostentatiously withdrew. Heber saw him disappear up the stairs to the street. "Gone to fetch a cop," he thought.

Limburner and Piper Day and Preacher Wing gathered around Lamper by the cash register; and Lamper repeated resentfully, "Bust the windows like that!"

Heber heard Preacher say, "It's all fun, mister. Here." And he saw Preacher offer the other man a bill. "What'll it cost you to have it fixed?" Preacher asked, and he explained, "You see, it's all fun. But we don't want you to get hurt by it."

Lamper seemed faintly mollified. "It's the principle of it," he protested.

Piper Day remonstrated to Preacher. "Say, a dollar and a half will fix that door," he exclaimed. "That was a sawbuck you slipped him."

"We'll take the change out of the alleys," Tot Limburner suggested; and Lamper, who had by this time put the money in his pocket, waved a gracious hand.

"Go ahead, boys!" he agreed. "Have your fun. I didn't go to speak sharp to you." And he shouted down the alleys: "Ikey! The rest of you! Set 'em up there!" He turned to Preacher. "How many alleys do you want?"

"How many you got?" asked Limburner largely. "We'll take all you got on hand."

"Go to it," Lamper agreed. "The house is yours, boys."

"You tell us when we've got our change," Preacher Wing requested, and Lamper said graciously:

"Right you are. I'll keep the sheets for you."

Big Tot Limburner, impatient of these negotiations, had crossed to Heber's alley. Heber, his countenance concealed beneath his eye shade, was reasonably secure from recognition. He watched Tot, and by the swing of the other's arm he knew the ball would come swiftly. It hurled down the alley, covering most of the distance in the air; bounded to one side and into the gutter; rebounded to the alley again and struck the number three pin. By some freak, that pin and those behind it toppled over others, one by one, and the rolling deadwood completed the destruction, so that every pin went down. Limburner roared with delight.

"There you are!" he exclaimed. "That's the way to hit 'em! Set 'em up, boy."

This command was unnecessary, for Heber knew his business. Even before the last pin had made up its mind to fall, he was standing ready; and he gathered the pins now and ranked them side by side across the end of the alley and began to set them up, with sharp precise thumps upon their appointed spots.

Piper and Preacher Wing had greeted Tot's strike with groans; called him lucky.

"Here's a little science for you," Piper announced, and bowled down Ikey's alley, next to that which Heber tended.

Piper, too, bowled a fast ball and a shrewd one; and one of the pins flew upward at an angle and caught Ikey on the elbow. The boy uttered a shriek of pain and bounded like a rabbit across the two farther alleys to the aisle at one side, and raced for the door.

Heber, busy with his work, heard him in vociferous argument with Lamper, Lamper ordering him to return to work again, Ikey profanely refusing.

"I should take a crack in the head!" he cried. "Good night!" And he darted toward the street.

Lamper shouted after him, "You're fired!"

"Write me a letter!" Ikey retorted, and disappeared forever from Heber's world. One of the other boys took his place, to set up the fallen pins.

This diversion had distracted Tot Limburner's attention from the immediate task before him—the task of capitalizing his strike with his next two balls. But he bowled now, and the ball came like a cannon shot, as wildly as the first one. This time, however, it went into the gutter and stayed there. Heber grinned in grim scorn at the big man's ineptitude, and when a second ball followed the first down the gutter he wiped his mouth with his hand and spat, in a patronizing fashion.

Preacher Wing and Tot were involved in an argument at the other end of the alleys. Heber gathered that Preacher wanted to bowl the third ball, and Tot would have none of it. The voices of the men were rising.

"Drunk!" Heber told himself, and he thought resentfully, "There'll be trouble in a minute now."

"You don't know how to bowl!" Preacher told Tot jocosely. "I'll show you. Here!"

Tot shook the other aside. "It ain't the bowling," he declared. "It's these balls." He swung toward Lamper. "These balls ain't big enough," he cried. "Why don't you have some big balls in your alleys? These ain't any better'n peas!"

"You're not bowling tenpins," Lamper scornfully retorted. "They're big enough if you know how to use 'em."

"Sure," Preacher agreed. "It's knowing how, Tot. That's all!" But Limburner ignored him, towered over Lamper, blustering good-humoredly.

"Don't you tell me how to bowl!" he warned.

"All right," Lamper agreed. "But don't you tell me how to run my business either."

Piper Day had been using his eyes; he caught Limburner's elbow, turned him aside. "Here," he suggested provocatively. "Here's some big balls underneath the trough."

Limburner turned to see, and Lamper cried protestingly, "They ain't for Boston pins."

"Say!" Tot shouted at him. "Who's bowling this string anyway?"

"You'll break up the pins if you use the big balls," Lamper insisted. "Or knock the back of the alley right out. Now I'll tell you, boys; you don't want to bowl. You go out and take a nice walk. That's the thing for you to do."

Piper exclaimed sneeringly, "That's right! Get our money and then try to get rid of us. Say, mister, we've paid for this. We're going to get our money's worth too."

Tot balanced one of the small balls in his hands. "I could do better with a baseball," he exclaimed, and with a sudden movement, he turned and threw the ball overhand down the alleys. It carried their full length in the air, struck thumpingly in the pit where the boy named Mat was working; and Mat and Jim, without a word, silently gathered their hats and coats and stole away.

Lamper got to his feet. "Well, if you're going to get rough," he said resignedly, "I'll have to call a cop. I don't want any trouble here. Go ahead and bowl if you want to, but behave like gentlemen."

He hesitated, reluctant to put his threat into effect. Heber watched sleepily. The altercation did not concern him, was not his affair.

But he heard Tot say resentfully: "Oh, a cop, will you? Well, I'll show you some bowling!"

(Continued on Page 109)

"HERE'S YOUR SHARE"

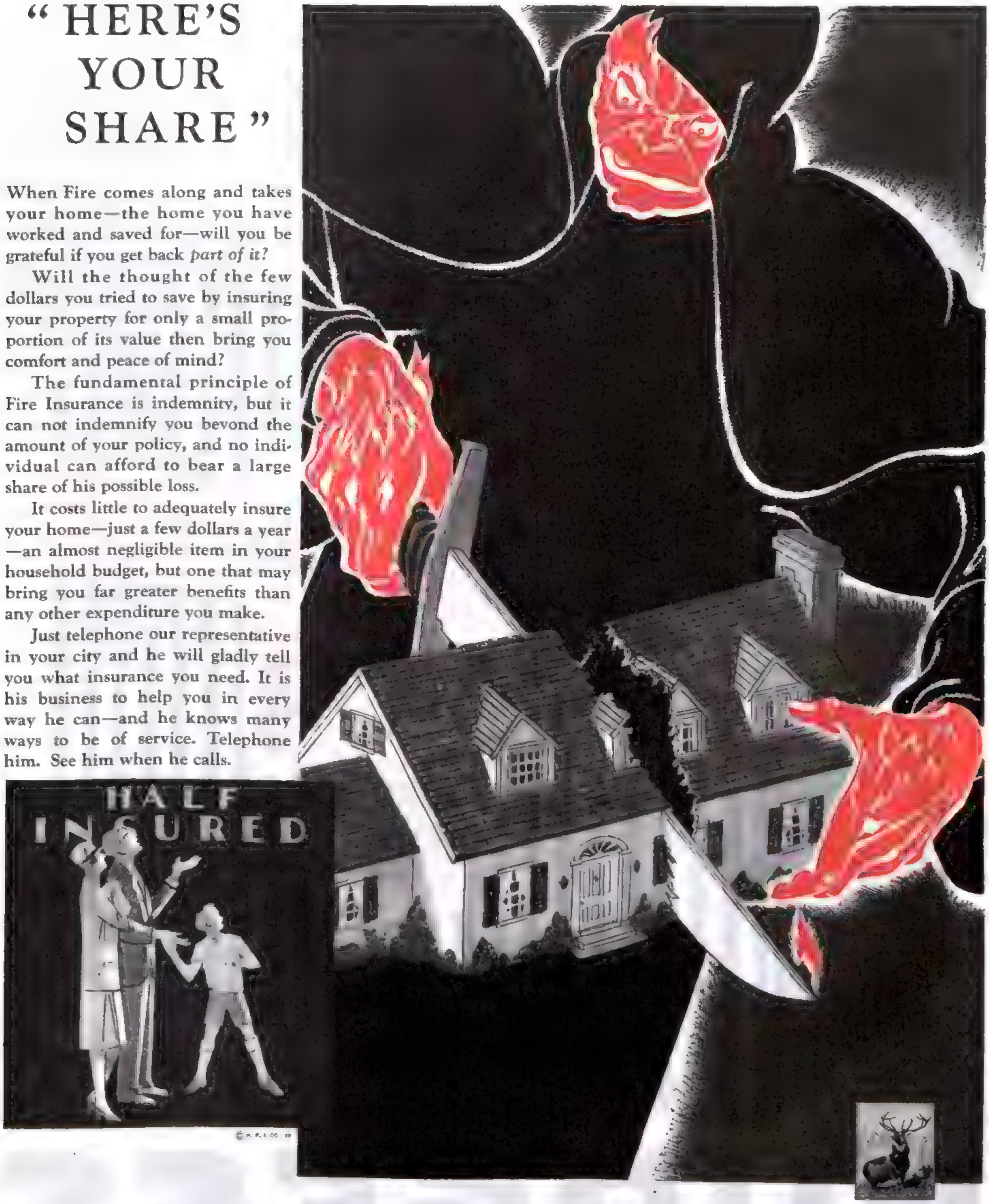
When Fire comes along and takes your home—the home you have worked and saved for—will you be grateful if you get back *part of it?*

Will the thought of the few dollars you tried to save by insuring your property for only a small proportion of its value then bring you comfort and peace of mind?

The fundamental principle of Fire Insurance is indemnity, but it can not indemnify you beyond the amount of your policy, and no individual can afford to bear a large share of his possible loss.

It costs little to adequately insure your home—just a few dollars a year—an almost negligible item in your household budget, but one that may bring you far greater benefits than any other expenditure you make.

Just telephone our representative in your city and he will gladly tell you what insurance you need. It is his business to help you in every way he can—and he knows many ways to be of service. Telephone him. See him when he calls.



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BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
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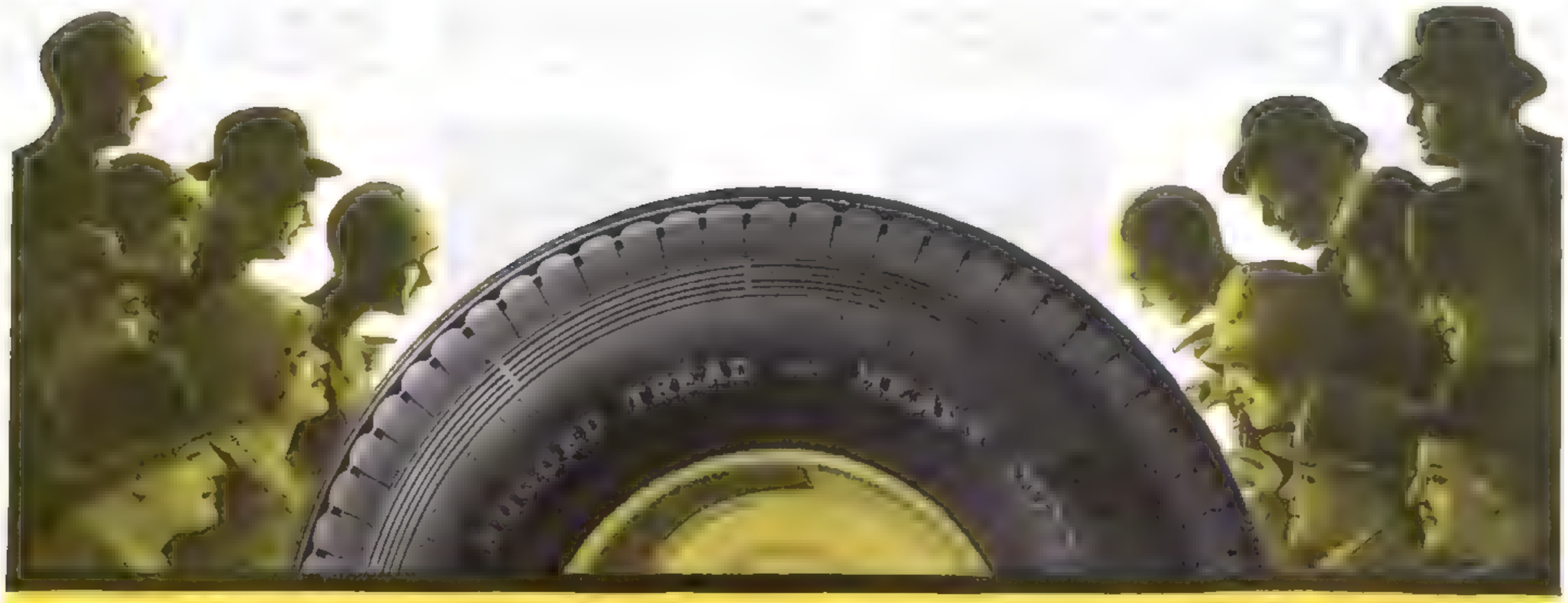
BATTERIES



To Inspect is to Buy

Note the construction of the tread. So designed that it gives greater possible steering ease than any other balloon tire on the market; so thick and with *all* the rubber insuring 100% road contact, it gives thousands of additional miles of wear; so deep cut in design its traction and security alone make the purchase worth while.

Fisk *"Fillerless"* Cord means cords laid smooth and straight in their parallel grooves of rubber—elastic cords which have not been robbed of part of their strength through stretching or through being tied together by filling threads or cross threads. This is the Fisk exclusive construction that enables Fisk tires to withstand blows, shocks, heat and speed without destruction. It makes the longest-wearing, the greatest comfort-giving and safest tire that can be built.

Fisk Time to Re-tire Boys broadcast from coast to coast over 36 of the National Broadcasting Company and associated stations, Monday Evenings 10:30 Eastern Standard Time, 9:30 Central & Pacific Coast Time.

FISK TIRES

Copyright, 1928, The Fisk Tire Company, Inc., Chicopee Falls, Mass.

(Continued from Page 104)

And he picked up one of the big tenpin balls, and with a terrific swing sent it hurtling through the air toward where Heber brooded. It struck the alley with a splintering thud, rebounded, smashed into the sleek new pins.

Heber heard the planking of the alley splinter under the bounding impact of the ball; and he had for all the equipment connected with his profession a jealous respect. As he slipped down into the pit to clear away the deadwood he shouted angrily at Tot:

"You cut that out, you hear!"

But Tot did not hear. His attention was on Lamper; for Lamper's protest at the outrage had been more direct.

"All right," he said angrily. "If it's trouble you want ——" and he started toward the door.

Preacher Wing caught him by the arm. "Now wait a minute," he urged. "Wait a minute. Be reasonable! I'll get 'em out of here. You don't want to make trouble just because they're having a little fun."

"Breaking up my place," Lamper protested.

"Now, now," Preacher urged.

But their voices blurred and became indistinct in Heber's ears. After his cry of protest he had automatically begun to pick up the fallen pins, and so doing he came upon that which awoke in him a red and growing rage. For the tenpin ball, hurled so vigorously, had knocked a huge splinter off the sleek flank of one of his new pins.

Heber at this discovery felt a surge of destructive fury. He picked up the broken pin and the splinter and held them in his hands, fitting the splinter into place again; and his eyes were hot and aching.

Preacher Wing argued with Lamper, restraining him; and big Limburner, impatient of the delay, shouted down to Heber, "Come on! Clear the deadwood, boy!" He was balancing another ball in his hands. "Or get out of the way," he amended, and sent it hurtling down the alley.

Heber, perforce, leaped to safety. The ball struck the remaining pins and the deadwood which Heber had not removed, and they flew like bursting shells in all directions. Heber shuddered; and his anger crystallized. And Piper Day shouted:

"Come on, boy! Jump! You got to set 'em up for both of us now!"

Then at last, abruptly and without any conscious mental process, Heber came to a decision. That is to say he went into action. He had a pin in either hand. They were stout, smoothly rounded billets, heavy and comforting to his grasp. Now, with some sort of low inarticulate cry, swinging these pins, he ran up the alley toward Limburner and Piper Day.

They did not, even then, recognize him; for his eye shade hid his face, and the fact that he was coatless made him seem smaller than they remembered him to be. They stood watching him come, not fully understanding what had moved him; thought, if they thought at all, that Heber was going to quit as the other boys had done. It was only when Heber came within four or five paces of them, leaping at them furiously, that Piper Day perceived that the affair was serious.

"Look out!" he cried. "Look out, Tot!"

But his warning came too late; for even as he cried out, Heber whirled and swung and threw the pin which he held in his right hand. It flew at big Tot Limburner end over end, and he jerked up his left arm to shield his head, but he threw his arm too high. The pin slipped under it, and by happy chance struck solidly, end on, upon the very point and button of his jaw.

Limburner went down in the most unostentatious manner imaginable and lay where he fell; and Heber, still the attacker, shifted his other pin to his right hand and threw that too.

It missed Piper Day, crashed against the wall by the score boards and rebounded; and Piper sought to grapple with the smaller man.

This, as it proved, was a mistake. Limburner, on the floor, missed what followed; and it was, as he was fond of saying afterward, something he would regret to his dying day. Lamper and Preacher Wing were in better case. Their own altercation had been interrupted by Heber's attack, and they swung to watch. They saw Limburner go down, and they saw Piper Day grapple with the little man.

But this was, as has been said, a mistake. It was very much like attempting to embrace an irritated bobcat, or to smother in one's arms a stick of exploding dynamite.

Piper, telling about it afterward, said frankly, "Say, next time I'll stick my fist against the end of a machine gun, or I'll try to kick a fifteen-inch shell back down the barrel; but none of that baby for me!"

Heber had miraculously transformed himself into something not unlike that spider to which Piper had compared him.

"Yes, sir!" Piper asserted. "He had anyway eighteen arms, with fists on one end of 'em and elbows in the middle; and I never saw a man with so many legs. He give me the knee in forty-two places at one crack, and he was stepping on my toes with both feet when he did it, and he hit me, that I counted, a hundred and two times, and me holding two of his arms all the time.

"That wasn't enough for him either. He's a biter, that boy is. Yes, sir, he'll bite just like a dog. Look-a-here!"

At this point in his narrative he was accustomed to show his audience his left ear.

"And that," he would continue, pointing to a distortion of his nose. "That's where he parked his thumb! He meant it for my eye, but I was so pop-eyed with surprise he couldn't find where my eyes ought to be."

It was suspected that in this narrative of his Piper was guilty of some exaggeration; but if he did in fact overstate the case, yet the impression which he created upon his hearers was not in its essentials inaccurate. Lamper and Preacher Wing could testify to that. They were disinterested spectators; and the Preacher, who had a contemplative mind, had tried to watch and see exactly what was happening.

He saw Piper go down and get up again, but he was not sure whether Piper got up because he went down so hard as to bounce, or whether Heber jerked him up so that he could more readily be come at.

"He jerked me up!" Piper always assured them. "That boy wasn't satisfied to hit me in front. When I was down on the floor he couldn't get at me behind, and he wanted to have all sides of me to work on.

"Yes, sir, he got me up! I'd have been perfectly satisfied to stay right there and rest! I didn't want any more of him at all, after the samples he'd given me. I'd had enough to carry round with me for a week, and nibble at whenever I was hungry.

"Yes, sir. I didn't get up, nor I didn't bounce up. I couldn't bounce up. He knocked me down so hard I stuck eighteen inches into that hardwood floor. He had to brace his feet to pull me out of the hole."

At any rate, Piper did go down and did come up again. Later he went down again, and even again. The whole thing passed so quickly that the spectators could be forgiven for some confusion of mind. When Heber started up the alley, Preacher Wing had hold of Lamper's arms. When they heard Heber coming, they turned, and Preacher Wing let go of Lamper; but almost before he had fully released his grasp, the affair was over. There was nothing left to do except to collect the somewhat scattered débris.

Even so it was necessary for them to act promptly and with decision, for Heber, having reduced Piper Day to a subjection as complete as that which had overcome big Tot Limburner, was looking around in a blind, uncertain sort of way for something with which to complete their destruction.

"I think he was looking for an ax," the Preacher afterward explained, and Piper said ruefully:

"Say, I wish he'd took an ax in the beginning! It would have been a lot easier. Yes, sir, I'd rather have one ax than forty-seven hands and feet any time! Yes, sir, an ax leaves a good clean wound. It don't mortify. I've got spider poison all through my system this minute. I ain't ever going to be the same again!"

When the sudden battle was stilled, Limburner was just beginning to kick his heels a little on the floor, and Piper was sagged helpless in the corner, not quite sure whether he were asleep or dreaming; and Lamper and Preacher between them forcibly held and restrained Heber, in whom fires slowly cooled.

Even Lamper was appalled by what had happened.

"Get your buddies out of here," he told Preacher. "Get 'em out of here quick, or I ain't going to be responsible. I can hold him a minute. Get 'em up and get 'em out of here."

Preacher, after a moment's consideration, reached the conclusion that this was the wisest course; and when a little later Heber's vision cleared, and the red haze of his anger lifted, he found himself alone with his employer. Lamper displayed toward him a curious deference, revealed in his tone and his expression a certain awe.

"Say, boy!" he exclaimed. "Who're you, anyway? What's your fighting name? I'd say Jack Dempsey. But you cleaned up on the marines, and that's more'n Jack could do!"

"Well, they was busting up the pins," said Heber. His utterance was thick, because his lips were swollen from some chance blow. "Them were new pins," he repeated. "And he knocked a chunk right off of one of them."

"Well," said Lamper soberly, "it looked to me you knocked as much off of him as he did off the pins."

It was a week or ten days before Heber again encountered the three marines. Piper Day had spent some forty-eight hours in bandages, but when he was himself again he was able to view the incident with a certain charitable humor.

"I want to see that boy," he told the others. "Say, we've done him wrong! We ain't done right by our Nell! I'm going to see him, the first chance I get, and hand him a nice bouquet."

Limburner, still filled with regret for all that he had missed, said hopefully, "Maybe he'll do it again!"

"Maybe he will," Piper agreed. "I'd pretty near be willing to take lessons from him."

When the encounter did in fact occur, however, it left these two completely mystified. They were on their way home, late one night, when they recognized by the light of a street lamp half a block away the figure of the little man; and Piper cried:

"There he is! Come on, let's catch up with him"; and he and Tot began to run after Heber.

Heber heard the sound of their feet, and he stopped and looked around and saw them coming; hesitated for a moment, and then with a swift and furtive burst of speed darted ahead of them and away, and turned the corner a block or two beyond.

Preacher Wing had not joined in the chase. When he came up with the two men at the corner, it was at footpace; and as he approached, Piper appealed to him.

"Say, what do you think of that?" he demanded. "I yelled to him to stop. I told him we wasn't mad at him, but he kept right on running. He acted like he was scared of us, same as he used to do."

"Sure he did!" Preacher agreed. "Why wouldn't he?"

And Piper grinned and said ruefully, "Well, he cleaned us once. Ain't he ever going to be satisfied?"

"That was over where he works," Preacher reminded them. "This is different. You're out on neutral ground. Didn't you ever keep a dog?"

"What do you mean?" Piper demanded.

"You ought to know," said Preacher Wing, "that a dog fights best in his own back yard."

They Were Looking for Perfect Posture

Recently a Sikes dealer received, from a prominent corporation, an order for 125 Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chairs—an order that was *four months* in the making. From the standpoint of size alone there is nothing unusual about an order for chairs in this quantity. The really gratifying feature of the transaction lay in what took place "behind the scenes" before the order was placed.

Thoroughly sold on the posture idea, yet not at all settled on the question of just which of the various chairs on the market would best suit their needs, they sent for samples of *all* these chairs and tested them side by side.

The try-out extended over a period of four months and at the end of that time they knew a great deal about posture and knew, too, that the Sikes X69½ was the chair they wanted.

Surely, say you, a lot of fuss and feathers to make about so commonplace an article as a clerical worker's chair. Yet have you considered that the fatigue, headaches and backaches which menace efficiency and cut so deeply into business profits can be clearly traced to chairs that encourage careless, slovenly and tiring postures?

Ask your Office Furniture Dealer to send you one of these remarkable little wage and space savers on approval. Let your office workers sit in it—and if they don't urge you to install Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chairs, we won't ask you to.

Sikes

The Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair
Is easily adjustable
Takes little room in use
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Look for the Sikes Self-Lubricating Chair Iron, a feature of the Sikes X69½ Perfect Posture Chair and all Sikes revolving chairs.

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CHAIRMAKERS FOR 60 YEARS PHILADELPHIA

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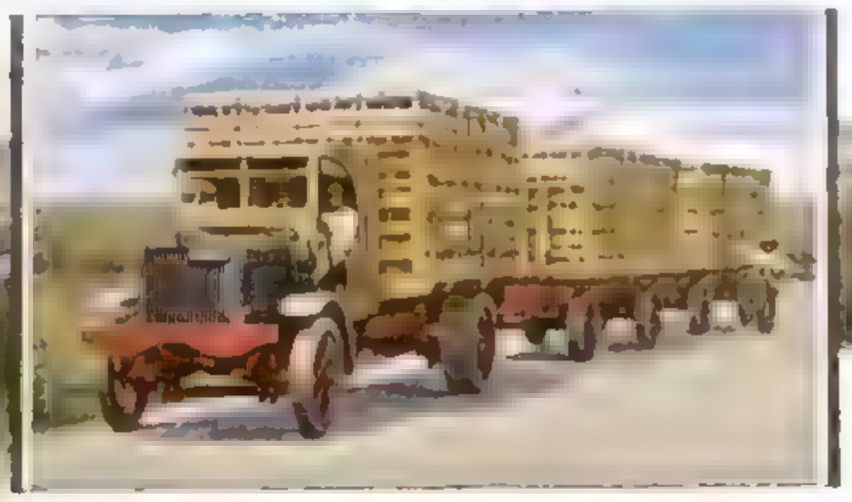

Great fleets of trucks and trailers rush the plant-ripe fruit to the waiting trains. Loaded, it speeds away to our immaculate "kitchen"—where it is sealed in clean, sparkling cans.

Up and down our 21,000-acre fruit garden these skilled pickers watch closely over our 100,000,000 plants for the signs that say: "This pineapple is tender, sweet, ripe—pick now."

HAWAII'S PINEAPPLE LIMITED

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Clear the tracks!

Pineapples are ripening

WHEN Nature gives the signal we must pick—we must pack. When pineapples begin to ripen they do it in a hurry. Speed is vital! Seconds count. That delicate, elusive flavor of ripe Hawaiian Pineapple must not be lost.

At harvest time hundreds of empty cars in the fields await their precious loads—thousands of pickers stand ready to match their skill against time—great fleets of motor trucks line the roads between fields and trains.

Then—the signal! "Pineapples are ripening. Clear the tracks!" The "Pineapple Limiteds" leap to their task! Day after day—far into the night they race into Honolulu, piling their cargoes of golden fruit high at our "kitchen" door—sometimes as many as 275 carloads in a single day.

Into the cannery the ripe fruit goes—peeled, cored, sliced, selected—and sealed in immaculate cans in less than 28 minutes. That elusive flavor of plant-ripened Hawaiian Pineapple *is* captured.

Like so many other great events in the life of Hawaiian Pineapple, swift transportation from field to cannery—that vital contribution of the railways—is largely due to the initiative of James D. Dole, head of the Hawaiian Pineapple Company.

You Can Thank "Jim" Dole for Canned Hawaiian Pineapple

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Mail to: HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE COMPANY
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THE WHEELBARROW

(Continued from Page 37)

knowledge of their transport there was better suppressed. And so assured was Sol of this that he had thrown in the wheelbarrow with it.

The shock of this cobble rolling down a sulcus of Amory's brain before reaching the fissure through which the flood was destined to pass, knocked off sparks, fused brimstone. Jules, he felt convinced, had been scouting out the woods that morning, planning his own rum route perhaps or reconnoitering to see that the coast was clear. In this reconnaissance he had discovered Howard, watched him probably, and located his cache with the idea of plundering it a little later. Jules might be in big business, planning a coup before getting out of a dangerous neighborhood with which his familiarity was valuable. But, as Yonne had said, the keynote of the man was avarice. Nor had Jules missed the chance of a petty blackmail that morning before—eight lobsters at twenty each—a hundred and fifty spot cash. He would not therefore be above collecting a couple of cases of spirits lying around loose in the woods.

And returning in the afternoon, late perhaps, he had clashed with Sol, who had located the contraband and was using it for bait until the time when its runner, Howard, might return at nightfall to get it.

Amory could visualize the clash between these two—Sol and Jules. It would be conducted in the fashion of a pair of the timber wolves that were wont to scour that coast in the pioneer days of which both men were atavistic. Their harsh but hidden natures were in many respects similar, and there was not much to choose between the two in the virulence of their animosity. Sol, in the blind where he waited for Howard, might have taken Jules unawares before he could draw his gun and the fatal settling of their affair been conducted with natural weapons only.

Accepting such a theory, the query was: Which had won? Sabine had identified positively the tracks made by the hobnailed boots as those of Sol. She had observed them frequently, she said. Jules would be quite clever enough to put on these boots, had he been victor, Amory admitted. But in that case the trail would not have led to the quicksand, but to the Tide Mill where Sol's body had been deposited.

The avalanche of deduction was now in full course, its weight and volume sweeping away in its course all previous structures of theory that had been erected. Everything was changed. Sol was the stronger and more robust man of the two, and as no shot had been heard or reported, it appeared almost certain that Sol had slain his enemy and victim, placed his body in the wheelbarrow and consigned the whole to the quicksand—of which, of course, he was aware.

But in this case then it was not Jules who had fired on Amory and Sabine out there in the fog, then harried them into the woods. Jules, Amory now believed, had stolen Sol's boat early in the day, either for such purpose as Paul had supposed or for other uses of his own. But he had subsequently left this lobster boat at some point where Sol had secured it. It might, indeed, have been in Sol's mind to place the onus on Jules of an attempt to destroy Paul, who, he believed, threatened Jenny's welfare, possibly had already destroyed it.

This chain of reasoning held together logically, Amory thought, and if exact, it brought him to the query: "Who killed Sol Whittemore?"

Evidence now pointed most accusingly at Paul. Paul had acted well his astonishment at the discovery of Sol's body in the flume, but then Paul was, Amory had been from the first convinced, a natural-born actor. Paul had gone out to reconnoiter the premises, sending Amory to scout the road. Amory had performed this most obviously ineffective service, and while doing so, Paul had had ample time to drag the body from the flume and consign it to the strong current running out to blend with the ebb tide. Paul had reentered wet to the knees, explaining this casually by the statement that he had crossed the mill pond at the foot of the dam, which at the time had impressed Amory as a futile, unnecessary act.

But there was one detail that, though *prima facie* incriminating and checking with the rest, did not stand closer scrutiny. Paul certainly would not have returned to Amory the police revolver from the Deforest gun case with one shot of its chambers fired. No person would overlook such a point as this—carelessly offer for evidence against himself the weapon with which he had just killed a man and in which the proof of recent use was so conspicuous.

And yet he might have done so. It is a classic in the records of crime that some such detail is almost always neglected. In the case of Paul, his mind was filled with other considerations. As a cold-blooded criminal, he might have tied off carefully all loose ends; but as a man acting swiftly, in hot blood, possibly in self-defense, he could easily have been less thorough. It had already occurred to Amory that Sol, failing in his attempt to kill Paul, first out there in the fog, then in the woods, might have made his way to the Tide Mill and tried to stalk Paul through the flume and been killed by a shot from Paul as he shoved up the trapdoor.

Admitting the strong texture of this series of deductions up to this point, the theory did not clash with Jules' murderous attempt on Amory at Tide Mill House. Jules and Sol might have fallen foul of each other subsequent to this episode. It all hung together closely enough, Amory perceived; also that, if it were indeed sound and the remains of Jules were down there in the quicksand and those of Sol drifting offshore somewhere in the Gulf of Maine, then the chance of the mystery remaining unsolved was fairly sure. Paul would keep his mouth shut, and so, Amory decided, would he himself. Even if he were to question Paul, which he did not intend to do, Paul could easily explain away the fact of a shot having been fired from the revolver with which Amory had armed himself from the gun case.

He could not do this, to Amory's belief, because the evidence of burned oil not yet dried and odor not yet evaporated were proof positive of very recent use.

In this case, to question Howard might be inadvisable. Howard, he thought, had played merely his own foolish part in the affair, whatever its factor in the fatal consequence. Perhaps the less said about it, the better. The mysterious disappearance of Sol might never be solved at all, become a nine days' sensation, subject for idle gossip for many days to come, but unattended by damage to anybody. Even if the corpse of Sol were to be discovered and an inquest held, Amory did not see that it could lead to any charge against anybody but Jules, and Jules was out of it forever.

Then, to make this negative result even more certain, Amory acted on impulse again. He slipped off the belt and revolver, the former heavy enough to go to bottom itself and with the added weight of the weapon in its holster, and being by this time in the middle of the bay, where the chart, as he remembered, gave ten to twelve fathoms of water, Amory consigned the evidence to these same depths.

But even then the avalanche, though arrested, was not entirely inert. Here, towing astern in a water-logged condition, was his yacht's dinghy. A ship's carpenter, undertaking the repair of her, must discover immediately that the shattering of her frame and the splintering of her planking had not come from the inward violence of any sharp rock or other object on which she had struck. Even his mate or any other person aboard might notice this when, after taking a slow strain in the davits to let the water drain out, the boat was hoisted aboard.

The fog still rested white and fluffy, close to the surface of the water, waiting for the westerly draft of air that would quickly evaporate and drive it off. Amory stopped the little engine, then hauled the dinghy alongside and rolled her over in a capsized position. The rowboat was provided with a small anchor. Using this as a pickax, Amory, with a few strokes, shattered away the timbers damaged by the bullet, to leave a ragged hole that now presented every aspect of violent contact with a jagged rock.

He started the engine and continued on his way, setting his course at right angles to the long low ground swell coming in from the open sea beyond.

As he approached the opposite shore the fog thinned still more, so that he was able to locate first the dim contours of the land, the rectangular buildings bulking up, then the Reading Room, and immediately afterward the dainty outlines of his yacht Griselda.

Rounding up alongside, he briefly explained that he had plumped down upon a rock close in to shore the evening before, staved the dinghy and spent the night with his friends.

He directed that the wreck be taken aboard and as soon as the fog cleared a man be detailed to return the rowboat to Tide Mill Cove.

Going to his cabin then, he changed and was putting the finishing touches to his toilet when the quartermaster rapped on his raised skylight and informed him that a young lady in a canoe was alongside and asking for him. He discovered his caller to be Sabine.

"Hello, Amory," she said cheerfully. "Are you busy?"

"No—at your entire disposition."

"Get into the canoe, then, and come ashore with me. Howard wants to see you."

Amory went overside, stepped into the canoe and picked up a paddle. As they shoved off, he asked:

"How is your erring stepbrother?"

"Sick in mind and body—especially the former. The latter not so good, for that matter. He seems to be suffering from a bad case of shakes."

"Canadian hooch fresh from the local still can do that," Amory said.

"Howard," Sabine said, "is in a bad way. For once he isn't overbearing. A booze specialist would say that he had turned a close corner from D. T.'s and wasn't all the way round it."

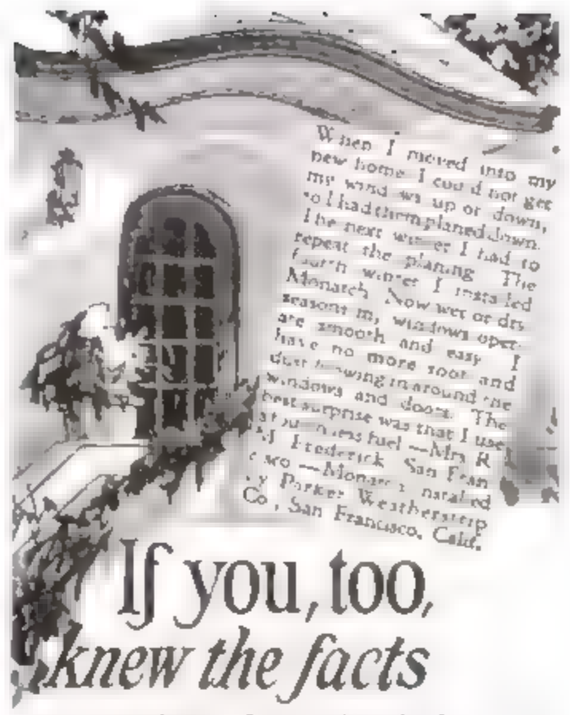
"Probably a combination of aldehyde poisoning and R. E. Morse," Amory opined.

They were paddling for the landing of the Reading Room, where, on the balcony, was the usual rocking-chair fleet riding at its moorings.

"You'll have to run the gantlet, I'm afraid," Sabine said. "An official *laisser-passer* was sent out to your yacht yesterday, after you'd been duly vouched for by Calvert Lanier and one or two others. There's my stepfather manning the yards and ready to pipe you over the side."

Amory perceived this imposing patriarch coming down the steps. Flanking him, beside a pillar, stood a pretty woman of charming and abundant physique and a wonderful *chevelure* of hair that had never known the shears and was brushed with silver above the temples.

"Mrs. Wilmerding, the childless Madonna of these uncalendared saints," Sabine said. "She's father's right bower. Mr. Wilmerding has been deck-chair ridden for years—that old flying grasshopper with the shawl. Mrs. Wilmerding found the Fountain of Youth a good many years ago and her husband keeps himself alive by repercussion. . . . That satellite in the background is Ravel."


When I moved into my new home I could not get my wood up or down, so I had them planed down. The next winter I had to repeat the planing. The fourth winter I installed Monarch. Now wet or dry seasons in, windows open are smooth and easy. I have no more soot and dust blowing in around the windows and doors. The best surprise was that I use at least 20% less fuel.—Mrs. R. J. Frederick, San Francisco.—Monarch installed by Parker Weatherstrip Co., San Francisco, Calif.

If you, too, *knew the facts*

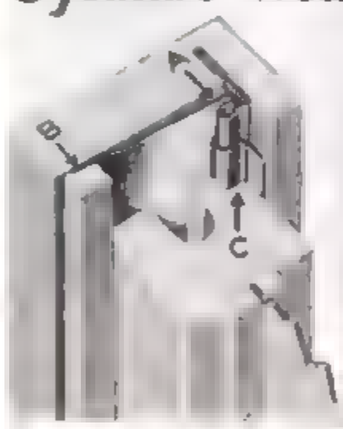
you wouldn't have dirt-laden curtains or dust-covered window sills.

You may think they represent unescapable drudgery—but they represent far more. Such dust and dirt are *visible evidence of a needless waste* that you wouldn't tolerate if you knew the facts.

Doors and windows must have a clearance (or crack) so that they can be opened and closed easily. As a building ages, the wood shrinks, leaving larger cracks through which a greater amount of air enters. *That's why so much dust and dirt comes in*, ruining curtains and wall hangings—and it's the reason for excessive fuel costs, for half your fuel is used to heat this dust-laden air that leaks in through these window cracks.

MONARCH

5 *feature* Weatherstrip



saves enough fuel money to pay for its cost of installation in from two to three years. And these savings continue for the life of the building.

One tube (a) on float- [illegible] (b) on the frame, slides on a tube (c) fastened to the sash.

This exclusive patented [illegible] automatically keeps the crack closed when wood shrinks or swells. Its performance [illegible] the need for painting

Spring house-cleaning time is here;—it's the practical time to put in Monarch, because shades and curtains are down, screens have not been put up. Monarch will protect your cleaned home while you are away this summer; and you will be prepared for winter when you return. You need this modern labor-saving device now.

Monarch Metal Weatherstrip is listed in your phone book. Phone now and find out what Monarch can do for you or

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Monarch Metal Weatherstrip Co.
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I want to know how Monarch will give me a cleaner, more comfortable home, while saving me money. Please send me your free booklet.

Name

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Is your canary a blue bird?

If he is mopey and droopy—doesn't sing as he should—perhaps his food is the reason. Many ailments can be traced to incorrect diet. Give him fresh water daily, a bit of green to peck, a little sunshine, *French's Bird Seed* and French's Bird Gravel.

Then watch him perk up. For French's Bird Seed is just what your canary needs. A secret process air-washed to insure perfect, healthful cleanliness. It is laboratory tested.

A bird biscuit in every package free. At your dealer's, or full-size package sent postpaid for 15c.

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French's BIRD SEED

"It only takes a minute to wipe your face on a towel made of Boott Toweling It dries your face quick-as-a-wink!"

Boott Toweling dries thoroughly too, and pleasantly. Even after many washings it keeps its fresh, lovely crispness and its snowy whiteness.

Boott Toweling is most economical for the housewife to use, particularly if bought by the bolt and made up as needed. If your favorite dry-goods store does not carry Boott Toweling, send 25 cents (stamps or check) for a full-size sample towel, addressing Dept. E-317, Boott Mills, Lowell, Mass.

Also makers of Boott Towels and Boott Sheets

BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
ABSORBENT TOWELING
WIPES DRY

"Ravenel O'Sullivan?" Amory asked.

"Yes. He's been trying for the last decade to catch up with Loretta Wilmerding in years so conscientiously that now he's got way past her. I'm being catty. It's a pure passion—burning with a white flame. And if only somebody would feed Gaffer Wilmerding to a mocking bird, Ravel would be rewarded. It's all wrong about there being no marriages in heaven."

They glided alongside the float. Amory got out and gave his hand to Sabine. A steward who fitted his environment as a barnacle fits a pile took the canoe painter. This was not his duty, but he had for many years made it a point thus to honor the visiting yachtsman on his first entry into the sacred precincts.

Amory found himself being presented to a portly, pompous gentleman with the aspect of a benevolent whale.

"I am delighted to welcome the son of an esteemed former friend," gushed from the blowhole of this leviathan in a torrent of stock phrases that seemed faintly savored of ambergris and rose attar. "It is, I am told, your first visit to our Chimney Corner, Mr. Payne. You will find us all one happy family here. These who are with us are of us. We consider formal introductions superfluous. We hoped to greet you last evening, but our unwarranted anxiety about my wandering boy, who was late to return from an offshore spin in his speed boat, made us unduly anxious. What with this and the unseasonable fog, our clambake was postponed."

Amory voiced, a little automatically, his appreciation.

They went up the runway that was thrown out directly from the veranda, this built over the bold rocks at the foot of which the water was deep. Amory then found himself running the gantlet, as Sabine had warned. But it was a pleasing process, the agreeable buffets administered in the fashion peculiar to the Chimney Corner.

Introductions were conspicuous by their absence and he found himself pleasantly addressed by name, as though he were one of the colony returning from a cruise.

He had been given, Amory immediately decided, a wrong impression of this exclusive set. Properly vouched for, the visiting stranger in their midst found himself singularly at ease. The time-honored custom that waived the naming of guest and residents was like the English form of a country house, where it is taken for granted that people of a certain accepted class ought to be acquainted. But it was more friendly—cordial without being effusive.

Mrs. Wilmerding, prettier even at close range than by meridian altitude sighting up from the float, said in a friendly offhand way:

"High time you looked in on us, Amory Payne. Your mother and I were at college together not so very long ago—in an atmosphere where time is nonexistent."

"That," said Amory, "makes its invigoration felt, Mrs. Wilmerding."

"We get accused of its being rarefied, but it's really not—merely charged with ozone and other life-giving properties."

A voice like a baby sea crow squawked feebly from the chaise longue, "All who are with us are of us," and Amory glanced down at the gentleman who still held in fee simple the splendid woman whom Amory had pictured as the colony's duenna, but whose dangers, he now perceived, would be for its maiden colonists more that of rival. Perhaps the true properties of a chaperon exist precisely in such counterweight, Amory surmised.

Ravenel O'Sullivan, a straight, dark, handsome man in the middle thirties, whom he had met now and then in yachting and other sporting circles, stepped up and shook hands with him. Ravenel looked, Amory thought, something between an Irish dragoon and a staff officer of the Confederacy recovering from a wound, this wound perhaps to be healed only in one way—a winterkill of the grasshopper. The colony would have, of course, its human comedy and tragedy both, up to this time, mailed and armed cap-a-pie in that punctilious formality, correctness of form, sacred ritual of chivalry, preserved from the old régimes.

The gantlet was run in the pleasant fashion of walking through a young orchard where the blossom petals are falling, or down the path of an old-fashioned garden between rows of nodding dahlias and stately hollyhocks. Emerging at the other end, under the guidance of Sabine, Amory found himself piloted aboard a smart runabout of which Sabine took the wheel.

"Our Etruscan camp is an angle of the Chimney Corner that catches the draft from an open window on the ocean side. Just at this minute Howard is roosting there alone, entirely surrounded by his apprehensions."

"Of what?" Amory asked as they started.

"I don't precisely know. Vague hooch-inspired dreads, I fancy. Whether the tax on his recent dissipation is tangible or intangible, personal or income, remains to be seen. He's crazy for a drink, but the local liquor tide is far out."

"Perhaps," said Amory, "he'd be the better for one."

"That would start things all over again."

"Maybe not. Best for him, anyhow, to weather it out," Amory agreed. "The hard, rough trail to getting back to health, but the shortest. I can't quite see, though, what he wants with me. You haven't told him that I saw him back there in the woods?"

"I did though. More than that, I gave him to understand that you might have followed him, but not that I went with you."

"Then he can't be looking forward to seeing me with any vast amount of pleasure."

"That's not the point," said Sabine. "I think there's something heavy on his mind and he feels the need of a confessor. If you let him think you know what he was up to, he's apt to come clean and get the load off his chest. There's not much scare in Howard. But now he looks like a gorilla in captivity—a young sick one."

They came presently to the house, a charming one of Italian Lake Como suggestion, this enhanced by a deep penetrating little lagoon that made the mass of rock on which it stood a miniature *presqu'île*.

"Stepdaddy built this for my mother when they were wedded just after the war," Sabine said. "She's spending a few days with friends in Newport. You couldn't pry him off this Mount Olympus with a peavey."

She turned across an arched viaduct and drove into the pretty inclosure. A Filipino butler was pottering about busily engaged in doing nothing, and Sabine dismissed him with a wave of her hand. The girl looked different to Amory. Sabine had lost her Amazonian qualities and hard incrustation.

As a sisterless young man who, since boyhood, had been also motherless and extremely busy, Amory's knowledge of such girls as this was, except for infrequent informal contacts, purely academic.

He had held the vague notion that all modern girls, both elegant and the reverse, were under their skins vampirish salamanders of unrestrained impulses, inordinate appetites for thrills, experimenting with forces the mere mention of which had been taboo in their parents' youth, and of a spiritual evolution that had arrived either at atheism or fake mysticism.

Yonne, of course of the intelligentzia, was distinct of type, and Sabine had seemed to be of a knock-down-drag-out athletic sort. But today something about herself and the look and demeanor of the group of young girls at the Reading Room, who had given him scarcely more than friendly nods, made Amory wonder if there might not be left, after all, a good many sane, decent, normal and attractive girls in a commonwealth of which the Chimney Corner could not surely be the only focus of real American aristocracy.

A husky note called from the upper segment of the house, "Sis, that you?"

"Myself—Amory Payne with me. He just got back from across the bay."

There was an instant's silence, as if Howard were impressed by this last statement and wondering what had kept Amory away all night.

He said then, shortly, "Ask him if he'll come up where we can talk a bit without some fool butting in."

"I'll bring him myself," said Sabine, "and act as fool fender while you have your talk. . . . Come on, Amory."

They went up and into the house, where Howard had retreated to his apartment—the best placed on that floor as to view, it seemed to Amory. The bright sunshine was now flooding, with a cheer that seemed to fail in its effect on the young man who confronted Amory with a sullen face. Howard filled precisely Sabine's brief commentary on him. He was, in appearance, of the neolithic age, but without the caveman bone and brawn. One might imagine him the puny runt of a cave mother's brood who, physically defective as compared to the others and by nature rather timid, had ventured forth rarely in the bold light of day. Though he possessed the traits of his sort—retreating forehead, cheek bones prominent, and heavy, slightly prognathic jaw, with clean, strong, heavy teeth, well set in a wide mouth—he had not the qualities of pugnacity and brutish valor these would seem to promise. The flinty gray eyes, under the straight heavy black eyebrows, were hard but frightened, and there was a reddish bruise over the left one. The jaw was shoved out as if to make a threat that its pointed chin would not fulfill. Limbs and body also were disappointing—strong and muscular enough, but neither of the craggy might nor supple half-simian agility one would expect of the man's general type.

Yet even at this moment the face was handsome in its way, had a sort of appeal precisely, as Sabine had said, like that of a young gorilla taken captive and sick. It held a sort of dumb-beast plaintiveness, and as Amory observed it more attentively he found certain redeeming qualities. There was, contrary to the anthropoid order, a good spacing of the eyes and a pleasing expression to the mouth, which was in the set of the lips, at this moment compressed, pleasing and well drawn—almost feminine. Though no trained physiognomist, as might be a doctor or lawyer, Amory perceived that here was a nature of the dual sort in which animal instincts and promptings were at variance with the struggle for higher understanding, inspirational strivings for better thought, a nature in a stage of metamorphosis—the blinking cave man emerging from his cavern to worship the rising sun.

At this first comprehensive glance Amory understood perfectly Howard's mischievous impulses and the qualities that roused his stepsister's affection and protective urgings. He could understand how Sabine might have walloped him alongside his head with the flat of her paddle, then put up such a desperate struggle to save him from the consequences of his stubborn folly. He caught also the quick, troubled shifting of Howard's eyes from his own face to Sabine, as if Amory were a stern mentor with whom the girl's intercession was required.

Sabine turned and closed the door.

"Sit down, Amory," she said.

He did so, after a friendly nod to Howard, who had not offered to shake hands. Howard, who was in pajamas, dressing gown and slippers, sat on the side of his bed and reached to the night table for a cigarette. Sabine came to rest on the window seat. Amory had not expected her to be present at this interview, but it was now apparent that Howard felt the need of her moral support. Amory noticed that his hand trembled as he lighted his cigarette.

Howard said nervously, "Sabine has told me all about what happened yesterday morning. Has anything come of it?"

"Sol Whittemore's still missing," Amory said, "and I've talked with Paul Deforest."

(Continued on Page 117)

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

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Always look for the red heart on every can.

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Quality canned foods are being prominently displayed during this month by retail grocers everywhere. You can be sure that all Hart Brand canned vegetables and fruits are of the finest quality and flavor. Watch for these special Hart Brand offerings.

VEGETABLES AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

"Cheap" paint will *never* fool Jim Stewart again

He, *like thousands of others, now* knows *that "You can't paint a house with apple sauce"*

IN every town and city—even on the farms—you will find "Jim Stewart." There are thousands and thousands of him. He typifies the man who has found out that *"cheap" paint isn't cheap at all.*

Last fall the particular "Jim Stewart" we have in mind found it necessary to repaint his house *AGAIN.* He decided to see just what there was to this rumpus about "cheap" paint.

So he bought $46.75 worth of fine old SWP House Paint from his local Sherwin-Williams dealer. A short while later he returned with $17.00 worth of the paint. And this is what he said:

"I never in my life saw anything *cover* like this SWP. I figured this job on the same covering basis as the brand I have been using and *I had almost half of the SWP left over.*"

Is "Jim Stewart" *converted?* He is. Will a "cheap" house paint or any other "cheap" paint product ever fool him again? It will *not.*

If you are tempted by the "low price," the wonderful claims and eloquent promises of a "cheap" house paint, remember this:

"Cheap" paint is low priced for one reason only. It is cheaply made of *cheap* materials. Look at the formula.

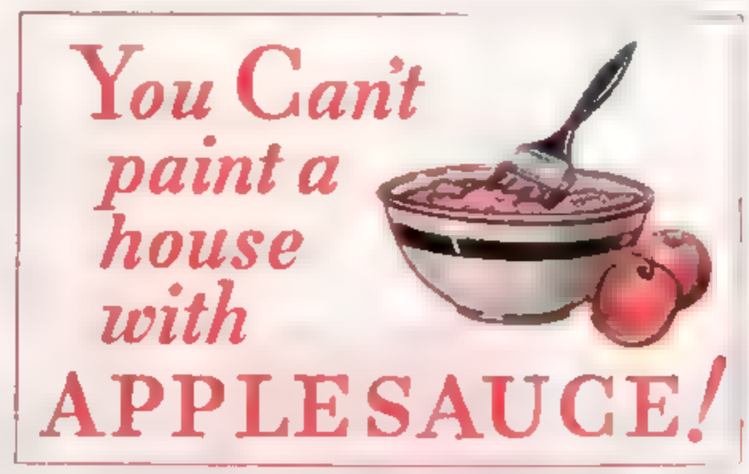
SWP House Paint, on the other hand, is a strictly quality paint. It costs more per gallon, because it is made of finest materials.

The white lead carbonate, white lead sulphate, zinc oxide, linseed oil and even the beautiful colors used in SWP are all made by Sherwin-Williams.

We could buy these materials on the open market, usually at less cost. But we could not control the superfine quality demanded by Sherwin-Williams.

As a result of these extra fine materials, and the famous Sherwin-Williams *"balanced"* formula, SWP House Paint covers 360 square feet per gallon (2 coats).

The average "cheap" paint, for obvious reasons, covers only 250 square feet per gallon (2 coats).



Up-to-date painters everywhere are using SWP House Paint. They realize that its beautiful colors—creamy smoothness—brushing ease—covering ability—and durability—can only be produced by scientific processes.

Where 11 gallons of "cheap" paint are needed for the average house *only 7 gallons of SWP are needed.*

But "cheap" paint and *cheap* colors have no stamina. Your cheap-looking "cheap" paint quickly fades, discolors, cracks, peels and chips. About two years sees its finish.

SWP House Paint, made of finest materials, with beautiful, sunfast and weatherproof colors, lasts on the average for five years—*and it looks rich to the very end.* This is vitally important today—when even our houses are radiant with color.

So there you have it. "Cheap" paint, with *cheap,* wishy-washy colors, actually costs you two and one half times as much as fine old SWP. *And there is no earthly way to beat it.*

The "Master Touch"

Often the question is asked, "Why is it that others do not make a house paint to equal SWP?" The answer is, "The Master Touch prevents it."

At the head of our great laboratories we have paint scientists who are in the paint industry what Thomas Edison and Marconi are in their chosen fields.

These men have that rare *plus-ability*—the "Master Touch"—which lifts the great artist or scientist high above all others.

The "Master Touch" shows in the superfine quality of materials made by Sherwin-Williams—in the delicate, scientific "balancing" of ingredients—in the great, power-driven mills and grinders which produce the creamy-smooth SWP texture—in the critical testing and analyzing which guard every step in the process.

This is the *vital* element of SWP House Paint and every other Sherwin-Williams product. No "cheap" process even comprehends such perfection. The most skillful cannot exactly duplicate it—even though the "balanced" formula is known to all. It is *Sherwin-Williams.*

Let "Paint Headquarters" save money for you

What is true of "cheap" paints is also true of "cheap" varnishes, lacquers or enamels. "Low-price-per-gallon" and economy are miles and miles apart.

If your house needs repainting, see your local Sherwin-Williams dealer. Get comparative estimates on "cheap" paint and SWP House Paint. Base your choice upon *the cost of the job*—not the *gallon* price.

If you want the name of a painter in your vicinity who endorses SWP and will apply it for you, write us.

We will also send literature or information regarding any Sherwin-Williams *quality* paint product and a free copy of the famous "Household Painting Guide" which saves mistakes in painting. Write

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Buy a Nash. It's a finer mode of motoring—*at a lower price*.

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F. O. B. THE FACTORIES

NASH

LEADS THE WORLD IN MOTOR CAR VALUE

Standard Six Sedan for Five
$845 *f. o. b. factory*

(Continued from Page 112

"Yes, I know. His side-kick stopped me when I was coming back and took me to Paul, who read me the riot act and told me to beat it home and go to bed. I rowed across here and nobody saw me sneak into the house. Do you know why Sabine tackled you the way she did?"

"I've been able to guess," Amory said - "she wasn't sure about what you had in that wheelbarrow. She couldn't see why you were wheeling a load of rum so far into the woods."

Howard moistened his lips. "There wasn't any other way to wheel it without the risk of getting nabbed. I didn't want that to happen on several counts."

Amory leaned forward. "Let's have the whole of it, Phelps. Who fired that first shot?"

"I don't know—at least I didn't then."

"Was it fired at you?"

"No; somebody fired at Sol Whittemore."

"Was he with you at the time?"

"Yes; he had just overhauled me. The shot came from the top of the bank on the far side of the brook. Sol slid back behind a tree, then beat it into the woods. I waited a moment, then went on my way. I crossed the brook and stopped at the clearing on the other side to listen. That's where you saw me."

"And after that," Amory said, "you shoved on along for a couple hundred yards until you came to a thick patch of bayberry, where you slid the case of Canadian Club and the case of gin under cover, then ran the wheelbarrow off somewhere to the side and started back for the shore."

"When did you find that out?" Howard asked.

"About an hour and a half ago. Later in the day somebody used the wheelbarrow for a different purpose—a pretty ghastly one. Do you know anything about that?"

Howard's face turned a sickly color under the tan.

"That's what I wanted to talk to you about. But since you've found where I hid the booze farther on in the woods than the spot where you first saw me, that ought to let me out of anything that might have happened later, don't you think?"

"Well, yes; especially since you were collared right after by the Coast Guard—provided, of course, you kept away from the locality for the rest of the day and can show an alibi to that effect."

"But that's just the devil of it," Howard moaned. "I can't."

"You went back there?"

"Yes; late in the afternoon, just after the fog came in. I was feeling rotten ragged and wanted a drink, and there wasn't any here. I got to thinking about that liquor over in the woods and decided I could slip over under cover of the fog, grab off a couple of bottles and get back without taking any chances."

"You must have wanted that drink pretty badly," Amory said.

"I sure did. I'd been hitting it up for several days and was all in from the night's run in my swifty and felt I had to have a slug or blow up. So I rowed back across the bay, shoved into the woods and came to where I'd stowed the stuff. It was all O. K., and I was just going to grab a couple and beat it when I heard somebody coming. So I wormed into the bushes near by and waited. I could tell from the sounds that somebody was following my trail, and sure enough a few moments later I caught sight of Sol."

"A good tracker," Amory said.

"Yes and he wasn't the only one. He came up to where I'd left the wheelbarrow, then looked round and located the booze. He stood for a moment listening."

Howard moistened his dry lips and went on in a trembling but dogged voice:

"Sol was a good woodsman, but there was a better when it came to the Indian sign. Sol was leaning over to pick up a case, when something reared up behind him without a sound, like cobra or boa constrictor. I tried to sing out, but my whistle clogged. It was too awful."

Shudders ran through Howard. "I caught the shine of an ax swinging up—and then my pump seemed to stop working. Everything went black. I guess I must have passed out." The sweat broke out on Howard's forehead and he looked as if on the verge of passing out again. It was better, Amory felt, to keep Howard talking.

"Did you see who it was that swung at Sol with the ax?" he asked.

"Yes—a man named Jules Lenore. He was the local bad egg here before Captain Sol and Paul Deforest got him shoved for lobster stealing a year or more ago."

"Captain Sol and Paul?" Amory queried. "What had Paul to do with it?"

"It was mostly Paul's lobsters that he stole. Paul had out a line of pots and sold to Sol. The lobster men plug the claws to keep them from nipping when they're handled, and Paul was able to identify his own plugs. Instead of buying the stock ones that are manufactured, he had whittled these himself out of a spare stave of a cypress water tank."

"So Jules had it in for Paul as well as for Sol," Amory said.

Howard nodded. "Even more. Paul had had a run-in with Jules about his landing some liquor on the Deforest property. Paul beat Jules up and then reported him to the Coast Guard. That was never generally known."

"How did you find it out?" Amory asked.

Howard gave a twisted grin. "Because Paul swore he'd serve me the same dose if ever I ran any liquor into their cove. Paul was always bad medicine for that sort of stuff."

"Well, go on," Amory said. "What did you see next?"

"Jules' back as he disappeared in the brush, shoving the wheelbarrow."

"You're sure it was Jules?"

"Who else could it be? Hadn't I just seen Jules rear up behind Sol with an ax?"

"What did he have on?"

"A red-checked Mackinaw coat and a battered old felt hat. He disappeared in the scrub and right after that I got sick. I was too sick even for a drink. I couldn't have got it down. It's a wonder he didn't

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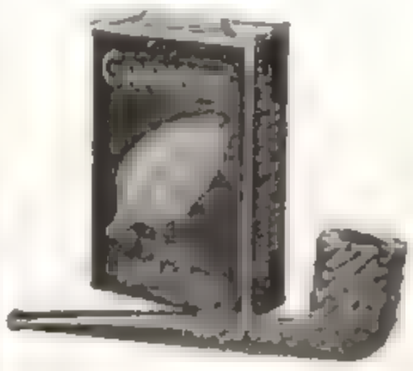

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hear me retching, and come back and finish me. It was several minutes before I could get strength enough to beat it out of there. I managed to get down to the shore and into my boat."

"What sort of boat?" Amory asked.

"A little skiff. I'd sneaked out of the house and rowed across in the fog so that nobody could get onto me."

"You didn't touch the liquor—take any with you?" Amory asked.

"I did not. I thought I was off the putrid stuff for good. I didn't realize how I was going to need it a little later, when the shock of what I'd seen began to wear off a bit. But now"—Howard's voice broke plaintively—"I feel as if I were going off the hooks, and if I don't get a drink pretty quick I'm apt to throw a fit or something. So far, I've never actually had D. T.'s, but something tells me they're not so far away."

Amory, watching him closely, believed this might be the truth. But he was for the moment less concerned over the wretched young man's state of nerves than puzzled at what Howard had just told him. If Jules had, indeed, done for Sol—struck him down from behind with an ax, then placed the body in the wheelbarrow and trundled it to the quicksand, there to consign both the corpse and the wheelbarrow to the obliterating ooze—what about the body shot through the heart and clad in the red-checked Mackinaw that Paul had identified as Sol Whittemore? The strong glare of the flash light thrown on the face made error impossible, and besides, there were the watch and chain. Also, what about the tracks of the hobnailed boots that Sabine had so positively stated had been worn by Sol?

The wheelbarrow had positively been shoved to the edge of the quicksand, and it was impossible to believe that Jules, on arriving there with the corpse of his victim, would then change his mind and carry the body back through the woods to hide it in the flume. Again, if, as Howard testified, Sol had been slain with a fearful blow from an ax, then why the bullet wound and no gaping cleft from the ax?

There could be only one answer to these queries. Sol, himself a woodsman and possessed of swift activity and reflexes, had become aware of the murderous blow directed at him, in the fraction of the second required to evade it. Jules had missed his stroke, when Sol, writhing round, had grappled, overcome and probably strangled him. Sol had then placed the body in the wheelbarrow, and, on the chance of being caught sight of, had put on Jules' coat and hat. Howard, overwhelmed, had recovered his senses only in time to see the back of Sol, thus clad, as it disappeared in the bush.

Amory looked at Howard, who was huddled in his chair, leaning forward in a fit of trembling. The young man was really in a very bad way, apt at any moment to go to pieces.

"Is this everything you know about the rotten business?"

"Everything. Ain't it enough?"

"You didn't see the blow actually fall?"

"I didn't need to. He—Jules—seemed to hang in the wind for a moment as the ax swung up. Sol may have moved or something. Jules' face was awful. It wasn't human, or even beastlike—like a devil or something else out of hell. The sight of it froze me up. Everything went black."

"Why didn't you report this to Paul?"

"I—I've been too sick. I meant to as soon as I could get going. Then Sabine told me about meeting you, and that you were a good sort and a lawyer. I wanted your advice about what I'd best do."

"Well," Amory said, "for the present keep your mouth shut. I'll talk to Paul."

"But what about Jenny?" Howard asked. "She was awfully fond of her stepfather."

"Leave her to us. You're in no shape to talk to anybody."

Howard was seized by another fit of trembling.

Amory said gently, "Do you feel up to climbing into your clothes and coming out aboard with me? I can give you a comfortable bunk and a few ounces from the medicine locker to tide you over and get you back where you belong."

The tears came in the flickering, frightened eyes.

"That would save my life," Howard said.

"Well, buck up then. I'll help you dress and Sabine will run us down. Keep your mouth shut about all this. You're not in any way criminally involved, but it would be mighty ugly if you had to give evidence." Amory rose. "Come on, Phelps. I'll help you dress and we'll get off aboard. You'll come round in shape after a drink of clean liquor and a good sleep."

XIX

SO HERE, Amory reflected a little later as he sat on his quarter-deck, with his erring guest comfortably disposed of below, was the confused jumble of evidence boiled down to leave one insoluble lump in the bottom of the beaker. Who killed Sol Whittemore? The problem of who had then removed the body from the flume did not perplex him. Paul Deforest had unquestionably done that.

But why, unless Paul himself had killed him? Paul would scarcely commit so grave an offense against the law with Amory next door to eyewitness of the act and trusting to Amory's silence, merely to remove a pollution of his home, to avoid an investigation that must bring a dark stain on its sacred precincts, destroy its future sweetness of repose and serenity for intellectual and artistic effort.

Yes, Paul had certainly dragged the body out and given it to the tide, and Amory was obliged to admit that his motive for so doing was probably actuated by the fact that he had himself killed Sol Whittemore—but in self-defense. Sol must have been temporarily insane, the victim of one of those protracted brain storms that rage with greatest devastation in a man of late middle age, when, for some reason, the routine service of his well-regulated life becomes derailed.

Sol would value highly his respectability, though indifferent to his local popularity.

He had trailed Howard, found the liquor and decided to remove it. Then, in the operation of this act, Sol had been murderously assailed by Jules Lenore, had managed to evade his blow, and after a short, furious fight, had slain him, then wheeled the body of his victim to the quicksand and consigned it to oblivion.

But why had Sol taken the precaution to put on Jules' red-checked Mackinaw and old felt hat? The answer to this query was obvious and checked with what happened subsequently. Sol, once departed on the path of violence, must have had in mind another slaying, which, if he should happen to be sighted in the course of its accomplishment, might be laid to the account of Jules.

At first glance it looked to Amory as if Sol believed that Jenny was in danger from Howard, or might already have suffered harm from that ill-ordered young man. Yonne had told Amory that she believed Sol capable of killing any man who threatened Jenny's happiness and that nobody would ever find him out.

It could only have been Sol, Amory now reasoned, who fired on him out there in the fog with Sabine. But Sol must have done this under the error that it was some other man than Amory in the Deforest rowboat with its outboard motor. There seemed no reason for Sol's believing this man to be Howard and every reason for him to believe that it was Paul. In such a case it would appear that Sol's deadly animosity was directed at Paul rather than at Howard, though why this should be the case Amory could not so far determine.

He could, however, imagine a motive. It might be that Sol, ambitious for Jenny's future, considered Paul to stand in the way of her marriage to Howard Phelps. Sol might have reason to think that there had been something between Paul and Jenifer. He had believed Paul to be out of the way, and now Paul's reappearance in command of a C. G. boat might have roused Sol to fury.

Once embarked on his sinister purpose, Sol was of the type to carry on to the bitter end. He would naturally have decided that Paul would return through the woods to the Deforest house, and Sol would see in the flume and the trapdoor the means of ambuscade adapted to his purpose.

But Paul, alert and armed, had been too quick for him. Sabine and Amory, plunging through the woods possibly at that moment, a considerable distance from the premises, might easily have failed to hear the shot fired inside the house through an atmosphere heavy with water vapor.

Amory felt that there could be no other rational deduction than the above. He perceived also that were the body of Sol to be unrecovered, which was highly probable, then the mystery could never be solved so long as he and Sabine—the only persons besides the slayer to be aware of Sol's killing—held their peace.

He had no fear at all about Sabine, especially with Howard to some extent involved. This girl could be silent as the Sphinx, and so also could Amory. His only motive now in pursuing his investigations further would be one of sheer curiosity, and that was not strong in Amory.

Therefore, so far as the criminal features of the case were concerned, it was for him, Amory decided, closed. A very ugly nuisance had been dropped into that most efficient *oubliette* which is a quicksand, more thorough than fire or the sea, leaving nothing like metallic buttons or gold teeth or jewelry, nor telling tales along the shore, whispering the secret, then baring it on some hidden beach. Another man, who had apparently outlived his professed principles, or at least lost his grip on them, had also been removed before he had been able to commit a murder more than in his heart. From what Amory knew, he did not consider Sol's withdrawal from its midst any lamentable loss to the community.

At any rate, with the tragic features of the case dismissed, Amory's mind turned to more pleasing considerations, which were now to him as puzzling in their way as had been the problem of who killed Sol Whittemore, and when—and why. Just as a man may feel vaguely a warmth of heart at moments without being able definitely to locate its source, so now was Amory conscious of a sudden exhilaration. He thought of Sabine as she had looked to him that morning in the wheelbarrow—the way in which her supple body had adapted itself to the angular dimensions of that primitive vehicle. His focus on her had been short and intimate as she cuddled there facing him while he tugged and strained and panted.

He had got the full charge of Sabine's voltage in their first violent contact, when their polarities had transmitted the compelling spark. He had got it again out there in the fog, dodging Sol and rushing her through the woods, trying to keep her body covered from Sol's fire with his own as they sped along—a sort of lightning rod—but the appeal of her then had been nothing like so great as the childish aspect of her nestling in the wheelbarrow, watching him intently as he strove along.

And now he had received the electric discharge of her through a transformer, as one might say, diffused and softly stimulating in her different guise of young lady of quality, a sweetness shown through elegance, robed in the garment of such and a tender protective solicitude for her shaken, erring stepbrother. Compared to their first encounter with its galvanic thrills, this last experience of Sabine was like an X-ray treatment, or a demonstration of television that gave Amory insight to the soul within this girl.

Amory had come to that place all set to fall in love with Yonne, charged like a storage battery at a higher potential than that of most prospective bridegrooms, who are

(Continued on Page 120)

Is There Really a Difference in Radio "B" Batteries?

THAT there is a difference, a very marked difference in "B" batteries, would be instantly apparent to you were you to remove the outer case of a Ray-O-Vac "B" and compare Ray-O-Vac construction with the construction of the ordinary "B" battery.

In the Ray-O-Vac, you would see the individual battery cells neatly placed in separate pockets, while in the ordinary battery you would find the cells encased in a solid block of hardened pitch.

But what effect on performance has this difference in design?... Just this: The life of a battery is directly affected by temperature. You would not think, for example, of placing a battery on a hot radiator. Heat increases chemical action in the cells, wastes electrical energy and reduces the battery's life.

Formerly, when we used pitch for encasing the cells, it was necessary to pour the pitch in liquid form, at high temperature, *requiring hours to cool.* Unavoidably, this hot pitch stole a share of the battery's useful life!

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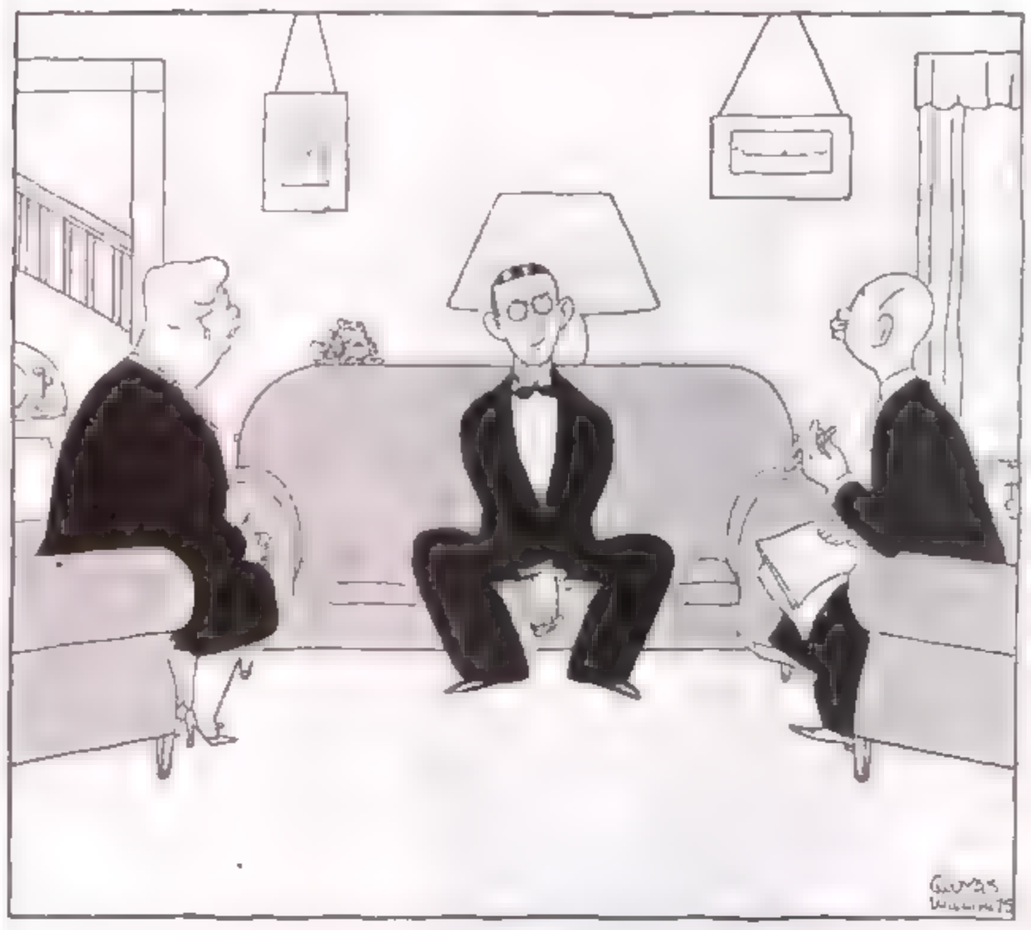
THE WALLOPS

[No. 13 of a series. No. 14 will appear Mar. 24]



Entertaining Lily's Beau

"Lily'll be right down," said Mrs. Wallop. "She said for you to read the paper and she'd hurry as fast as she could. It's the hot water, you know."

Lily's new sheik feared that she would ask him his "intentions" about Lily and he grasped at the opportunity to talk of something else.

"Hot water?" asked Charles Edward ("Big Boy") Tompkins with eager politeness.

"Yes, Mr. Tompkins," sighed Mrs. Wallop. "Those terrible rusty water pipes of ours are so filled up with rust that it takes *hours* to draw a bath. The water runs so slowly, you know." And with an arch look and a gay laugh, "You'll see how it is when you're married and have a house of your own."

"What can you do about 'em?" asked Charles Edward, veering off the subject of marriage with alarm.

"Replace with brass pipe, my boy," spoke up Mr. Wallop coming from the depths of the evening paper. "And remember. Install brass pipe that can't rust when you build. Remember *that* when you're ready to build a house after you're married."

"Married? Brass Pipe? Oh, y-yes-sir. I will and—well thank God—I mean, hurray! here comes Lily at last."

But all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is better because it contains more copper and lead. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively *cannot rust*, and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction. Copyright 28 C. B. & C. Co., Inc

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made from a special kind of

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CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

(Continued from Page 118)

usually a little scared. That live wire, Sabine, falling foul of him, had set his boat to rocking from the start.

The truth of the matter was, perhaps, that Amory, coming there on his romantic quest all primed for an amorous encounter like an aborigine on a wife hunt, had simply clashed with three full-powered beauties in a similar state of responsiveness.

Yonne's eyes had assured him that morning that his quest was not in vain. Sabine had looked at him on the landing of the stairs as he followed the unsteady Howard down as though she were about to obey an impulse of her own for the rescue of her brother—put her brand and seal upon him in such fashion that he who ran might read. But that again might be merely gratitude. They were grateful girls, all three of them, Amory was obliged to admit.

The question now was what the deuce he was going to do about it. Sound sense declared that his best move would be to get under way—take Howard for a short cruise to rehabilitate him, get him clean and sober and clothed in his right mind before he had to talk to anybody.

But the prospect of such a step irked Amory. His heart rebelled against coming to that place to get himself a bride and sailing off instead with a nerve-shattered alcoholic. There was nothing about Howard that appealed to him at all. He was, all things considered, a nuisance.

As Amory was turning this vexing problem in his mind, he saw approaching an open launch that he recognized as the Deforests', which Paul had taken in the early hours of the morning to carry Sabine to the lobster pound, or home, or wherever she decided to go. Paul was now alone in it, and as he glided up alongside the yacht, Amory saw him to be slightly embarrassed.

Paul was in uniform, exposed to the full battery of eyes from the reading room, and it was, Amory surmised, the first time that he had thus revealed himself as an active partisan and defender of the laws of Mrs. Wilmerding and the state of Maine, to say nothing of Mr. Volstead and the rest of the country. He would instantly be recognized. He already was, in fact, as Amory perceived from the avidity with which binoculars were being snatched from hand to hand, and even at that distance there reached him across the still water a buzz as from a hive of bees too close to which has ventured an alien with a sweet tooth.

Paul, entirely aware of this, held himself as stiffly as might a young officer appearing before a court-martial to answer charges of conduct unbecoming the gentleman that he has recently been made by act of Congress.

The honorable annals of his service had suffered since the change in its character imposed by the Volstead Law. The plucky little boats and their valiant crews that put offshore in every sort of weather stood by as ready to safeguard life and property from the perils of the sea as to prevent the empoisonment of the land. But this had not saved their befouling by the acts of some of its more recent recruits.

Paul now said something of this sort, after a nod to Amory: "Look at those stiff necks getting rubbery. They're going to have a hard time deciding how to take my stuff and what to do about it as far as Tide Mill Cove's concerned. The G. A. P. makes me sick."

"G. A. P.?" Amory queried.

"In this case the Great American Plutocracy. Mr. Common People's got more sense. But with this crowd it's a case of

"Tommy this, and Tommy that, and Tommy go away.
But it's 'Thank you, Mr. Atkins,' when the band begins to play."

"Yes," Amory agreed, "the character of the service rendered. If you were to chase and overhaul a yacht that was acting suspiciously and she happened to belong to somebody in your set, whether you found any contraband in quantity or not, you'd be blacklisted as a traitor to your class and the renegade Sabine called you."

"Sabine and I have been cat and dog since we were little," Paul interrupted; "that was old stuff."

"Well, as I was saying," Amory continued, "if, on the other hand, that yacht happened to be out of control in a gale of wind and drifting into the breakers, and you did the other thing you're out for—got a line to her and towed her to a place of safety, all in the same line of duty and not costing the owner a cent of salvage—it would be entirely a different kettle of home brew."

"That happens pretty often, too," Paul said, "but the people ashore see only one side of it. There's more joy over one rummy that runs it than in ninety and nine just persons saved from drowning. But that's not what I came to see you about. You asked me last night if we had a wheelbarrow, and this morning I found ours over in the woods near the shore. Do you know anything about that?"

"Yes—a lot," Amory said. "I wheeled it down there a little after daylight this morning. Sabine was aboard."

"Sabine was what?"

"In the wheelbarrow. I trundled her all the way from that clearing near the brook down to a quicksand, and came back light to the shore again."

"And what," Paul asked, "was the splendid idea?"

"To follow the trail of the loaded wheelbarrow that had passed that way some hours before," Amory said. "If a canoe were to break adrift and get carried down through rocks and rapids and over bars and ledges, finally to wash out into a still reach somewhere downstream, and you wanted to find it, the best way would be, if the conditions of wind and water were the same, to cast loose another canoe and follow its course along the bank. I applied that same principle to the rough traverse of the woods, and it worked."

"It worked?" Paul asked eagerly.

"Perfectly. That intelligent wheelbarrow, with Sabine aboard, led me first to Howard's cache of booze, then, without faltering, it nosed its way on to the quicksand."

"What did that show?"

"Well, it showed that the short traverse had been what we call in the Great North Woods a *longue traversée*," Amory said.

"Which says?"

"That a load had been taken on where Howard made his cache and left Sol's wheelbarrow, then trundled to the edge of the quicksand and heaved in, wheelbarrow and all. Maybe you can guess who was in it."

Paul said slowly:

"This takes a little doping out. It wasn't the missing member of my crew. That questing osprey fell foul of the crew of Jules Lenore's rum ship in the fog and they gathered him in. When Jules failed to keep his date by several hours, they lost their nerve and set him ashore and beat it out of here. He's just reported back aboard, none the worse for wear. Then it must have been Jules."

"Jules it was, beyond all reasonable doubt," Amory said, "and a grand place for him, says I."

"Who knows that besides yourself?" Paul asked quickly.

"You. Does it have to be spilled?"

Paul slowly shook his dark head. "The fear lest it might be is the whole burden of my care just now."

"Why?"

"Because Jenifer thinks that Jules must have done in Sol. . I've an idea that her future happiness depends on her keeping on in that belief."

Amory said nothing. Here, it seemed to him, was the equivalent of a confession. *Verbum sat sapienti.* He was wise enough for this word to be sufficient. Jenifer might marry Paul even if she knew that he had killed her stepfather, but such knowledge must always cast its shadow on her happiness. Infinitely better that she be confirmed in her belief that Jules had murdered Sol.

He said then to Paul: "There's really nothing to fear. Howard will keep his mouth shut, because he is to some extent involved. Sabine will never peep, because she has Howard's interest at heart, and her stepfather's. Yonne will be tight as a clam for obvious reasons. And I, like Talleyrand, know how to keep silent in seven languages."

For a moment Paul's dark eyes looked intently into those of Amory. He seemed about to speak, then checked himself. There was a brief silence.

Then Paul said, "You might give me that gun I handed back when I swore you in as deputy C. G., if there is any such thing."

"Sorry, but I can't."

"Why not?"

"It's at the bottom of the bay."

"How come?"

"It slipped from the holster when I was leaning over the side and went overboard," Amory said, with that amount of truth that is confined to words alone.

Paul stared at him a moment, then held out his hand.

"You are an officer and a gentleman, Payne."

"If so required," Amory said, returning the warm clasp, "I can lie like one. I've been all set to do that thing from the very start of this more or less lamentable affair—as I see it, principally less."

"In that case," Paul asked a little diffidently, "would you mind coming over and telling Jenifer that when she was here aboard the yacht you were wrong about the identities of Sol and Jules?"

"Of course not," Amory said. "I was. And if I was right about Sol out there in the fog, I don't need to say so. No harm that I can see in loading the whole rotten business on Jules. It can't hurt him in his quicksand, and farther down they'll have his *dossier* anyhow. When his final balance is struck and the account ruled off, his credit may be quite as good as Sol's."

"At least he sailed under his true colors," Paul said.

"Didn't Sol?"

"Well, his warrant was like a *lettre de marque*—legitimatized piracy, under his country's flag instead of the Jolly Roger. Just before the war he held some mortgages on a shipyard and ironworks not far from here. Business was fairly dead just then, and he foreclosed. Then the war came and he grabbed off a bunch of fat government contracts. Gathered in a new four-master too. Her maiden voyage to Buenos Aires paid her building cost and then some."

"Where did you get all this?" Amory asked.

"I've learned quite a lot ducking in and out along the coast before I was shifted to this base—enough to lead me to believe that Sol Whittemore, the lobster buyer, could have bought out most of the lobsters of this exclusive colony that had set him up as a statue to Puritan virtue. When he bought a hundred thousand lobsters and funded them for high winter prices, it was to invest surplus capital. His working a line of pots of his own was for recreation, as any other millionaire might pull on overalls and work in his garden or saw wood."

"Do Mrs. Sol and Jenifer know all this?" Amory asked.

Paul shook his head. "They believed him to be fairly well off, but they'd no idea to what extent. He was secretive and tight. He gave them a comfortable home, but they have only one servant and a small, cheap car. He gave Jenifer advantages of education, but since graduating she has worked—athletic instructress. Sol merely lived up to the character these fools over here wished on him. He liked it, I think. But he must sometimes have laughed up the gurry-smeared sleeve of his oilskins. Well, if you are ready, let's go. Jenifer's worn ragged about all this—as much as she knows, which is darned little, taking it full and by. Maybe you can calm her down. I can't."

"All right," Amory said. He looked below and, finding Howard sleeping, decided that his guest and patient would weather it through. Getting aboard the open launch, with its ancient noisy make-and-break engine, they shoved off and started across for the lobster pound.

The clatter of machinery made conversation difficult, and besides, Amory did not want to talk. He was wondering why Paul should have volunteered all this information about the man whom he had undoubtedly killed, whose body he had then disposed of and whose heiress he probably desired to marry. Paul, Amory had long ago decided, was anything but a confiding fool. Amory was almost a stranger to him, and so far had expressed no ambitions or intentions in regard to Yonne. Paul had practically acknowledged Amory's disinterested suppression of evidence that might blacken the Deforest name, and Paul must certainly perceive that his revelations as to Sol's considerable estate could not help but suggest to Amory's mind a motive for the removal of Sol other than love for Jenifer.

Yet here had Paul been spouting this gush of inside knowledge of Sol's wealth as freely as a whale, floating on an expanse of ocean unmarred by any possible enemy eye, spouts exhausted air admixed with brine. It struck Amory as blatant in its assumption that nothing could alter his own support and sympathy in what might actually be an act of homicide that could perhaps have been avoided. This puzzled Amory, for it did not check with his opinion of Paul. Paul did not seem to be the sort to take for granted another person's blind support in whatever he might see fit to do. Paul had not himself confided a word of the circumstances to Amory, though that, of course, might be to keep Amory as much as possible from the position of accessory after the fact of homicide.

Several times Amory found himself on the point of saying: "Look here, Paul, just why did you shoot and kill Sol Whittemore? And having done so, why did you swear me in as deputy in that silly way, then give me back the revolver with the shell that had killed Sol Whittemore in a chamber of the cylinder? And what did you do with the corpse?"

As the old boat barked and clattered and vibrated on its way, Amory found himself more and more perplexed. He decided presently that he could go on no longer with such a silly and at the same time horrid farce. Leaning toward Paul, who was on the fore-and-aft seat opposite, steering automatically, Amory asked, with a note of exasperation in his voice:

"Do you think there is any chance of Sol's body being found?"

Paul's dark eyes looked squarely into his. A vertical line drew itself down the middle of his forehead. Then he shook his head.

"Not one in a thousand. There's a strong offshore current here and the water is icy cold. He will be drifted along bottom and the crabs and lobsters and monkfish will quickly do their work. But even if it should be found, what of it? Jules would be the obvious assassin, and Sol put him where he can't show any alibi, living or dead."

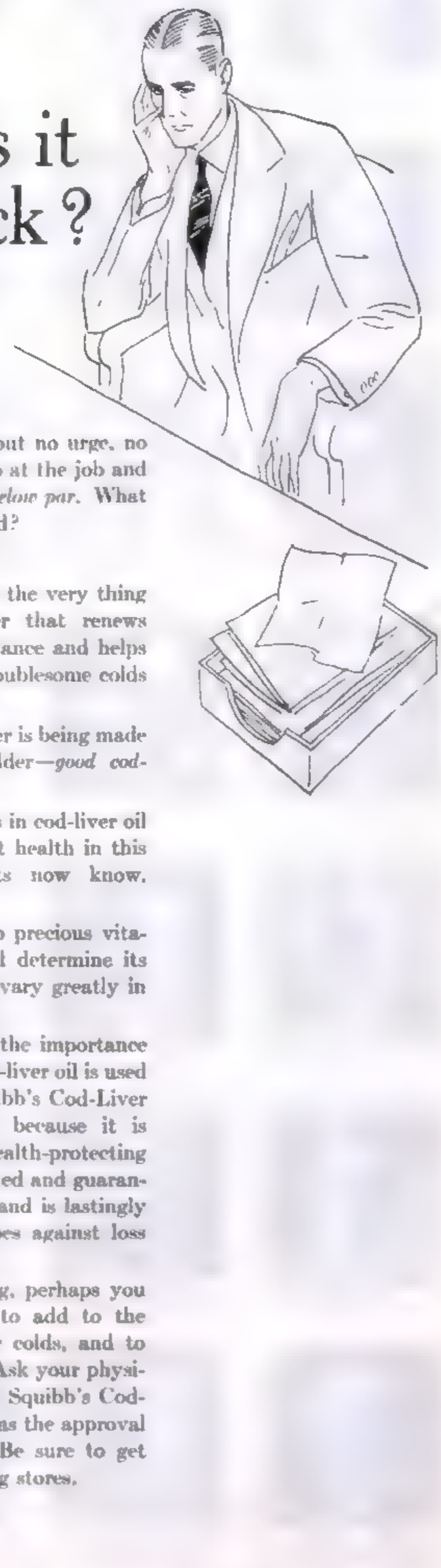
"No chance of his grounding near the mill, on the rocks along the shore of the cove?" Amory persisted.

"Not a chance. There's a deep, clear channel out of the place and a strong ebb-tide current through it. From the mouth of the cove it turns offshore." Paul leaned forward and gave Amory's coat sleeve a reassuring pat. "Don't worry, old chap, and don't think or talk about it. Sol was crazy, clean off his chump—straight case of homicidal mania. He thought it was Jenifer and me out there in the fog, of course, and he was so insanely determined to do me in that he didn't much care whether he hit Jenifer or not. When he followed you to the mill, or got there ahead of you and waited, he thought of the flume as the best chance to get you inside of the house. Since you managed to beat him to it, so much the better for you."

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

The 80 *per centers*

—what is it they lack?



A desk loaded with work—but no urge, no drive, no motive power to go at the job and get it done! Not sick—*just below par*. What is it these 80 per centers need?

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Physicians have long known the very thing they need—a health-builder that renews vitality, that increases resistance and helps to prevent those frequent troublesome colds that so deplete the strength.

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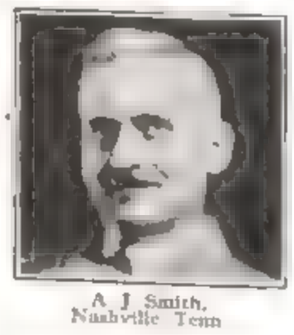

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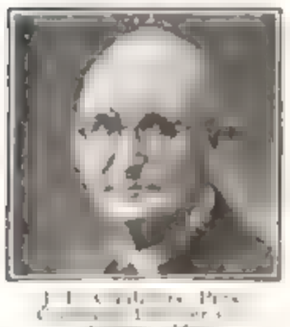

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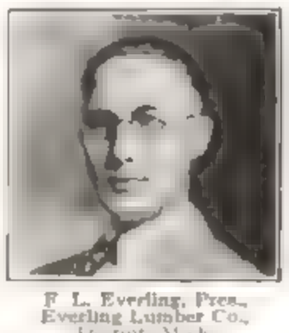

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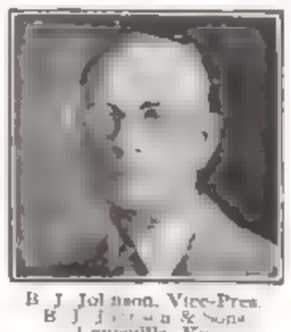
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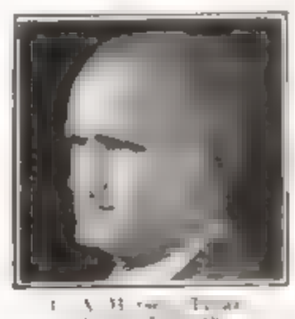
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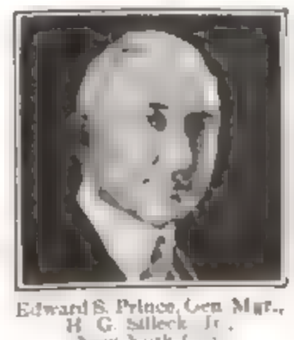
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COMEDY

(Continued from Page 17)

Miss Moran's present vehicle, Damaged Gods. "All we've been doing ——"

"I'll be your intellectual interest, if there's got to be any intellectual interest," she had interrupted firmly. "I don't claim to be any master mind, but if Miss Frederica Nevins has got any more brains than me—well ——" Her imagination refused to go any further than that.

Mr. Poultney had no answer for this. "If you refuse to understand ——" he started feebly, and then gave up.

Miss Moran softened. "We aren't going to quarrel over that heel, Harry, are we?" she asked.

"I'm not quarreling. All I claim is that my interest in Freddy is purely intellectual."

"Yes?"

"It is formal, friendly, cold."

"Hot or cold," Miss Moran told him flatly, "out she goes in the morning—or out I go."

So engaged was she in wrestling with this problem that when on Monday evening a young man vaguely familiar of face and figure edged nervously into the empty chair opposite her in Frankel's Restaurant, next door to the theater, she did not immediately recognize him.

"Miss Moran," he said, sitting tensely so that she would understand he had no intention of keeping her long, "I just want to say that I want to express my pride in — in being associated with you, with such a finished actress—on the same stage, I mean. I just want to say I feel it is a great honor—that is, to be on the same stage with you."

"Oh, you're ——" She stopped as his face reddened suddenly. "That's awfully nice of you to say it, Mr.—Mr.——"

"—— Fulton—William Fulton. I just want to say it's the greatest honor I have ever known—that is, I take great pride in being on the same stage, in the same company—that is, with such a great comédienne—that is, I just wanted to say—I wanted to tell you how I felt about it—about the honor ——"

"I think," she said gently, "you're getting the idea across very well. You're the butler, aren't you?"

"Oh, no!" He was wounded. "I'm the sick brother, with consumption. It's a small part, but perhaps I can make something out of it. I used to play leads."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

Then there was a silence. Her first interest waning, Miss Moran's thoughts drifted back to Mr. Poultney and his intellectual affiliations. Nor could William think, at that moment, of anything else to say. The conversation threatened to expire.

"In Tennessee."

"What?"

"I said, in Tennessee."

"What about Tennessee?"

"That's where I used to play leads."

"Really!"

"Yes."

Dead then certainly, William considered an effort to resurrect the tête-à-tête, but decided finally upon cementing the friendship thus gracefully started with a line of impressive farewell remembered from an impeccable social source, Lady de Montmartre's Secret, in which he had played, with great success, le Duc de Vanesse.

"Miss Moran"—he rose suddenly, dramatically—"if ever there comes a time in your life when you need me ——"

"Need you?" She stared at him, puzzled.

"Call upon me. I beg of you, call upon me. Wherever I am, wherever you are, I will come. For"—he paused significantly—"I am your friend." He bowed deeply, in something resembling the Continental fashion, and backed away, and into a heavily laden bus boy. In the resulting confusion he apologized furiously to several perplexed diners and waiters and made hurriedly for the street.

After this somewhat unusual introduction, Miss Moran's attention naturally sought out the dying consumptive at the next, the second, rehearsal of Damaged Gods. Standing near Malkus, the director, she was privileged to observe a brisk young man darting eagerly here, there and everywhere, striving to the limit of his ability to be helpful in every way possible in the preparation of Damaged Gods. Nor, so far as she could see, did any other member of the cast throw himself into his part with the fervor that this somewhat agile invalid brought to his two lines. Indeed, as she stood there, Malkus was moved to try to modify this energy.

"Fulton."

"Yes, sir!"

"What part do you think you're playing?"

"I'm the consumptive, sir."

"Well, be consumptive then. Stop bellowing. Dying consumptives don't go bellowing around the house like that. Come down a bit on that 'sink' line."

"Yes, indeed, sir!"

Malkus turned to Miss Moran, smiled and shook his head patiently. "Any day now," he said, "I'm expecting that lad to bring a trapeze out of his pockets and begin flying around on it. He's the darnedest invalid I ever saw."

She smiled, too, and continued to watch William strive to temper his vigor. But it was an absent interest. Inwardly she was scolding herself for thinking so persistently about the intellectual Mr. Poultney and his mental affinity. She told herself flatly that she did not understand such lofty relationships.

"What's the matter with you and Harry?" Malkus asked abruptly. "That Nevins girl?"

She started and stiffened automatically. "Nothing is the matter with Harry and me," she said, "because there's nothing between Harry and me. I don't know what you're talking about—Nevins girl! I never heard of her. Anyway, what's it to you?"

"Nothing between you!" he jeered. "Why, my Lord, he's been buzzing after you for a year—just playing, I suppose."

"Intellectual interest, my dear," she said coldly—"intellectual interest, that's all."

Malkus studied her curiously. He was not particularly interested in the matter, but he was slightly annoyed at the rebuff. Then he saw her stern eyes soften, and William, having subdued his vocal exuberance, was approaching them.

"Ah," he greeted her, "wonder lady!"

"Wonder lady!" Malkus stared, popeyed, at Miss Moran, who, a trifle embarrassed at William's public and unexpected warmth, glared him into temporary silence.

"That was better," she said pleasantly.

"I was testing my voice the first time," he explained solemnly. "That's my first line, you know, and I'd like it to go over big."

"It ought to go over great if we play the Hippodrome," Malkus commented.

"Well, I'm not altogether certain about how I ought to go at that line ——" William began.

"If you've got any doubts at all about anything, especially about how a line ought to be read," the director said, "you're just unique among actors, that's all."

"Well," William admitted, "I have."

"And what," Malkus continued, "is that fit you have just before the line? I think we ought to clear that up."

"It's not a fit; I'm weak and trembling. I'm an invalid, you remember."

"So the script says. But it looks like a fit to me. You'd better hold it firmly in your mind that you're an invalid and not a hurdler, and everything will be much better." (Continued on Page 127)

514

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(Continued from Page 124)

"Yes, sir." He looked at Miss Moran and found sympathy in her eyes. He smiled feebly.

"Don't let him bother you," she said. "You're doing all right. He's just a bit grumpy now and then. Forget him." With Malkus moving away, she began to draw on her gloves. William fell in step beside her as she started toward the stage door.

"No," he said morosely, "it gets me to thinking—well, I'm not so good at my art. A finished actor ought to be able to read at least one line right. It just seemed to me, though, that if you wanted to let somebody know that that one was in the sink you'd have to say it loud enough for him to hear. But maybe not. It's kind of discouraging. I'm telling you this, Miss Moran, because I can see by your eyes that you understand."

They paused at the door and Miss Moran looked at him intently. Then she put one hand—one tiny white-gloved hand—on his shoulder.

"Look, baby," she said, "get those doubts out of your mind. As long as an actor's got any doubts about himself, he's goin' to skid. You're good, see? You've got to have that confidence; you've got to be sure you're a wow. Never take a plea, baby, never take a plea! I understand enough to know that anyway."

His worry melted. "You—you have confidence in my ability?"

For a moment she did not reply. Then she smiled good-naturedly, pulled his head down with the tiny white-gloved hand and gave him a peck of a kiss on the cheek.

"Sure!" she said then. "Sure, you've got the stuff! Don't worry at all. You're going to be the hit of the show!" She laughed and hurried up the alley, leaving him to stare adoringly after her and rub his cheek with tender fingers. His face glowed as he returned to the stage.

It still glowed, hours later, as he splashed happily in the closet basin in his room. His eyes sparkled and his spirits surged joyfully as he offered a hearty greeting to the wide-eyed Anna, paused uncertainly at the door.

"Good evening, sir," she replied respectfully. "How was you today?"

"Fine, my dear, fine!" He hummed as he brushed his hair. "Couldn't be finer!" He fumbled briskly about the chiffonier. "Yes, indeed! Everything going first-rate." She watched him curiously as he bustled about the room, until, with a sudden startling jerk, he turned and faced her, a wild glitter in his eyes.

"Anna," he said, "what would you think"—he paused—"what would you think if I came home some afternoon and told you I was going to be married? Suppose —— Can you keep a secret?"

"Marry!" she gasped. "Yes, sir!"

"Then what would you think, what would you say, if I were to come home some afternoon and tell you I was going to marry"—he paused again, dramatically—"a famous lady?"

"Patsi Moran!"

"No, no! No names! I just said, what would you say if I married a very famous lady? I'm not saying I am—I'm not saying I'm not. I just asked you what would you say."

"Oh, Mr. Fulton, I'd say it was grand! I'm so glad."

"Now, now! Let's don't discuss it any more—let's just wait and see."

In his own mind the notion sparkled. "Mrs. William Fulton, that was Miss Patsi Moran, the comedy star." Nothing at the moment seemed impossible. He walked downstairs to dinner with a tum-te-tum on his lips. This was the New York he'd been seeking, the New York of his dreams. Then, at the door of the dining room, he halted and the smile disappeared.

Within he could hear those boarders already gathered at the table, and he quailed as he always did before the ordeal of exposing again to them himself, his art and his ambitions. He flinched at the thought of their careless gibes and laughter. Then the smile returned; his courage bolstered this evening, he pulled himself together and walked smartly into the room, nodded a dignified good evening and sat down.

Miss Yerkes, Mr. Diamond, Mr. Cadman and Mr. Goldfogle were already there, as well as at one end, with Anna at her left, Mrs. McDermott, her kindly, shrewd and understanding eyes always comforting and reassuring to him. Some day, he told himself, there would be another look on these other faces when he entered—a look of respect.

"Well, John Barrymore"—it was the irrepressible Mr. Diamond speaking—"what ho on the rialto!"

William went into his soup without answering. Mr. Diamond, he knew, could not be stopped. This would keep on, with occasional intervals of respite, throughout the meal.

"The name of this play, so-called," Mr. Diamond continued loudly, "whatever kind of play it is that Willie could get in, is Damaged Gods. Willie's going to play the Damages, eh, Willie?"

He flushed, but did not look up. Anna glared at Mr. Diamond, and Miss Yerkes giggled. She always giggled at what Mr. Diamond said; that was mainly why Mr. Diamond said what he said.

"Can't you just imagine Willie playing the Damages?" the fun maker demanded. "I always said Willie ought to play the Damages—he's just the type."

William ate through it. His face was flushed and he lifted his eyes from his plate but once or twice—to Mrs. McDermott each time for the sympathy he knew would be there. The dinner, it seemed, took hours always; this evening Mr. Diamond was at the top of his wit. He played upon the play's title, upon William's appearance in it and upon the decline of the American drama to the point where it would admit William until Miss Yerkes was in stitches and the rest, save Anna and Mrs. McDermott, were laughing with him and contributing now and then a word that would send him off again into further commentaries.

William ate through it. The soup, the roast beef, the beets in red water, the lettuce and pineapple salad held his burning attention. Once his eyes clouded and the urge to kill seethed in his brain.

"You know," Mr. Cadman said as his dessert of apricots was placed before him, "I heard that maybe our Willie wouldn't be in such good company—with this Patsi Moran in the lead."

William went suddenly cold. He stopped chewing and his face paled as he looked up at Mr. Cadman. "You oughtn't say that, Mr. Cadman," Mrs. McDermott objected suddenly. "You've got no right ——"

"What? No right to say that about Patsi Moran?" Mr. Diamond exclaimed. "Say, everybody knows Patsi Moran! I used to work with a fellow that knew her once."

"Wasn't she engaged to Paul Castell?" asked Miss Yerkes.

"Engaged!" Mr. Diamond laughed derisively. "Say, I wish I had a dollar for every time Patsi Moran's been engaged, as you call it! I wouldn't be working for no asbestos company!"

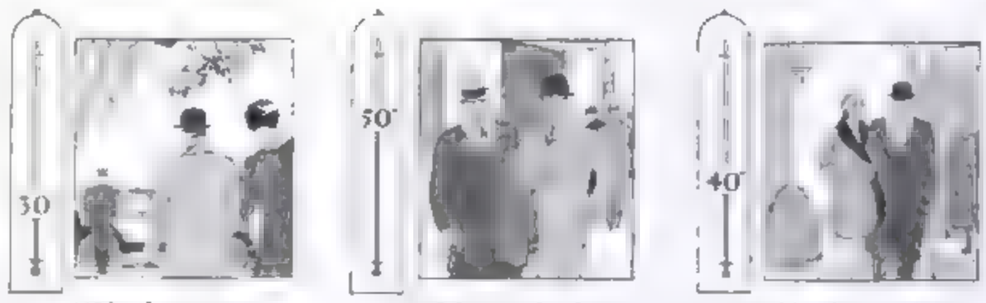
William's eyes had gone from Mr. Cadman to Mr. Diamond. His lips were suddenly dry and he trembled. He was breathing slowly, deeply, and he had made up his mind—if Mr. Diamond said another word he was going to go across the table, directly across it, and try to kill him—with a knife, a fork, his hands, anything. He waited.

Mr. Diamond chuckled, unconscious of his danger. "We better keep an eye on our Willie," he said, winking at Miss Yerkes. "Somebody's telling me today she's having a heavy affair with this playwright fellow, Harry Poultney, the fellow that wrote the play, but all our Willie's got to do, you know, is wiggle one finger and she'll throw over all these other lovers and ——"

William pushed back his chair. His teeth were set and his Adam's apple was

(Continued on Page 129)

A New "in-between" Suit of Underwear



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AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

(Continued from Page 127)

bobbing convulsively. This time they'd gone too far. Somebody was going to die.

"Mr. Diamond!" It was Anna, her voice cutting into the fun maker's words, and William, suddenly apprehensive as he saw her blazing indignation, paused. "Do you know," she demanded shrilly, "you're talking about Mr. Fulton's promised bride?"

"Anna!" William's voice snapped plaintively and he fell back into his chair, suddenly weak and dismayed.

"He said not to tell," she was continuing hotly, "but you can't talk like that, say nasty things like that, and she's his promised bride. You're mean to say things ——."

Her voice broke in her excitement, and she began to cry. William sat back, confused, distressed, and afire with shame. In a second the meal had come to a halt and ten pairs of eyes, puzzled and incredulous, were on him, demanding explanation.

"Marry Patsi Moran!" Mr. Diamond, shocked into silence, had found his voice "Is that so, Willie?"

"I ——" He couldn't speak; his throat was tight. He could only stare appealingly straight ahead into Mrs. McDermott's slowly softening eyes, and suddenly he knew that she understood.

"When?" Mr. Diamond's voice now showed his skepticism. "When are you going to marry Patsi Moran?"

"I—I didn't want Anna ——"

"Does Patsi Moran know anything about it?"

"I I didn't want Anna ——" He didn't know what to say. Nothing would be right. Oh, if only Anna had kept her mouth shut—or better, if only he had himself.

"I'll answer that one for you, Mr. Diamond!" Mrs. McDermott's voice, as keen and hard as a steel knife, came across the table coldly. "I never heard you had a license as a detective or district attorney or anything, but since you're setting yourself up to be, nosing into none of your business, I'll be glad to give you an answer or two. Yes, Miss Moran knows about it. Now what have you got to say to that?"

"Why, nothing, Mrs. McDermott—noth ng'"

"No?" She threw a reassuring glance at William, staring at her incredulously. "You haven't, eh? Well, maybe you'll be asking how I know; so I'll ease your mind on that. It's because I been hearing what they said to each other on the phone right there in my living room. What's more, I don't mind saying I heard it outside too. You got any more questions to ask now?"

"Oh, no!" Mr. Diamond mumbled embarrassedly as he turned to William. "Sorry, Willie old boy—didn't realize, you know"

"Anybody else got any questions?"

Nobody had. William swallowed. Knives and forks returned to their accustomed duties, and Mrs. McDermott's truculent stare began to disappear.

It was Miss Yerkes whose coy voice broke the silence. "I do think it's wonderful, Willie," she said, "and we'll all keep your secret for you, won't we?" She turned to the other boarders. William looked at her bleakly.

IV

DAMAGED GODS was in rehearsal two weeks, during which time members of the company were privileged to obtain whatever entertainment they could out of the spectacle offered by their star's current affair of the heart.

For such a spectacle they were quite prepared, either by experience or information, Miss Moran's past being of that character; but to the best of their recollection no heart like that which beat in the bosom of the play's dying invalid had ever been implicated. For at the theater William was a single-minded young man. His not too onerous lines committed to memory, he was able to dedicate the remainder of his life to the service of the fragile and distraught star.

He was to be seen rushing madly about with a chair that she might sit wherever the wish seized her. He crossed the stage in breathless dashes, bound to find a handkerchief, to fetch a cloak, a script, a box of make-up. He lived, it seemed, but to serve her, and in usefulness he was surely no less than three maids.

This energy and devotion she observed with a slightly detached amusement. She could not, however, give a great deal of thought to the matter. A half dozen ultimatums to Harry Poultney had not relieved that situation, and she cursed herself roundly for caring so much for any man.

William felt, though, that there was progress being made. A squeeze of the arm, a pat on the cheek, an occasional wisp of a kiss—these were definite facts that could not be dismissed; nobody else, so far as he could find out, enjoyed such favors.

"Billie," she said once, throwing a grateful arm about his shoulders as he knelt to change her slippers, "you are a dear sweet boy." She kissed him on the top of the head.

It was a kiss that sank through his hair and skull and into his brain. He even felt it in his heart. It was a kiss that told him everything, that, without realizing it, she was returning his love. When he lifted his head and rose she was polishing her nails. He walked out of the theater that evening with his spirits at peace. He walked into Mrs. McDermott's dining room with a serene heart.

It had been hard to live up to the kindly lie thrown over him by the McDermott family. It had been hard to feel the lingering doubt left in more than one eye about the table. He winced at every curious question put to him—winced, but answered. Something could—might happen—something great and wonderful.

By the Monday of Damaged Gods' opening on Broadway the lulling feeling of approaching happiness had closed in on his last fears and worries. There was something in Miss Moran's gentle appreciation of his little attentions, something in the sweet smiles with which she rewarded him, that told him what he wanted to know.

He stood, that Monday morning, looking at her across the stage. His eyes were soft, his lips turned up at one corner in a faint adoring smile, and the thought of her sent a sharp pain into his heart. It was enough to stand there in the wings and just to look at her.

Miss Moran did not see him. Her suddenly steel eyes were fixed on the stage door through which a man and a woman had entered. The two paused for a moment of conversation, and then the woman, with a jaunty little wave, was gone. The man turned, caught sight of Miss Moran and came toward her. His pleasant smile faded away as he caught the dark storm of her anger. He raised one hand.

"Just one second, dear ——"

"Don't dear me! I'm no dear of yours! Get back to Nevins to spill any of that stuff. I won't be made a sucker out of by any man! You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Now, Pat, if you'll give me just one second ——"

"You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Please, Pat, control yourself."

"Control hell! What I mean is I'm out of this show, see? I'm walking out now, this minute! I hope I get struck dead if I ever speak a line of yours again! Get somebody else!"

"Pat!" Mr. Poultney's face was suddenly grim. "Pat, you're behaving like a fool! Stop just ——"

"I'm a fool, am I? I hope ——" Beside herself with rage, she started to raise a tight little fist, started to strike him, and at the same moment Mr. Poultney's hand closed around her wrist and held it.

"Will you be quiet?" he demanded. "I was trying to tell ——"

"Let me go!"

"I'll let you go when you feel you can behave yourself!"

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They stood then eye to eye, still and tense, for ten twenty—thirty—forty—fifty seconds, until, quietly and unexpectedly, there moved between them a strange apparition in the shape of a shaking young man whose eyes stood out with excitement, whose face was pale and drawn, whose Adam's apple bobbed convulsively, whose voice, when it spoke, was pitched high and quavered with nervousness.

"Sir, unhand that lady!" The apparition delivered the command in no spirit of jest; it came to William's tongue as the only appropriate utterance he could rake up out of his confused mind. "If you do not feel that—that you can approach a lady with that chivalry which—to which she should be approached—to—that is, with chivalry—why why—why, do not approach her at all!" He paused, gulped and added, "Will you unhand that lady!"

Frightened but resolute he returned Mr. Poultney's puzzled stare. Then the star and her playwright looked at each other. For a moment it seemed that Mr. Poultney was on the point of leaping at the startled apparition's throat, and then, in another second, there came a queer twinkle into his eyes. The merest flutter of a wink sought to catch Miss Moran's distracted attention and failed; still trembling with anger, she saw Mr. Poultney's face begin to twist into a horrible mask of baffled villainy. With a melodramatic sneer he flung her hand aside.

"Ha!" he growled; and as though that were not enough: "Ten thousand curses on you!" William stared at him. "And as for you, my fine lady"—he leered at Miss Moran—"we shall yet have our reckoning! Do not think you will escape so easily!" he twirled an invisible mustache wickedly.

If these strange maneuvers bewildered, albeit relieved, William, they affected Miss Moran in no such fashion. Mr. Poultney's levity slackened her anger not in the least. Her eyes still flashed as, with an exaggerated swagger, he moved toward the door.

"Fool!" she murmured.

He turned. "As for you, Desmond Dangerfield"—he glared at William—"this is not the end! We shall meet again, sir, and ere long! Until then!" He saluted gravely and disappeared.

His face a blank, William turned slowly, and Miss Moran moved to him. Her head leaned upon his astonished chest, and awkwardly, with a cautious look around, he put his arms about her shoulders. She did not move, she did not speak, and William held his breath. Minutes passed. His back began to ache and he shifted one foot carefully. Still she stood.

At length she lifted her head. Her face was calm now, and her eyes were cool. "You are a sweet boy, Billie," she said, the trace of a smile on her lips. He could think of no comment worthy of the utterance. She put a finger to her lips speculatively. "Tonight," she said then, "after the show, you'll take me to the party—at Velli's. You know ——" His face showed that he didn't. "Well, Hoffman's giving it, and you've been such a good boy you're to take me—and not—not anybody else."

He thanked her with the smile of a village idiot.

▼

VELLI'S was always noisy, always crowded and always feverish with a sinful aroma of silk, flesh, perfume and whisky. This was as Velli intended; he offered one notion, anyway, of Broadway. It wasn't the truest or the nicest, but it was the most glamorous. About the shining yellow dance floor, flooded with amber light, he nightly played host to Broadway's notables—a black-face comedian, a musical-comedy prima donna, the most notorious of the town beauties, the most recently acquitted murderer, a jazz dancer, a famous producer. He dressed his place carefully, with names and faces worth noting.

After a popular first night or prize fight it was jammed and tables edged one another. Glistening shirt fronts and sparkling gowns moved like numerous bright wraiths near the fluted drapes of the walls, and glided out onto the yellow floor to be lost in the milling mass that had an odd notion it could dance here. A soft haze rested over the room and floated in the light, and there was a confused din of tinkling glass, silly laughter, whoops and rattling dishes.

Into it at midnight came the short fat Hoffman anxiously herding a majority of his company through the cramped aisles to the tables he had reserved. He thanked God that his mind was sufficiently relieved of the play to fret over such a trifle as this. It had gone well, excellently in fact, and he was satisfied. Five to two, he figured, would be fair odds that it would get over. His concern now was his party.

And a half hour later this concern was ended when through the smoke mist he caught sight of his star, all gold and silver, paused just within the door. Late, he muttered—always late! He watched her thread her way toward the party, at the same time trying to identify the tall, awkward swain who stumbled in her wake. Then, as they drew near, he swore in surprise.

Malkus smiled sardonically. "That," he said, "is the second relief. Poultney's on vacation."

"Vacation?"

"It may be forever."

Hoffman shook his head hopelessly. The late comers seated at a table, and his part done, he returned to the refreshment he had allotted himself for the evening.

Somewhat dazed by the glitter William fumbled uncertainly with his napkin. Across the table, Miss Moran, as beautiful and remote as a goddess, gazed aloofly about the room. Her glance rested for a fraction of a second on a table on the other side of the floor and then continued its imperturbed survey.

"I do hope," he was telling her for the sixth time—"I do hope I did get my character over all right. Everybody else was great. I thought that hand after the second act would never stop. You were great—absolutely great!"

She suddenly overwhelmed him with a glowing smile. "Yes?"

"Yes, indeed!" He tried to flatten a shirt bosom which seemed on the point of exploding in her face. "Everybody was great—that is, everybody got awfully good hands. Of course I didn't get any myself, but then ——" His voice died away and he looked at her hopefully.

"You were grand, baby!" She was leaning across the table, chin in cupped hands, absorbing him wholly and solely. "At first I thought you were going to have the heeby jeebies, but you rode through grand." She dazzled him with a smile so glorious that it spoke—in fact, it shouted—and William's last doubt of anything evaporated.

"You—you liked me?"

"I loved you, baby."

Malkus had taken a drink out of the bottle. "And right over yonder"—he indicated a table on the other side of the floor—"is the vacationist himself."

"Why doesn't he come over?" Hoffman demanded. "He's alone."

"Leave him be," Malkus advised.

Velli paused by Patsi Moran and teased her with cryptic wise cracks which puzzled William. Then they danced. An arm about his neck, she was all that a devoted, adoring woman could be. Once, glancing past his shoulder, her smile faded and her eyes became hard, but then again she was his, all his, making his head swim with crazy, happy dreams.

"You know"—they were back at their table—"you know, I had an idea—a long time ago, of course—you were in love with Mr. Poultney. I kind of thought ——"

"Forget it!" Again her smile faded, for another instant. "I won't be made a sucker out of —— Cut that out!"

"I just thought ——" he started to apologize hastily.

"Well, leave him out of it. I don't want ever to hear his name again as long as I live." She glared across the floor and then again became Mr. William Fulton's idolatress.

(Continued on Page 133)

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(Continued from Page 130)

The floor show had begun. Velli's was by then noisier and smokier still. The shouts were louder, collars more wilted. A woman sang. Velli pattered with celebrities and persuaded two, amid enthusiastic shouts, to rise and bow. A slick young man danced and eight scantily clad girls made their appearance. William sipped his third drink—the first third drink he had ever taken—and stared at Miss Moran's profile. His face was hot, his eyes burned and he was very, very happy.

Then there was more dancing. Hoffman was slumped in his chair. William caught Miss Moran's hand in his as they returned to the table, and did not release it.

"Patsi"—he paused to see whether she would resent the intimacy—"I'm afraid I'm not—not much of an actor yet." Her eyes, roving nervously, clicked back to his, and assured him he was. "I I never have done anything really—really good yet. That is, I never have done ——"

"You're a dear baby! But you've got to get over something good—just once! Get over something really good, something you know is good, and you're made. You don't have to worry any more. You'll have that old confidence then. And that's all you need in this racket."

"You really think ——"

"Sure! Once you put something over you'll be fixed. It'll make all the difference in the world, I tell you! Just be patient; you'll get an opportunity soon, and then you'll be another guy. I'm telling ——"

"Then—then ——" He stopped.

"Yes?"

"Then—I was thinking—that is, if you have confidence in me—if you think I'll be somebody, a good actor some day—I was thinking -will you marry me?"

His heart stopped still, his hands grew cold at what he had said. He sat up straight, aquiver with fright, waiting for her reaction. Her face told him nothing; it was set suddenly like marble; her eyes, looking beyond him, were many thousands of miles away. For a minute he wondered if she had heard him.

"Maybe—maybe some day I'll be somebody, a star. I won't be like—like this always. You'll be proud of me, the way I'm proud—proud just to be with you tonight. I—I love you, you know. I want to help you, to do things for you."

Still that expressionless look.

"Perhaps I have a lot of nerve to say this. I'm not famous, not well known—anything like that. But there may be something more than that, you know. There's—there's love, you know—true love, the kind of love that makes me want to suffer—to die for you if I have to. That's all I can offer."

Her hand drew slowly out of his, and still with that far-away look, she rose and walked away without a word, toward the door. He started to follow, saw her scarf over the chair and sat down again. He shut his eyes and prayed.

At the end of five minutes he opened his eyes. The chair opposite him was still vacant. Beside him the company party was growing riotous; he glanced away from it, around the room; she was nowhere to be seen. His thoughts were a jumble, a tumbling, feverish helter-skelter. He scarcely thought of her walking away; he thought only of what she must soon say—answer. If—if she said no, he would try again.

Another five minutes passed, then ten—fifteen. He was becoming oddly uncomfortable, embarrassed. He had an odd notion that everyone was talking about him, speculating as to why she had walked away. He fidgeted. A half hour had passed, and he was avoiding the eyes of men and women who were far too happy to notice him.

Then there was a roll of the snare drum, a clash of cymbal and thud of the bass drum, and Velli walked out on the floor. He raised his hands for silence, and the noise all over the room died down. William watched him indifferently.

"Ladies and gentlemen!" A derisive applause and cheers. "Always it is a pleasure to bring you good news. Always we like to do that here at Velli's. Tonight it is a particular pleasure. I am honored with the permission to announce the betrothal of that popular and petite star, that incomparable little comédienne, Miss Patsi Moran."

William grabbed the edges of the table, his knuckles white, and leaned forward, his eyes lighting with a half-incredulous joy.

Velli smiled into the applause. "And the exceedingly fortunate gentleman"—he paused dramatically, and William involuntarily rose—"is that famous playwright, Mr. Harry Poultney."

William sat down. He sat down slowly, his knuckles still white on the edges of the table. Velli's rattled and roared with that jubilant applause which rises from tipsy crowds eager to applaud anything. The noise dinned distantly in his ears. Velli was still talking.

"And we must wish the happy couple luck at once. Come on out, Patsi!" He waved excitedly, and William saw, walking hand in hand out into the amber light, the gold-and-silver girl and Harry Poultney. "Give her a kiss, Harry!" William saw them kiss, laugh and rush off the floor, followed by shouts and rattles on tables. "They're going now," Velli shouted, "going now with their party up to Greenwich. Everybody wish 'em good luck! All together now!"

The place was bedlam. Menus sailed across the floor. Glasses rattled. "Good old Harry!" "Luck, Patsi!" Malkus and Hoffman, muttering irritably, brushed past him, bound for the door—others. Nobody noticed him. They moved past, shouting, and he was sitting alone, surrounded by empty tables. He saw Patsi and Poultney standing on the steps leading to the door, waving and throwing kisses. Then they were gone.

He rose stiffly and walked, eyes straight ahead, to the coat room. He got out and on Broadway and walked south.

VI

THE ringing of the breakfast bell brought him up with a start. He was cramped from sitting in the chair, and when he glanced down dully he saw that his clothes were rumpled. Footsteps sounded on the stairs. He worked himself wearily out of his dress clothes and, after splashing his tired face with water, got into other clothes.

Somehow he felt, as he brushed his hair, they were unusually quiet below; Mrs. McDermott's boarders weren't ordinarily so well behaved. He blinked at himself in the looking-glass, tightened his tie and started downstairs.

It was true; they were unusually quiet. They were waiting—waiting for him. He knew this the instant he entered the door. Their eyes all lifted to him, Mr. Diamond's derisively, Mrs. McDermott's sympathetically, Anna's wonderingly, the others' curiously. He affected not to notice. He nodded and sat down, and on his plate, carefully folded, was a morning paper, a headline staring up at him:

PATSI MORAN MARRIED
IN DAWN ELOPEMENT

COMEDY STAR AND HARRY POULTNEY, PLAYWRIGHT, TOP NIGHT-CLUB PARTY WITH GREENWICH WEDDING

This then was why they were quiet, this was why they were waiting for him. He kept his face down as long as he could, and then he glanced up, around at the faces turned toward him.

"Is that," Mr. Diamond asked with strained courtesy, "the lady who was going to be your wife?"

"Mr. Diamond!" Anna was furious.

William did not answer; he simply looked at Mr. Diamond expressionlessly. Then his gaze lifted to the ceiling and he stared at a long crack running across it.

Miss Yerkes spoke. "It was dirty, Willie," she said. "I'm awfully sorry, I am. She isn't fit to bother about. She ——"

"Just one minute!" William sat erect suddenly. His drawn face was now firm and

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calm. "I suppose you are all curious, naturally." He smiled humorlessly about the table. "I—I don't blame you; I would be myself." He shut his lips tightly and drew a deep breath. "Can you all be depended on? I'd like to tell you something, but it must never go any further—as you'll be able to see."

There was a puzzled nodding of heads. Mr. Diamond's sardonic smile lingered, though, and William turned away from it. Through some instinctive impulse he pushed his chair back from the table.

"It's—it's an awkward situation," he said, and did not hesitate again. "I told you that Miss Moran and I were engaged—and it was true. What she saw in me I don't know; you men, anyway, can understand why I might love her. It may have been silly, but it was so. I can only give you my word, that's all."

Mrs. McDermott's look of curiosity grew deeper. She glanced at Miss Yerkes, who stared steadily at William.

"Now there's a strange thing about Miss Moran—she has never made a success except in a Poultney show." He looked around calmly. "On Broadway," he said, "that's a commonplace, of course." Mr. Diamond's smile relaxed. "In Butterflies she made her first hit; then in Miss Goldilocks and then in Ali Baba's Girl Friend. Then she tried a Koster play, and next a comedy by Hugh Maxwell. Both were flops; you remember that. She went back to Poultney and went over great in The Girl Next Door. Then again she tried somebody else, in Fillmore's Three Fellows, and flopped."

He paused. "You all know that, of course." They didn't, but they nodded. William resumed, for the first time in his life a poised and confident speaker: "Well, that's that! It happened then that it was Poultney and myself, after her." Mr. Diamond started to grin again and William again turned from him. "Patsi—Miss Moran has always liked Harry; he's a first-rate chap; I liked him very much; we'd been good friends and our rivalry had never even threatened our friendship.

"Last night," he continued evenly, "Patsi and I were to have announced our engagement. It was to have been our engagement party that Hoffman gave after the opening." He halted and swallowed. "But something happened.

"Last night Harry came to Velli's as a different Harry from any I'd ever known." He was speaking slowly then, pausing between sentences. "He was quite sober—just determined. He came directly to the table at which Patsi and Hoffman and I were sitting and sat down. He wasted no time. He spoke out at once and delivered his—his ultimatum."

Mr. Diamond's smile was gone; he was looking at William interestedly. The others had laid their forks down. Only Mrs. McDermott's eyes told that her thoughts were not on what William was saying.

"Briefly"—he smiled again mirthlessly—"his ultimatum, given to us at table in Velli's, was that Patsi should marry him at once, or—or—or he was through, completely through." He studied the faces calmly. "You know—Patsi and Hoffman knew, anyway, what that meant—it meant that Patsi was through too—absolutely through!

"As a matter of fact, that's all. I don't want to—to bore you about it. But I knew you'd be curious about it."

"But go ahead!" Miss Yerkes said.

"I'm—I'm not posing as a martyr," he explained, again smiling oddly. "Maybe there was nothing else to do. Maybe she would have decided without any action on my part. I don't know; it doesn't matter. I only know that Patsi Moran is worth too much to the American stage to be dismissed lightly. Whatever she might have thought she wanted, however she might have thought she was willing to give it up to become the wife of a very obscure player, you all know, as I know, that the American stage needs—absolutely needs her! She has that strange whimsical quality that -that Harry Poultney has. Together they own something valuable; apart they are just—just an actress and a playwright."

"So," said Mr. Diamond, "she gave you the air."

"No," he answered without resentment. "No, she didn't. I didn't give her a chance." He smiled painfully. "I gave her the air, if you want to call it that. I walked out of the place; I relieved her of the choice. I loved her—I still love her"—he looked steadily at Mrs. McDermott—"but if I stood where I threatened her happiness, her success, all that she is as a comédienne, I had no choice; there was only one thing for me to do—I walked out and left her to him."

He sat back, as cold and as calm as he had started. The eyes that stared at him he met without a visible qualm. If any doubt whatever existed, it was not visible. . . . Anna rose. She walked out of the room. Mr. Diamond wiped his mouth; he was late, he said, for the office. William leaned back, idly stirring his coffee. Mr. Cadman patted him on the back as he went out; Miss Yerkes caught his hand under the cover of a tablecloth and squeezed it sympathetically. He continued to stare at the coffee cup. Then they were gone—all but Mrs. McDermott.

He raised his eyes—his tired eyes—finally, and again he knew she understood. But now, curiously, there was no sympathy in them, only admiration. It was five minutes before she opened her mouth.

"Boy," she said then, "you're good!"

His mouth twisted. "You—you think they—they believed?"

"Believed!" She smiled broadly. "William, you'd be wasting your life married to an egg like that. You're an actor!"

For a while he couldn't get it. He kept looking at her. Then, somehow, he began to smile back. The smile grew broader.

"That was good, wasn't it?" His face worked strangely. "I did something good then, didn't I?"

"Did you!"

He thought for a moment and then drew a deep sigh. "You know," he said presently, "I was wondering if I shouldn't go over to Belasco and see him about the juvenile in that new comedy of his."

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A SAGA OF THE SEA

(Continued from Page 23)

oarsmen, on the superstructure fighting deck centered by the mast of the single square sail, helmeted warriors squatted idly, their shields hung on the bulwarks. Forward the ship's bows dropped perpendicularly to a formidable pointed ram on the water level; aft, a great sternpost curved loftily over the little shrine where was the grotesque dwarfish figure of one of the Kabeiri gods, specially favorable to those who voyaged upon the sea. Under an awning stretched just in advance of that sternpost, Mattan-Baal sat staring at the leaping foam-breaking waves to which he had looked away for concealment of his visage. He saw them not. All his faculties at stretch, his heart thudding, he heard old Abd-Adad's voice in the tale he had bade him tell. Melkart grant that Eshmunazar be enmeshed by it, as he himself had been enmeshed!

Unsafe had it been, with Bod-Eshmun's emissaries plotting implacably against him, for Mattan-Baal to remain in the city of Gadir. Therefore had Eshmunazar—was ever such a friend! Melkart be praised for him and grant opportunity of requital!—affectionately offered him employment as the officer of spearmen on the ship that he commanded. Constantly changing was the personnel of the war biremes; rowers, sailors and warriors were alike free men, hired afresh for each cruise. Difficult also was it to find subordinate officers in such places as Gadir, where much more remunerative opportunities presented themselves in plenty. The commander of the ship, alone appointed directly by the king's authority, enlisted them as and when he could.

On this ship Eshmunazar had under him Mattan-Baal and a reckless young Carthaginian—he had killed a man in a brawl in the market of Gadir—by name Himilco. His pilot, not quite on the same social plane as the officers, was old Abd-Adad, once the chief shipmaster of Yaton-Melek. They were now once more—it was the second such voyage Mattan-Baal had made—bound for a month's cruise in the straits between the Pillars of Melkart, there to waylay and destroy any interloping foreign vessel.

Himilco sat with Eshmunazar listening to the story old Abd-Adad had commenced.

"Seven days ago, O my lord Eshmunazar, was thy servant in the great market of Gadir, when arrived a train of wild men from the north, with their asses and mules laden with bars of tin, and with them many slaves for sale. I stood by as they passed, and one of those slaves cried out to me by name. Starved and feeble was he so that at first I knew him not, and then again he cried out to me that I should buy him from the wild men and asked me if I remembered not Milo the Cretan. Then did I recall him—a Greek shipmaster with whom I had drunk wine in a wine booth at Naucratis and again had met at Paphos, garlanded with flowers in the temple of the goddess. He cried out to me to buy him for that he could make me rich if he might but die a free man, with a free man's burial rites, for sick he was unto death.

"Then the god who protects thy servant"—the old man touched the Kabeiri amulet on his chest—"whispered to me to pay heed. Quickly I bade him be silent, for there were other merchants near; and bargaining with the wild men, I bought him for a cheap price as one at the point of death. At a wine booth I gave him to eat and drink so that he was a little strengthened. Then I led him along the beach beyond the market, where none might see us, and bade him tell me that which would make me rich, as he had vowed. At first—for he was a Greek and wily—he would have me first pronounce the oath that would set him free. But in my voyaging I had learned a way to loosen men's tongues, and there was none to hear him shriek out. Then, weeping, for his spirit was broken, he told his tale."

Himilco stroked his little black beard in stimulated interest.

"Right well begins thy story, father Abd-Adad," he said. "Our ears are thine."

Mattan-Baal glanced at Eshmunazar. He also was leaning forward interestedly. Yet, looking at that handsome honest face, Mattan-Baal's heart misgave him. Rigidly conscientious was Eshmunazar, his greatest pride the exact fulfillment of his duty. Could any temptation induce him to forsake it? Mattan-Baal prayed silently to Melkart that he should not be forced to the extreme measure unscrupulous old Abd-Adad had urged upon him. Haply might this dearest of friends be yet persuaded. If not, then were it perhaps better himself to relinquish—but the somber sleepless craving for his vengeance, the vengeance upon Bod-Eshmun exasperatingly impossible in his present poverty, rose up in him to annihilate that thought. By Melkart had he sworn to live for that vengeance alone. Old Abd-Adad was continuing his story:

"Spying out the seaways whereof none but those of Tsur and Sidon may know, had he passed between the Pillars of Melkart, a mist hiding him from our war biremes. Thereafter, in much fear of our ships, hiding his own ship by day and putting forth upon the water only at night, had he voyaged onward toward the constant star which the Greeks call Cynosura—the tail of the dog. For, said he, an oracle had revealed to him that he should discover the islands, not to be found though many have sought them, whence the wild men bring the precious tin to Gadir."

"How long ago was this?" asked Eshmunazar, sharply. Mattan-Baal could divine that he was uneasy lest perchance this intruder had eluded his own vigilance.

"Twelve moons ago was it, O Eshmunazar," replied the old man. "At a time when thy ship was being repaired in Gadir."

Eshmunazar nodded. "Proceed, old one," he said.

"Presently he ventured to journey by day, seeing no other ships, following the coast even past the great pillars which hold up the sky, beyond the mouths of broad rivers, seeking ever the islands and finding them not. Further far he voyaged than ever men had voyaged, and his mariners cried out and threatened violence against him. At the last, wearied and affrighted, they rose from the oars, constraining him to turn back, and even as he remonstrated with them, bidding them have faith in the oracle, a great storm arose. A night long that storm drove his ship before it, he knew not whither save that ever he went toward the constant star. With the dawning of the day was his ship cast upon a small rocky island and all his company drowned save only him. Him the wild men of the island found upon the shore and made captive. Then discovered he that the oracle had spoken truth and that verily he had come to the islands of tin, for the wild men set him to digging the metal out of the rock and melting it into bars, as they themselves labored to do."

Himilco uttered a sharp exclamation of excitement, sucked his breath through his teeth. Old Abd-Adad gave him a quick, shrewd glance.

"Many islands were there, close together, and at half a day's sail was there another land, often hidden in mist, where the tin was yet more plentiful and whence it came in great quantity to be stored upon the largest of the islands. All the winter abode he in captivity with the islanders, and at the springtime other wild men came in boats from the mainland to buy the tin, taking it a voyage of a day and a night and a day to the country where they loaded it upon mules and asses to bring it to the market of Gadir. This he knew, for these wild men bought him also from the islanders that they might sell him again, but so feeble was he that none would buy him, and so came he with them all the road—four moons were they upon it—to Gadir."

"Where is this man now?" asked Himilco brusquely, a peculiar tone in his voice.

Old Abd-Adad smiled. "Thou shalt hear," he said. "On the ragged cloth he wore about his loins had he with his blood traced a drawing, such as shipmasters use, of the way to the tin islands. This drawing he showed me, and for all the dirt upon that cloth it showed clearly and was carefully done. With it a shipmaster might well sail thither. The fool believed that he and I might set forth in a ship together and both be rich, and even so he proposed to me. But I bethought myself that he was a Greek to whom the passage of the Pillars of Melkart was forbidden, and that only was I bound by my vow to give him the funeral rites of a free man, that his ghost might not wander in wretchedness. Moreover, might he tell the secret to some other man. Therefore I freed him with an oath to Melkart, whom he called Herakles, and then slew him, burying him in the sand and performing the rites over him in the Greek manner."

"Thou didst well, O Abd-Adad," said Eshmunazar gravely. "Death is decreed for such as he."

"And the drawing?" Himilco interposed excitedly. "Thou hast the drawing?"

"His loin cloth took I from him," replied Abd-Adad. From the bosom of his tunic he extracted a torn rag of dirty cloth, spread it upon the deck. Upon that cloth, in a rusty-colored tracing, were conventional signs and lines bearing no similarity to the conventions of a modern chart, but pregnant enough with meaning to the primitive navigators accustomed to such. Eshmunazar and Himilco bent forward with eager interest to examine it. Mattan-Baal left it to them; already had he handled it; had indeed, with old Abd-Adad, made an exact copy of it in case of accidents.

Himilco looked up to Abd-Adad with a face that was strangely transformed.

"And by this drawing canst thou find thy way to the tin islands?" he demanded eagerly.

"Assuredly can I—the gods of the sea helping," replied the old shipmaster.

"Then are we all rich men!" Mattan-Baal smiled subtly at the Carthaginian's eager exclamation. "Turn the ship, O Eshmunazar, and let us sail thither!"

"Softly! Softly!" said Eshmunazar. "Thou dost forget, Himilco, that this is a ship of our lord the king, under orders to cruise between the Pillars of Melkart. Not our duty is it to seek for the islands of tin, but to prevent yet such another Greek as this from stealing into the great sea." He took up the dirty piece of cloth, folded it carefully. "This will I give to the Shofete on our return, and haply will he send an expedition to discover them."

Himilco sprang to his feet in an ugly mocking laugh. "Thou wilt give that drawing to the Shofete! For him to become yet richer! Afflicted of the gods art thou!" His hand went to the hilt of his sword. "Turn the ship!"

Eshmunazar rose, tall and formidable—how Mattan-Baal admired him deep down in his heart!—a look in his eyes that made Himilco flinch involuntarily.

"To me, his servant, did the Favored of Melkart give command of this ship," he said quietly, "and while I live it turns not from its appointed duty."

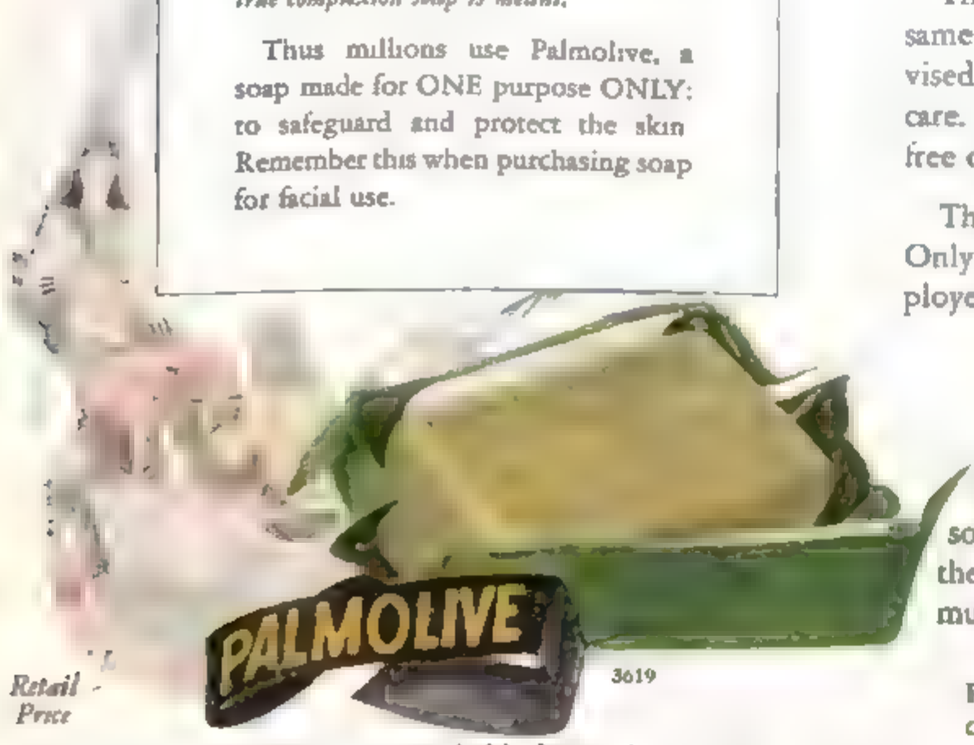
Himilco's face twitched in fury; his sword came half out of its sheath. Mattan-Baal caught his breath. He saw both Himilco and Eshmunazar glance at him, as though for his support. He sat motionless, against an impulse to leap up and range himself by Eshmunazar. Within him, his heart thudded violently. Behind Eshmunazar he saw old Abd-Adad creeping stealthily, holding a long scarf by its two ends. (Continued on Page 138)

The Business Girl Knows

The Dollars-and-Cents Value of "That Schoolgirl Complexion"

THE universal rule for daily skin cleansing with soap and water is founded on one important factor: *A true complexion soap is meant.*

Thus millions use Palmolive, a soap made for ONE purpose ONLY: to safeguard and protect the skin Remember this when purchasing soap for facial use.



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VALUE: Divide the price of a Stetson by the number of days you wear it and you will find how economical a Stetson really is.

JOHN B. STETSON COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

(Continued from Page 136)

The next moment that scarf was thrown deftly over Eshmunazar's head and he was jerked backward, choking and impotent, to the deck. The old seaman pounced on him while he kicked and writhed, slipped a noose of cord around his wrists. Himilco whipped out his sword, ran at him.

"Kill him!" he cried. "Kill him!"

Simultaneously Mattan-Baal had sprung to his feet, jerked his own sword from its scabbard, interposed himself.

"Harm him not!" He wrenched the Carthaginian's sword from his hand, flung him violently back. He had not known that he possessed such strength.

Eshmunazar lay bound and helpless on the deck, the scarf loosened from his throat. He looked up gratefully to Mattan-Baal.

"I thank thee, brother!" he gasped. "Slay now this mutinous dog of a pilot, and cut my bonds."

Strangely, thrillingly, Mattan-Baal felt himself the master of the situation as he stood with his own sword in his hand and his foot upon the sword of the Carthaginian. Himilco snarled. Old Abd-Adad grinned at him. Yet had he to force himself to the words he uttered.

"Listen, O friend of my heart! Wisdom has Himilco spoken, though his words were without discretion and lacking in the respect he owes to thee. With this drawing that holds my servant Abd-Adad may we surely voyage to the tin islands and return rich men. Small blame will the Shofete impute to thee when we shall come back to Gadir with the ship laden with the metal that so many ships have sought in vain. To me, thy friend, has Melkart sent this means to great wealth, in answer to a vow. Therefore pledge thy word to me to turn the ship and gladly will I cut thy bonds."

The change of expression in Eshmunazar's face was an agony to Mattan-Baal.

"Dog!" he said deliberately, and spat upward at him.

"Throw him overboard!" cried the Carthaginian. "Throw him into the sea, I say!"

Mattan-Baal turned to him, spoke in a novel voice of curt decisiveness. "Heed my words, Himilco! This that has been done was done by my orders. The shipmen and the spearmen will obey me and me only. For me and for me only will Abd-Adad, servant of my father Yaton-Melek, find the way to the tin islands whither we will now straightway turn the ship. Thou shalt have thy part, as all shall have, in the wealth that we shall find there. But mark this: Should any harm come to Eshmunazar, then shalt thou be cast into the sea! For the friend of my heart is he, now and ever."

Eshmunazar writhed in his bonds. "Friend! I, friend of a treacherous dog like thee? Melkart knoweth!" He laughed mockingly, bitterly, spat again.

Mattan-Baal stood upon the superstructure deck of the bireme that rolled deeply and steadily as, urged by her forty oars, she crashed into the wavelets of the ocean swell. By his side, old Abd-Adad peered likewise to the featureless horizon serrated by the lifting seas. Soon now should those ardently desired tin islands be at last visible. Away astern of them, making all possible speed with level-dipping oars and square sail spread to the following breeze, was the cargo round-ship whereof Himilco was in command.

The acquisition of such a ship had been the idea of shrewd old Abd-Adad, after Mattan-Baal had harangued the rowers and the spearmen, eliciting their enthusiastic approval of that assuredly simple voyage to the Eldorado of the tin islands. Foolish was it, said Abd-Adad, to go thither as a ship of war, with no commodities to offer in exchange for the precious metal. Contrary was it to every tradition of Phœnician commerce, for although once they might be successful, taking what they wished by force, yet when they came again would they find nothing but the natives leagued in arms against them. Better was it to seize some rich merchant ship while they were in the vicinity of Gadir and, slaying her officers, but sparing her crew, take her with them so that they had goods wherewith to barter. Mattan-Baal and Himilco, sitting in council with him, had agreed to the obvious wisdom of the old shipmaster's suggestion, and Eshmunazar, still lying bound under the awning, had again spat at them and again called them dogs. And soon thereafter they had espied a deeply laden merchantman crawling along the land.

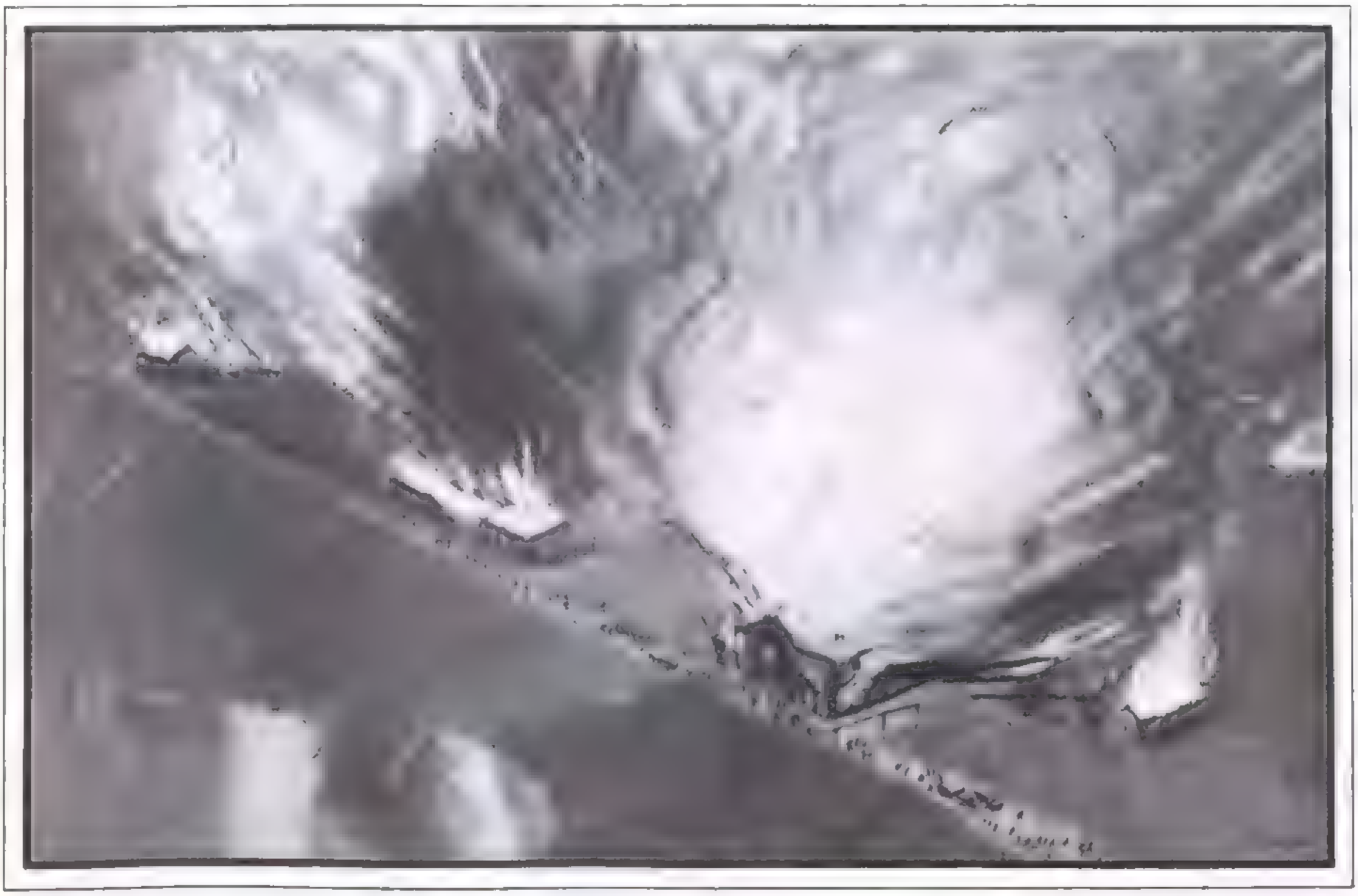
For many days had the two ships voyaged northward, beaching at night whenever possible, following a coast that was often sheer and inhospitable, that had turned toward the rising sun for several days' journey and then again—near a range of immense mountains—had bent toward that small constant star which the Phœnicians had been the first to discover as an aid to navigation, and which the Greeks, learning it from them, called the Cynosura—the tail of the dog—still that which is keenly regarded is the "cynosure." Fair weather had the divinities of the sea sent them, accepting favorably the sacrifices made to the grotesque Kabeiri idol in the stern of each ship. Water and wild game in plenty had they found at almost every one of their nocturnal halting places. Riotously merry had been the feastings after the ships had been hauled up.

Yet secretly had Mattan-Baal's heart been heavy within him. No happiness had he in this mutinous enterprise from which he could not now turn back; there were times when that somberly brooded-on, incessantly craved-for vengeance, toward which the wealth awaiting him in the tin islands should be but the first step, seemed fantastically remote and improbable—ah, that thought of Bod-Eshmun sitting amongst his father's goods! If only Eshmunazar would be reconciled, would cease to torture him with that mute reproach for faithlessly broken friendship. Whether on ship or on shore, Eshmunazar—his bonds now removed, but deprived equally of his weapons and of authority over the men—sat in contemptuous silence, replying never a word to Mattan-Baal's overtures. Nor would he eat with them. In disdainful solitude, sitting a little way off on the beach, he ate his portion. Mattan-Baal secretly hoped that one night he would escape away from them. But he made no attempt to do so. Himilco muttered yet that it would be best to slay him; what story would they tell when they returned to Gadir?

Ever onward they had gone, past the mouths of great rivers—precisely as they were marked upon the drawing—had turned somewhat toward the setting sun as they followed the much-indented coast. Then again they had bent almost directly toward the constant star. Endless had seemed that voyage, and only the possession of that authentic rag with the rusty-colored tracing upon it had reconciled them to continue so perilously far a venture into these utterly unknown seas. Yesterday—again precisely as the drawing noted that they would—they had passed through a channel between a precipitously rocky shore and a chain of jagged dangerous islets. Thence, that dead Greek shipmaster had indicated that they should steer boldly northward into the open sea. After renewed sacrifice to the Kabeiri and to Melkart, they had done so; abandoning the land which had curved away to the right. All through the hours of darkness they had voyaged and the rowers had sung at their oars, partly to keep up their spirits, partly because old Abd-Adad had assured them that beyond question the islands of tin were near.

Now the sun had already declined from its highest in the pale-blue sky as Mattan-Baal stood again with Abd-Adad searching the horizon of that sea, utterly empty save for the white gulls wheeling and hovering about themselves and their consort ship. Suddenly Abd-Adad pointed and cried out. There, just discernible on the far horizon

(Continued on Page 141)



The Spirit of Service

An Advertisement of the
American Telephone and Telegraph Company

IN JULY, 1926, lightning struck the Navy Arsenal at Denmark Lake, New Jersey. The explosion demolished the $80,000,000 plant, rocked the countryside, left thousands homeless and many dead. While the community fled in terror, fresh explosions hurled fragments of shell and débris far and wide.

High upon the roster of those who responded to the call of duty were the telephone workers. Operators in the danger zone stayed at their posts. Those who had left for the day and others on vacation, on their own initiative, hurried back to help handle the unprecedented volume of calls. Linemen and repairmen braved exploding shells to restore the service. Within a little over an hour emergency telephone service was established, invaluable in caring for the victims and in mobilizing forces to fight the fire which followed.

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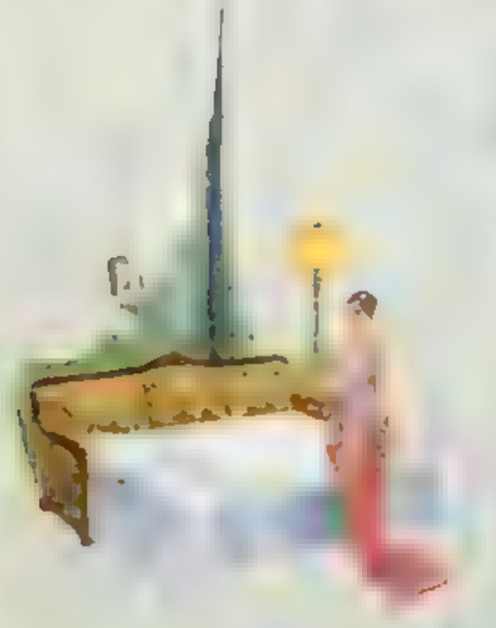

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line, was a low gray smudge! Mattan-Baal watched it eagerly, doubting whether it might not be a trick of the eyes or perchance a little cloud. But minute by minute, as the ship rolled onward, with her forty oars dipping as one to the piercing double note of the whistle that set their time, that gray smudge became more precise of outline, larger above the sea. Other and lower gray smudges became visible to right and left of it. No longer was there any doubt. From the spearmen clustered on the superstructure came a great acclamation, and the rowers underneath shouted as the news was cried to them. Faint over the distance, another shout was borne on the wind from the ship astern. The men with Himilco had also seen.

Piously bethinking himself, Mattan-Baal tore himself away from gazing at those emerging islands, hurried aft to pour a grateful libation to the Kabeiri god under the curving sternpost. He passed Eshmunazar sitting on the deck, disdainfully indifferent to the excitement of the men chattering and pointing. Mattan-Baal glanced at him.

"Dost thou not see, Eshmunazar?" he cried, forgetting all hostility in his eagerness. "The islands of tin! Equal with mine shall be thy share of the riches we shall find!"

Eshmunazar looked up at him and laughed, insultingly, mockingly. That ill-omened laughter haunted Mattan-Baal as he poured the libation of sirupy wine over the squat ugly idol.

Mattan-Baal sat in his tent on the sunset-flooded beach where a year ago the two ships had been drawn up, and where now lay their last few fragments, strewn by the appalling storm which had wrecked them. Twice before that disaster they had been launched into the sea, to dash destructively amid a flotilla of the small open craft in which the wild men of the mainland came to fetch the tin they would transport on mules and asses to the distant market of Gadir. Since the second of those ruthless sinkings, whence so few had escaped, no more had come the wild men to the islands. Around him he could hear the noise of the mariners in their camp. At last they had finished the new ship, built under the superintendence of Abd-Adad, partly from salved timbers, partly from the new wood it was here so difficult to procure.

Now they were casting lots to decide who should sail in her, who should remain behind in guard of their huge accumulation of the precious metal—far more than one ship could possibly carry. Long ago, in a general assembly of the adventurers, each man's proportionate share had been determined upon, and the four major shares—for Mattan-Baal had insisted on setting one aside for Eshmunazar, despite his stubbornly disdainful refusal—were each equivalent to a wealth scarcely to be surpassed among the merchants of Phœnicia. Mattan-Baal smiled grimly as he thought of it. Tremble, O Bod-Eshmun, in far-off Tyre! Melkart, who had so puissantly helped him hitherto, with divine amplitude answering that agonized prayer in the temple, would surely somehow enable him to get his riches to Gadir.

What dismay there must have been this season in that market when no more arrived the ingot-laden trains of mules and asses—a dismay surely spreading from city to city of the Mediterranean, the manufacture of bronze suddenly menaced with ruinous extinction. He smiled again as he thought of the desperate letters the agents of Bod-Eshmun would be sending, in ship after ship, to their master. Behind him, at the back of the tent, Tamar—so, by a Phœnician name, he called the ruddy-haired, blue-eyed slave girl he had bought, even as most of his followers had similarly provided themselves with such domestically convenient companions—sang softly as she sewed two skins together.

Her pleasant barbarically piquant voice came to his consciousness, roused him from that grim meditation. Plenty of time there would be in the future to plot the details of his vengeance. Not until he should be in Gadir with all his wealth could he begin it. And before then, worryingly, there was a complication of difficulties to be overcome. If only Eshmunazar would be reconciled with him! Then would all those difficulties automatically vanish. Then would he himself confidently remain here in guardianship of the piled-up bars and send Eshmunazar to Gadir to tell a plausible story of far-driving storm, shipwreck and fortuitous discovery, to return with a sufficiency of ships for the transport of their hoard.

Himilco—instinctively he distrusted that unscrupulous glib-tongued Carthaginian, for all his subservient cordiality since they had arrived at the islands—might depart or remain as he pleased; Eshmunazar at Gadir or he himself here would effectively counter any greedy disloyalty on his part. Old Abd-Adad, essential to pilot the new ship, would of course depart in any case; but unprotected by either Eshmunazar or himself, an accident might happen to him when Gadir was nearly reached—and Himilco, telling his own story, might return with a fleet of ships and many armed men to claim the treasure which was his alone, mocking at the claim of Mattan-Baal, slaughtering all who resisted.

If, on the other hand, he left Himilco here, it was a certainty that he would slay Eshmunazar—sardonically persistent in his threat to tell the story of the seizure of the war bireme and have them all impaled when they should reach Gadir. Desperately, in an agony of his conscience, Mattan-Baal had hitherto resisted that murder, many times so reasonably represented as necessary both by Himilco and Abd-Adad. He sighed, renouncing for the time being these worries, listened to the pleasant voice of Tamar singing her plaintive native song. Half wild though she was, very comforting to him had been the caresses of this girl brought from the misty land, distant half a day's sail, whence the tin was procured in inexhaustible plenty. She had a trick of banishing all his troubles.

He called to her. "Tamar!"

She came forward, her sewing work in her hand, the long braids of her ruddy hair framing a little freckled face that smiled at him. By Phœnician standards she was not beautiful, yet she had a fascination peculiarly her own—those barbarian blue eyes now bright, now clouded with thoughts he could not fathom.

"What wills my lord?" Quaint was still her imperfect pronunciation of his speech, but the tone was familiarly fond, even as her smile was fond.

Fond also was his tone to her. "Sit thou at my feet, Tamar, and hold talk with me. Heavy are my thoughts."

She obeyed, reached up for his hand and caressed it with her own. Very blue and limpid were the eyes that lifted to him.

"My lord!" That accent of amorous fidelity flattered his young egoism, brought a smile to his face also. Verily, she was unlike any other slave girl, was genuine in her affection for him. He would assuredly take her on the ship with him when he left these islands, would give her an honored place in the magnificent palace he would have amid a palm garden in the vast mainland city of Tyre—it should be Bod-Eshmun's own palace, in a completion of his vengeance. "Wilt thou that I sing to thee, or that I tell thee stories of the heroes of my own people, the heroes who slew dragons and fought the giants who built the great circles of upright stones?"

He shook his head. In no mood was he for those songs he could not understand, and those fantastic stories—strangely to his Semitic skepticism, she believed in them—were too remote from the actualities that oppressed him. At any moment now would Himilco come to cast the lot with him, deciding which of them should sail to Gadir in the ship.

It was as though, watching him with those blue eyes, she read his thoughts.

"My lord"—she smiled up at him, her voice murmurous—"without thee, I die! Sail not away from me over the great water! Let Himilco depart in the ship."

He looked down at her, caressing with his hand the smooth ruddiness of her braided hair. "But if I take thee with me?"

Her smile became pathetic.

"In thy far land should I die also. O my lord, yet a little longer let me love thee!" Her sincerity touched him, sent a wave of emotion through him. Hungry had been his heart since that day when Eshmunazar from the deck had spat at him, had called him "dog." Suddenly it seemed to him that that emptiness was filled, that with this often mystifyingly passionate creature could he be happy all the days of his life. It was absurd, that emotion. A mere slave girl! Oddly, it seemed to him that never before had he really looked at her, really perceived her as she was. Now she was vivid, her strange blue eyes, her eager little freckled face somehow the guaranty of an unimaginable felicity to be his eternally if he would but accept it.

It was a peculiar happiness, a peculiar thrilling satisfaction of all his being, that was profound in him. Never had his cloyed youth, his subsequent dreary loneliness, known so absolute an assurance of being loved authentically for himself, never had he experienced that overwhelming certitude that such love alone mattered in the puzzling muddled purpose of existence. He took a deep breath. A piety in him was grateful to Melkart—was grateful to Ashtart, rather, Queen of Love—for this revelation. Never, so long as Tamar was with him, would his heart ache in emptiness again. He felt dizzy with it, so novel was this emotion. She was still speaking in her murmurous voice, the voice that was like a spell upon him.

"Let Himilco depart in the ship, O my lord, and stay thou here with me until he returns for thee. Then will I sail with thee to thy far land, thy slave ever, until thou shalt tire of me and I die!"

Even as almost he ceded, felt that happiness with her outweighed everything else in the world, even the risk of Himilco's treachery—perhaps also would the Carthaginian be honest; he had no proof to the contrary—a shadow was thrown by the sunset through the open door flaps of the tent. He glanced up. It was Eshmunazar, tall, gaunt, ragged and sardonic. Mattan-Baal sprang to his feet, hurried out to him.

"Eshmunazar!" He made an appealing gesture. "What can I do that thou wilt be again my friend?"

Eshmunazar laughed his bitter laugh. "Nothing!" he replied curtly, and made as if to proceed on his way.

Mattan-Baal's hand detained him. "Listen, O Eshmunazar, who abandoned me not when all other men abandoned me! To me art thou still, and will be ever, my friend. The ship is now ready, and Himilco or I must sail in her. If I go, leaving thee here, will Himilco surely slay thee. Wilt thou not be friends with me, as of old time, and sail in my stead—thy weapons and thy authority given back—with Abd-Adad on the ship to Gadir, sending presently ships to fetch this great treasure of which part is thine, and which I here will guard?"

Eshmunazar laughed again, unpleasantly.

"Of a surety will I willingly sail in the ship to Gadir," he said, "and bring back ships to fetch thee—the ships of the Shofete!"

He broke away from Mattan-Baal's grasp, strode onward through the noisy camp. Mattan-Baal returned, smitten wretched in that insulting rebuff, to the tent. Tamar threw her arms about his neck.

"Slay him, O my lord!" she said passionately. "Slay him, or, if thou wilt not, let Himilco slay him! He plots evil against thee. Recently have I seen him whispering with the armed men who came over the sea

(Continued on Page 143)

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(Continued from Page 141)

with thee. Slay him, O my lord, before he harms thee who art my very life!"

He sank down on to the pile of skins, her arms still entwined about him, her body close against his, palpitating with strangely vivid vitality, filling his senses. Not now would he decide. Presently—he would think clearly—perhaps, after all—almost surely after all—Himilco and old Abd-Adad were right—Eshmunazar must be slain, lest one day he denounce them for the unforgivable seizure of the war bireme. But not now would he think of it. Now he would surrender himself to the consolation of those ardent, vehemently sincere caresses.

In the midst of that embrace where again he thanked Melkart for her intoxicating love, he almost automatically half sprang up, pushing her away from him. Surely that was his name that he heard, cried in a tone of sharp alarm by the voice of old Abd-Adad?

Tamar clung to him.

"Nay, my lord," she said, "it was nothing. But thy fancy was it. Listen! There is nothing! Distant with the men who cast lots is old Abd-Adad."

He listened uneasily, was reassured. Tamar was right. No voice called him. He resumed his seat on the pile of skins, Tamar at his side. She drew from the sheath at his belt his long straight damascened sword of the tempered Syrian iron that was almost steel. Childishly, she admired it, running her finger along its keen edge. He smiled at her uninstructed interest.

"Sharp indeed is thy long sword, O my lord!" she murmured and smiled to him, prettily in woman's awe of the weapon. "Many men hast thou slain with it?"

He was about to answer, when Himilco suddenly appeared in the doorway.

The Carthaginian stood against the sunset, something oddly sinister emanating from him. Mattan-Baal rose from his seat, suppressing an instinctive qualm of uneasiness that had surely no foundation. Himilco had but come, as they had arranged he should, to cast the lot with him. Now would they decide who was to sail in the ship; which of them was to trust the other. Melkart insure that it be he, Mattan-Baal, who should sail, thenceforward certain of his vengeance upon Bod-Eshmun in far-off Tyre! He glanced for the old shipmaster who should have come with Himilco to see that the lots were fairly thrown.

"Where is Abd-Adad?" he asked.

Himilco laughed. "Gone where thou shalt follow, and Eshmunazar also!" As he spoke he jerked his long sword from its sheath. There was still a wetness of blood upon it.

Mattan-Baal started back, his hand instinctively going to his own weapon. He touched only the empty scabbard.

"Tamar! My sword!"

Tamar laughed strangely, mockingly—he heard it in a shock of incredulity—sprang away beyond his reach, the sword in her hands.

Himilco was upon him, sword all but descending. In the instant of his perception of that menace, he leaped at the upraised arm, seized it by the wrist. The next moment he and Himilco had fallen heavily, interlocked in a death grapple, while upon them the tent collapsed, half smothered them in its folds. Hampered by its clinging heaviness, writhing, twisting in that fierce blindfold struggle, Mattan-Baal fought off the clutching grip at his own throat, fought to feel for and clutch the throat of his enemy. Himilco had lost his sword as he had been hurled over backward; neither could now find it in the confusing hindrance of the tent upon them. Nevertheless, Mattan-Baal exulted savagely; he was triumphantly on top of his foe, had already his fingers digging into the windpipe. Simultaneously, he was aware that the heavy skins of the tent were being dragged away from them. His head was cleared of that obstruction, he could see the convulsed face, the protruding eyes of Himilco. The next moment he felt a sharp pain in his back. An awful dizziness was sudden in him. His grasp relaxed. He felt Himilco throw him sideways, leap up from under him. The ground seemed to heave and subside sickeningly as he lay stretched upon it. Only with an immense effort could he look up, his sight dim.

In that effort, he saw a gigantically tall man spring at the oddly gigantic Himilco, saw a bright sword flash in a long sweep, saw Himilco's head suddenly gashed red as he pitched and fell headlong. The gigantic victor with the sword was Eshmunazar, still as always his friend! That dear unfailing friend bent over him, examined the wound in his back, put him in a more comfortable position so that he reclined against the tumbled heap of the tent.

For a moment he closed his eyes in that awful sickness. When he opened them again he saw—a little more clearly—Eshmunazar standing tall in front of him, holding by the wrist Tamar, who writhed vainly to escape from that relentless grip. He heard Eshmunazar's grim voice:

"What death dost thou decree for this slave girl of thine, O Mattan-Baal?"

Death for Tamar? He tried to remember what she had done? Something with the sword. He must have gasped some inarticulate query. Eshmunazar spoke again. Incredible were his words.

"With Himilco has she been long deceiving thee. With Himilco did she plot to slay thee and old Abd-Adad and me, so that all the treasure might be his alone, and then to sail away on the ship with him. Her hand was it that smote thee to thy death, O Mattan-Baal!"

His death! He realized its inevitability—strange how difficult it was to believe—with an appalling clarity, a bitterness that was an agony of his soul. Where was now his vengeance on Bod-Eshmun—that vengeance for which he had paid so much? What did Tamar matter? Melkart had betrayed him; had taken from him, even as his vow had permitted, all that was dear to him in life—had indeed given him that illusory wealth—and then cheated him of the vengeance that was due. Bitter indeed was this death! He tried to say something, felt himself sink into a limitless blackness—surged from it again momentarily. A peculiar gasping little voice came from him, as though someone else in him were speaking.

"Eshmunazar, dearest of friends. Brother ——"

He felt in the darkness for a hand; felt that hand grip his own.

When, after many months of cautious coastwise voyaging, Eshmunazar sailed at last into the port of Gadir and told his story to a highly interested Shofete, he found the city still agog with the sensational news latterly brought by a swift bireme from Phœnicia. Bod-Eshmun, greatest of the merchants of Tyre, had fallen from his high estate. The utter cessation of the tin trade, paralyzed at its source by Mattan-Baal's occupancy of the tin islands, had all but ruined him who had practically monopolized that commerce. Then had his jealous rivals in the council of the Shofetim plotted against him, and, even as had happened to so many that he had himself plotted against, he had been put to a shameful death and all his goods confiscated. Piously, in a memory of his lost friend, Eshmunazar made a great sacrifice of thanksgiving to Melkart in the temple where was no image, but only a fierce perpetual fire.

Long centuries afterward, when Tyre itself was only the heap of rubble left by Alexander, and Carthage had succeeded to her glory, a Roman ship followed hard upon a Phœnician vessel through the Pillars of Melkart that the Romans called the Pillars of Hercules. So might the still jealously guarded secret of the seaway to the tin islands be discovered for the profit of Rome. But the Phœnician shipmaster

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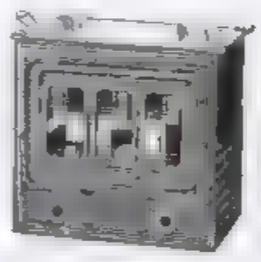

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drove his vessel deliberately upon the rocks. Not until the Romans had overrun all Gaul and had extended their conquests to Britain were those islands identified. Then were they deserted. Long previously, Carthage also had been blotted out, and no more came the Phœnician ships to the Cassiterides—which are the Scilly Islands. By the time of Julius Cæsar the tin trade had found another route. Transported eastward by land from Cornwall, the precious ingots were ferried over to Vectis—which is the Isle of Wight—and thence taken in barks to the coast of Gaul for pack-mule carriage down to the Mediterranean. But so long as that great secret was the possession of Tyre and of her daughter Punic cities, they controlled the most essential metal of the ancient world, and even as princes were their merchants.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr Austin. The next will appear in an early issue.

THE PREJUDICES OF LIBERALISM

(Continued from Page 29)

own ideals to no such scrutiny. How can you argue about liberty, about justice, about fairness; they are the universal ideals, inherent in the soul of man, the eternally desired foundations of a good life!

As a certain college president once remarked: "In the sense of the affirmative, yes; and in the sense of the negative, no." Universal and eternal are large terms; one would like to have them reduced to human proportions; one would like to become slightly heretical and ask:

Do human beings always, altogether desire liberty? Not grand abstract liberty, but the little specific liberties which come from the abstraction.

There is, for example, the liberty of going out alone at night—a liberty long denied to women and bitterly fought for by them; it is theirs and a great number of them enjoy it. But there are women who make a point of not knowing the streets of their own city, because they prefer to be escorted, and who live for weeks or months in foreign capitals, deliberately refusing to learn a word of the language or the layout of the city, because they do not wish to take the responsibility of being out on their own. The mathematics of check-book stubs are alphabetically simple, but men as well as women refuse to keep their stubs in order, because it emphasizes their own responsibility for their financial affairs. Further, whenever freedom means, regrettably, freedom to starve, most people are willing to give it up in favor of slavery—say, wage slavery—and a steady income.

Another highly recommended form of liberty is freedom of thought—also advertised as universal or eternal, although throughout the Middle Ages freedom of thought usually meant abominable heresy and was rejected by the majority of Europeans. The Bill of Rights, guaranteeing certain desirable liberties to Americans, specified freedom of speech; but the right to think as we please is held even more precious—it is the supreme accusation against the Inquisition that it put people to death for what they thought, even more than for what they did. It seems, to the modern mind, that this is intolerable; but if we are examining universal and eternal ideals we have to remember that for centuries human beings considered it extremely undesirable for anyone to think freely. There was the proper way to think about God and the king, and any other way was an impropriety.

Anything But Freedom

It is assumed that the Reformation and the Renaissance and the discovery of America and a great many other things changed all this, and that in modern times freedom of thought is an accepted fact. Common experience questions the reality of this change; everyone knows many people who never have an idea of their own and who would go to any length rather than maintain any independence of thought. The history of cults and communities in America in the past century is extremely interesting in this respect. Men and women deliberately, without any outside pressure, gave up at various times the right to choose their own occupations, the right to choose their own food, dress or adornments, the right to wake or sleep when they liked, the right to become rich—totally abdicated, gave up all authority over themselves, in order to live at the command of a leader.

They were not by any means all rebels against some older authority; many of them were freethinkers intentionally giving up the effort to think. In the economic communities they seemed to surrender only habits of living; but in those which mingled economic theory with a new religion they yielded utterly, accepting, as time went on, new dispensations from their prophets, taking wives or giving up wives, bearing children or refraining from childbearing, as their leader directed. They got, in return, assurance. Sometimes it was the assurance of an equal share of the earnings of the community—which were often low enough—more often it was the assurance of blessedness in the hereafter; in many cases it was the promise of being personally presented to the Lord at the swiftly approaching Day of Judgment.

In almost all these communities the adherents were relieved of responsibility. They submitted to authority, completely abandoning their right to think or act for themselves. They were only the extreme cases in whom a definite tendency of human nature shows with marked emphasis; what they did in a violent way, millions of others do in a quiet way. The thought that their prosperity here or hereafter depends entirely on themselves, drives them frantic, and they look for a savior, for an established and accepted way, for someone who will take from their shoulders the responsibility of living and thinking for themselves.

The Magic Incantation

If we consider Liberty to be still capitalized and living on the mountain tops, these are indeed niggling commentaries. But they suggest that the kind of liberty people want, or say they want, is only an abstraction; that the word "liberty" is part of a magic incantation which had better not be understood and must certainly not be criticized—sacred to the libertarian as the name of Yahweh is to the pious Jew who pronounces it only on occasions of awful solemnity. It is, one suspects, an abstraction because it has no existence; it is the kind of liberty which does not involve responsibility. In the incantations of liberty one hears little of the unhappy fact that every increase of freedom brings an added responsibility, that liberty gives us not less obligations but more. A few centuries ago this was plainly understood, but the emphasis has shifted, and a number of people are wondering whether it has not become advisable to shift it back again. The official social philosophers of the Grand Monarch were defending authority; they laid stress on the duties owed by the peasant to the lord; they said very little of the duties the lord owed to the serf. In the perfection of the Middle Ages a happier balance was struck.

On the assumption that all right, all authority came from God, was erected a system in which the king exacted certain duties from his nobles and owed certain duties to them; the higher nobility had rights and obligations both; even the slave, who had duties to everyone, also had rights which the baron was bound to respect. The baron was infinitely the happier man, but he was not without duties: the serf was the

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FLOOR VARNISH

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But only varnish made as *Liquid Granite* is made can withstand millions of steps and wear for years

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Liquid Granite outclasses other varnishes in beauty and durability, because it is made that way. Copal gum is the base of Liquid Granite. This substance, the fossilized sap of trees which crashed to earth in the tropics centuries ago, is sparingly used by most manufacturers because of its rarity and high cost.

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The markets are searched as well for the best grades of turpentine and other materials. Liquid Granite is entirely uniform as the formula and ingredients have never been changed, nor will they ever be changed except for better ones.

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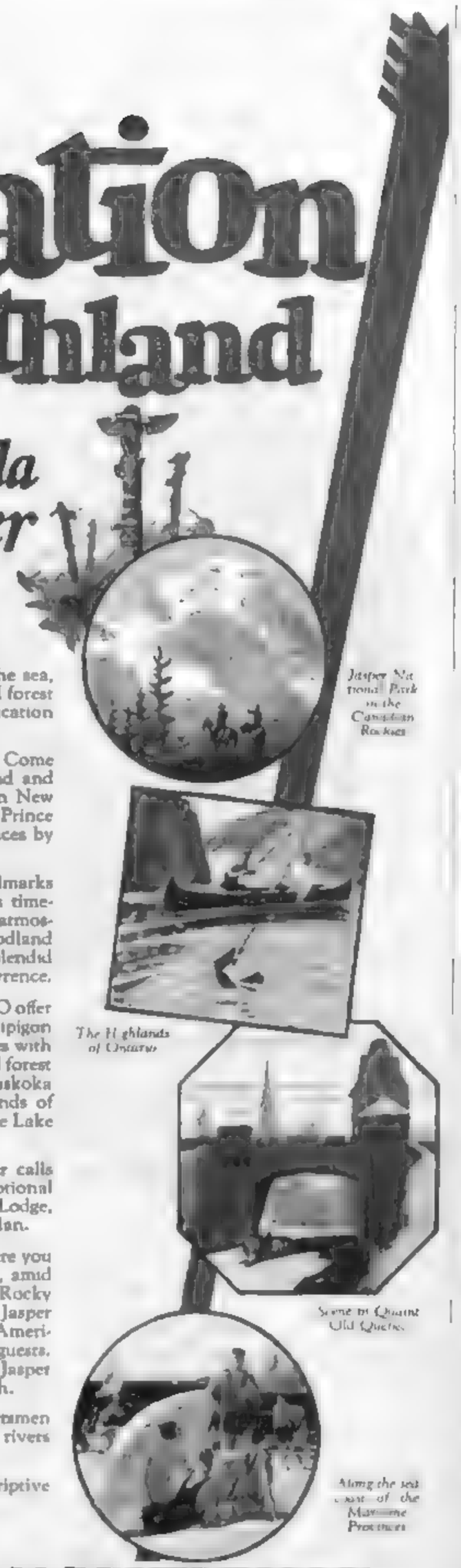

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Scene in Quaint Old Quebec

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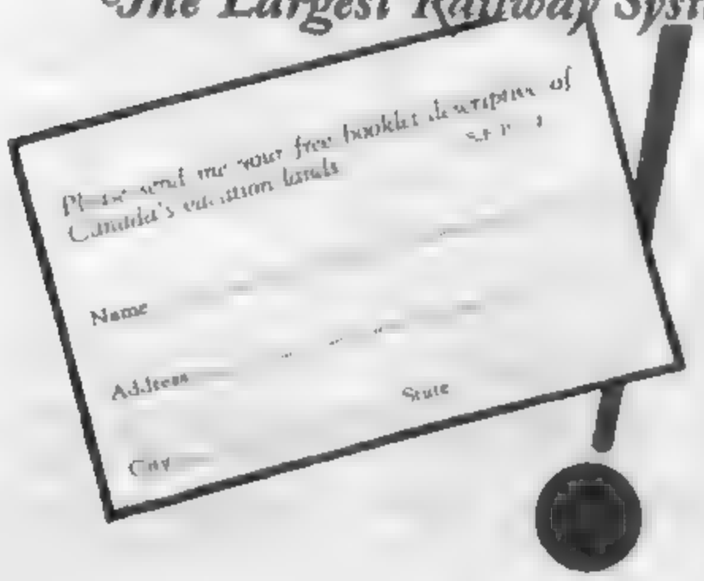

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lowest of the low, but he was not without rights.

The equilibrium has been upset again and again. Sometimes it was overbalanced on the side of authority and resulted in revolutions; a complete unbalancing in favor of freedom would mean anarchy. In the century ushered in by the American and French revolutions the tendency has been always in the second direction. Freedom, self-expression, self-development have for a hundred years gained ascendancy over duty and responsibility, order and restraint. Duty had encouraged tyranny, order had become rigidity, and they broke down. But a few centuries ago they were the magic words, heaven-sent and God-given as rights and freedom are today.

This change in the respect paid to ideas suggests a crass and tawdry explanation which worshipers will reject with loathing. It is that, perhaps, different ideals are suitable to different times and that, possibly, no one of them is the single absolute universal and eternal truth. There is, for example, the ideal of obedience to law; a fairly long experience has declared this desirable. Among other things it means that men should not steal horses, and that if men do steal horses the properly appointed officers of the law will apprehend and punish them. It does not mean that if I think X stole my horse I have the right to string him to a tree.

There are, on the other hand, the ideals of self-confidence, of asserting one's rights, of protecting one's property. In the days of the westering frontier in America, these ideals were in conflict, and the established ideal of obedience to law was relegated to a low place. The country was expanding, and in spite of the Rev. Lyman Beecher's early sermons the ideals of permanence, of staying at home, of intensive development, of obedience, had to give place to others—to exaltation of the pioneer spirit, of the man who could shift from place to place. The family and the homestead were not so vital; the lonely forerunner, taking himself outside the reach of the law, being a law unto himself, became an ideal. At the frontier anarchy prospered, and it was useless to tell hard men at grips with the hard forces of nature to wait until a circuit judge could come to them. Vigilantes and "Regulators" and rough justice alone could save the country.

When the Law Came

But once the country was saved and civilization began, the very virtues of the pioneer became dangerous. As soon as the law came, the posse had to submit to it, or become a gang of lynchers. The older ideal—obedience to law—asserted itself: under it arose the possibility of intensive cultivation—of farms or of one's soul. Self-confidence and self-assertion had to express themselves in other ways, as they had ceased to be primal virtues the moment they ceased to be prime necessities. The man who could not stay in one place had been a pioneer; when the need for pioneers died out he tended to become a tramp. The urge which had driven him into the wilderness could drive him into crime; he who had shifted now became shiftless, a burden or a menace. At one moment self-expression could create a state, and at another, shatter it.

The figure of the self-reliant pioneer whose virtues were honored long after they had ceased to be necessary to the prosperity of the community, suggests another earthly criticism of the divine goddess of liberty. It is, briefly, that ideals lag a considerable distance behind actuality. It is a standing reproach to conservatives that they cling to the form of a thing long after the spirit is dead. To avoid domestic controversy, we may take the case of England. The English pretend to take certain utterances of their sovereign, especially the address from the throne, as the actual expressions of royal opinion, although it is universally known that these speeches represent the opinion of the prime minister and his cabinet; the sovereign in England cannot declare a policy without the premier's consent, the minister being actually the ruler. In the same way, Americans accept the handshake as a symbol of friendship, although the reason for it is almost lost in obscurity and we often shake hands with our worst enemies.

These customs and pretenses are relics of other days, and it would be queer if we did not find similar relics in the realm of ideals. Actually it often seems that the human race is perpetually suffering from an idealistic hang-over, and that liberal-minded people, who have the highest ideals, are the worst sufferers. But for the first example, let us take a widespread prejudice: The idea that going early to bed is a proof of sound moral principles. Health, wealth and wisdom are promised in a familiar jingle to the man who will go to bed and rise from his bed betimes, and beyond that, common morality has figured the rake and the debauchee as a man who stays up until all hours.

The Division of Power

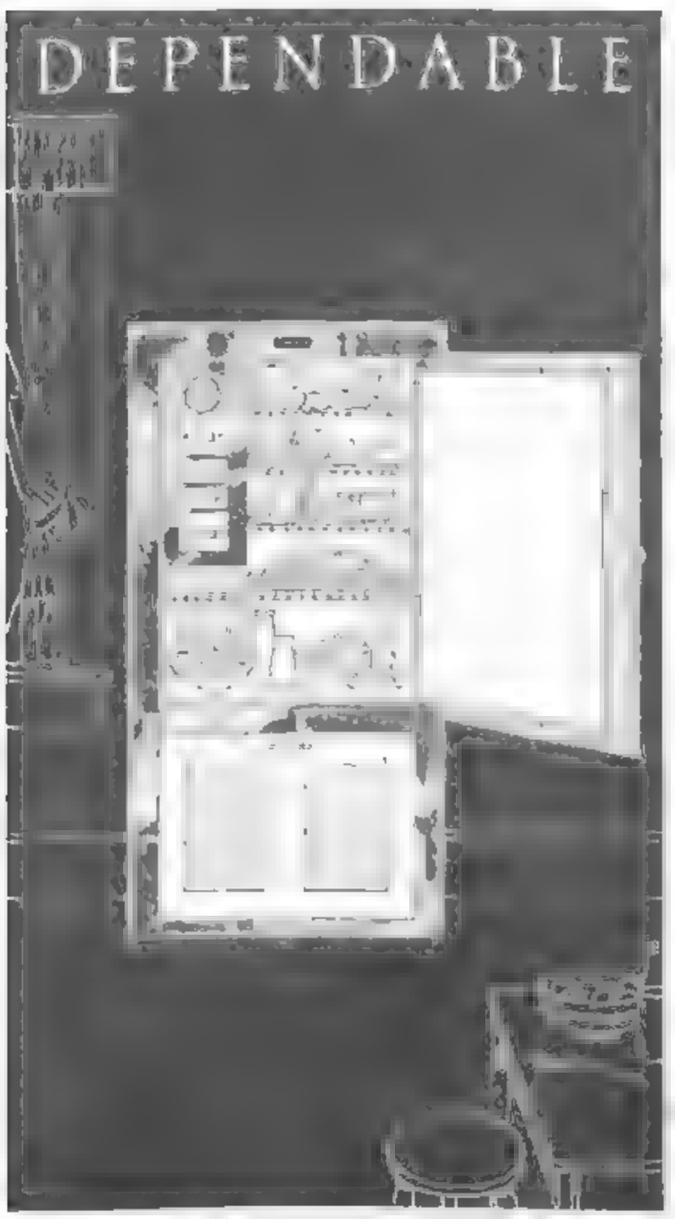
The great Jonathan Edwards protested against night walking, the good Franklin kept an eye on the burning candle. It remains perfectly true that a refreshing sleep is advisable for the man who has to be at work early in the morning, but the association of night hours with immorality is obviously a left-over from the days when artificial light was expensive, the plaything of the rich, when the highways were unsafe after dark, when sitting up by candlelight, even, meant waste of money. The two ideas—late hours and low morals—have not yet been disassociated, although the combination has no particular reference to our own time. Our æsthetic ideas are as bad as our moral ones. We have a violent and totally unreasoning prejudice against gay clothes for men and lingering preference for simple clothes for women; both of them were appropriate to the time when dyes were expensive and only court favorites could afford elaborate dresses. The ideal of sobriety and simplicity persists long after the warrant of the facts has ceased to operate.

There are periods in every nation's history which can be called formative—in which character is created and ideals established. The 1830's were such a period in America and the 1880's another. From the first period we still retain the ideals of an agricultural and pioneering age: Rustic simplicity, hardihood, Yankee slickness, contempt for delicacy, admiration for ingenuity—all these and many others come down to us from the early days of the past century. The gilded age of the 80's first impressed America with the power of wealth, and from it, and from the early days of trust-busting which followed, we inherit our prejudice against amalgamations and concentrations of power—a prejudice which simply reënforces the tribal fear which every man has in the presence of a superior power. There is in the background the idea that concentration of power means loss of wealth and of opportunity for the mass of people; it meant that in the days of Nero and of Ivan the Terrible, so it must mean that now.

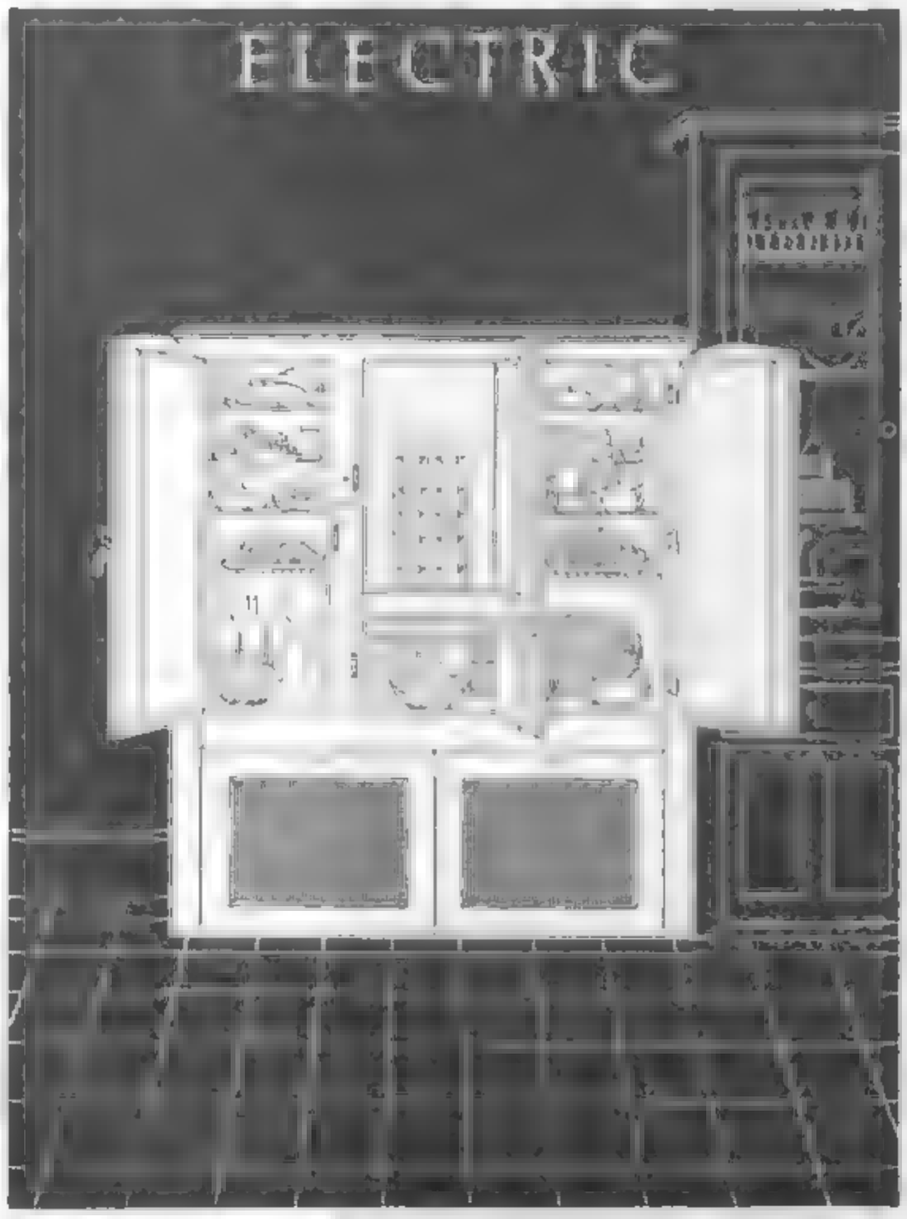
Thus division of power, diffusion, decentralization become ideals. Yet the same machine age which has made void the morality of going early to bed and of wearing dreary clothes has operated here. It is the essence of machinery that it should concentrate power—the dynamo is a concentration, the electric-light bulb, the automatic machine, the factory, the railroad, the motor car—and these centerings of physical power inevitably create powerful centers of moral, political and social power. Machinery concentrates production and diffuses consumption, and against it are still being held the ideals of a time when every man made everything for himself by hand, when trade was the occupation of cheats and shysters and outcasts, when machinery was looked upon as the invention of the devil.

(Continued on Page 149)

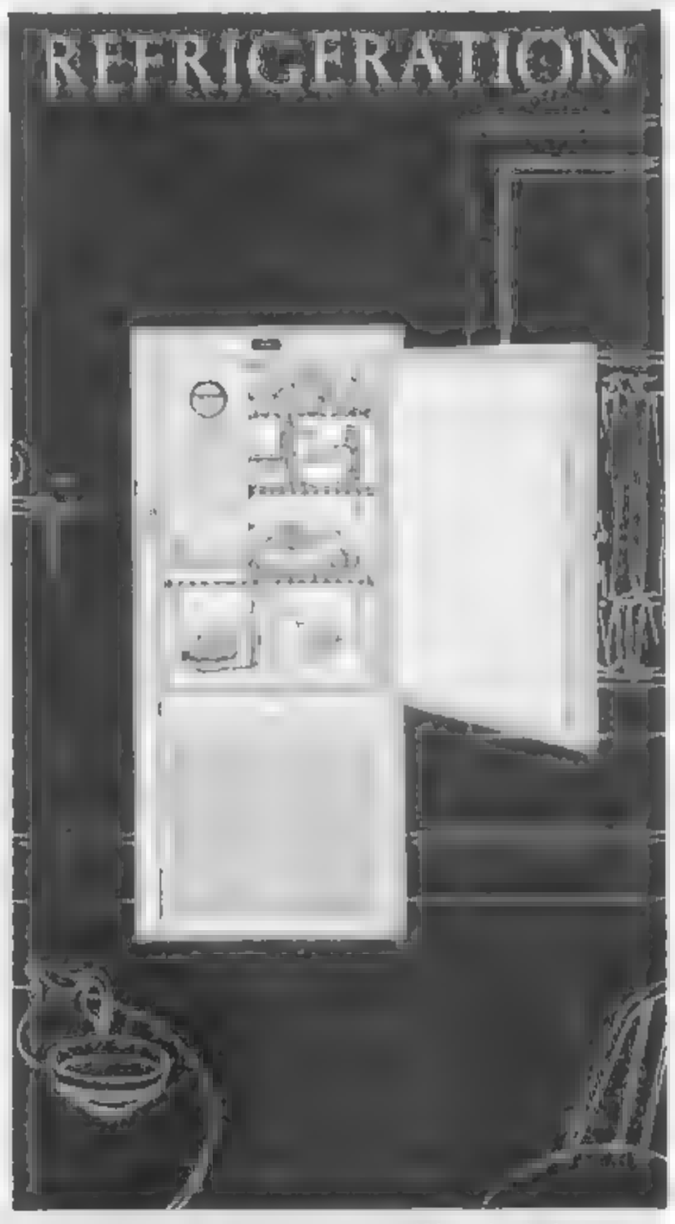
Copeland



Model N-7-P—7 cu. ft. food storage; 11½ sq. ft. shelf space; 162 ice cubes, 10.6 lbs. of ice. Porcelain interior



Color-De Luxe Model 20—20 cu. ft. food storage; 30 sq. ft. shelf space; 378 ice cubes, 24.5 lbs. of ice. All-porcelain, 6 optional colors



Model N-5—5 cu. ft. food storage; 6¾ sq. ft. shelf space; 108 ice cubes, 6.95 lbs. of ice. Lacquer finish on steel

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Follansbee Forge STEEL SHEETS

FORGING ADDS STRENGTH

(Continued from Page 146)

Once in a long while a manufacturer or a merchant stops making money to talk about the ideals of his business, and he is usually assailed by the sneers and mockery of those to whom ideals are a profession. There is, for example, the case of "service," which brought into being the champion long-distance and broad-jump sneer of all history, a sneer which has lasted at least five years and is still going strong. There is a reason for it: the satirist who pokes fun at the slogan of service has ample justification, quite apart from the fact that once the word became popular it was turned into a catchword, deprived of all meaning, and made into simply another way to increase profits. The reason that service will not ultimately do is because it is an imported article: it is not a product of the machine age, although it pretends to express its spirit.

In the machine age there is a specific meaning for service—when it means keeping a sold article in condition or when it is used as in "free crank-case service." As an ideal it is vapid and wabbly, it does not mean the same thing twice in succession and is thereby opposed to the machine-age spirit, which is always definite and means the same thing under all circumstances, a million times in succession. The word comes from another era, when it was relevant; for the machine age, "exact weight" is infinitely more expressive, or "unvarying quality," or "one price only." These phrases lack the lofty tone; they are not in a class with liberty and self-expression and service: but they are definitely the creations of our own time. They correspond to the mechanical honesty of instruments of precision and to the system of manufacture which makes it easy and profitable for a company to make all its flash-light batteries exactly alike in quality instead of making a thousand high-grade ones and another thousand inferior. There is no top of the basket in large-scale production.

Unfortunately for the harried captains of industry, the virtues of their methods have not yet been erected into a moral system; there are no ideals of the machine age hallowed by time, no martyrs and no prophets. The current system of life lacks the pathos of distance, the glamour of romance, and its press agents, paid and unpaid, are continually forced to fall back on older ideals and make the present square with them. It is a form of worship of the past—to adopt its ideals—but it is carried pretty far when those ideals have nothing on earth to do with the actuality. A hundred years from now the idealist may look back and find in the ordinary business virtues of 1928 a beautiful system of moral values and ideals of the highest order. The chances are that by that time they will not be nearly so appropriate.

How Times Have Changed

What this suggests is the mere possibility that our current conceptions of liberty may also be a little outmoded. Not liberty itself, because it will not do to become too iconoclastic all at once, but the general current version of it. Among hearty reactionaries there is just now a tendency to throw all liberty out of the window; they are enjoying the appetite for tyranny so long in abeyance and so easy to whet by a few glimpses of a successful dictatorship. Among the radicals liberty is still enshrined, unless they too have gone over to the dictators. There remains the possibility that both of them are a little extravagant about the cure and that a revaluation of liberty in terms relevant to the present age is what is needed. There remains also the chance that the emphasis has been placed too strongly on some aspects of liberty and too feebly on others.

It would be necessary, in working out these possibilities, to banish from mind all the rhapsodies to freedom, all the odes and invocations—all the trappings, in short. And it would be advisable to ferret out the sources of our current ideas. Do they come from the philosophers who preceded the French Revolution and inspired some of the leaders of our own? And were conditions in their day at all comparable to conditions now? Or are our ideals the heritage of British political wisdom since the time of Magna Charta, and how have things changed since then? Or do we derive them from Greece or Judea or Switzerland? Or only from the Pilgrim Fathers? And how far do our ideas of liberty correspond to the actual way we live and want to live? Have we come to the point in our civilization when it becomes necessary to throttle individual enterprise for the good of the community, or are we still so developing that we can give free rein without fear of the consequences?

A hundred years ago there was so much to be done and comparatively so few people to do it that restraints were unnecessary, even dangerous. Is that still the case? Or has the time come when individual effort has reached its high point, and needs now to be subdued to the uses of the commonwealth? Is it still desirable for us to encourage every experiment, or is our state so delicately balanced that it would be better to drop experiments for a time and to concentrate on refining what we have, giving ourselves a breathing space in all the flurry of change? Is the character of the average man dependable and trustworthy, are his nerves well-organized, can he be allowed liberties and trusted not to abuse them, or is he a little unbalanced, needing discipline and order for his guides? Is there a common purpose in all sections of the country, in all classes of society, or are there rivalries and dissatisfactions and hostilities? Have the processes of the machine age gone so far that they need to be checked, in the interests of justice, or would it be better to allow them freedom of exploitation for another generation in the interests of power?

Liberty and License

On the answer to these questions depend our politics, our street cars, our books, our tennis, our cocktails, if any, our tariff schedules, and a host of other matters. The answer, that is, is our national way of looking at ourselves, and it is very unlikely that we shall consciously make the necessary examination. Unconsciously we shall be answering when we protest against the censorship of books, or vote for a Republican or Democrat against a Socialist candidate, or break or observe the notorious amendment, or patronize a national chain of stores instead of a corner dealer.

In these practical ways we shall be expressing our opinion of a theoretical question. Books, for example. In theory—liberty being again restored to the mountain tops—we are opposed to censorship, tolerating it grimly in time of war, rejecting the very idea in time of peace. We are also sensitive to the opinion of our descendants; we remember that a generation or so ago Dreiser's Sister Carrie was withdrawn by its publisher, that Madame Bovary was haled to court. We do not like the idea of showing ourselves equally hidebound. We believe that the true artist should not be hampered. Then trouble begins. A book is suppressed; we protest. We desire more and more freedom for the writer. The next book surpasses the first in frankness; we are shocked, but still hold to our principles. Finally our sensibilities are utterly violated and outraged, and we say, "I have believed in liberty, but this is license. This thing must be suppressed."

At that moment we have decided that the ideal of liberty has been overworked. We can then wonder whether the ideal of freedom of expression did not arise at a time when comparatively few people read, when books were rather rare, and when the chances were a hundred to one that the reader of a book would be intelligent enough not to be harmed by it. We can compare that happy time with the present, when, reading being a universal bad habit, publishing is done on the large scale, and the fact that a person can read a book is no proof that he can in any way understand it.

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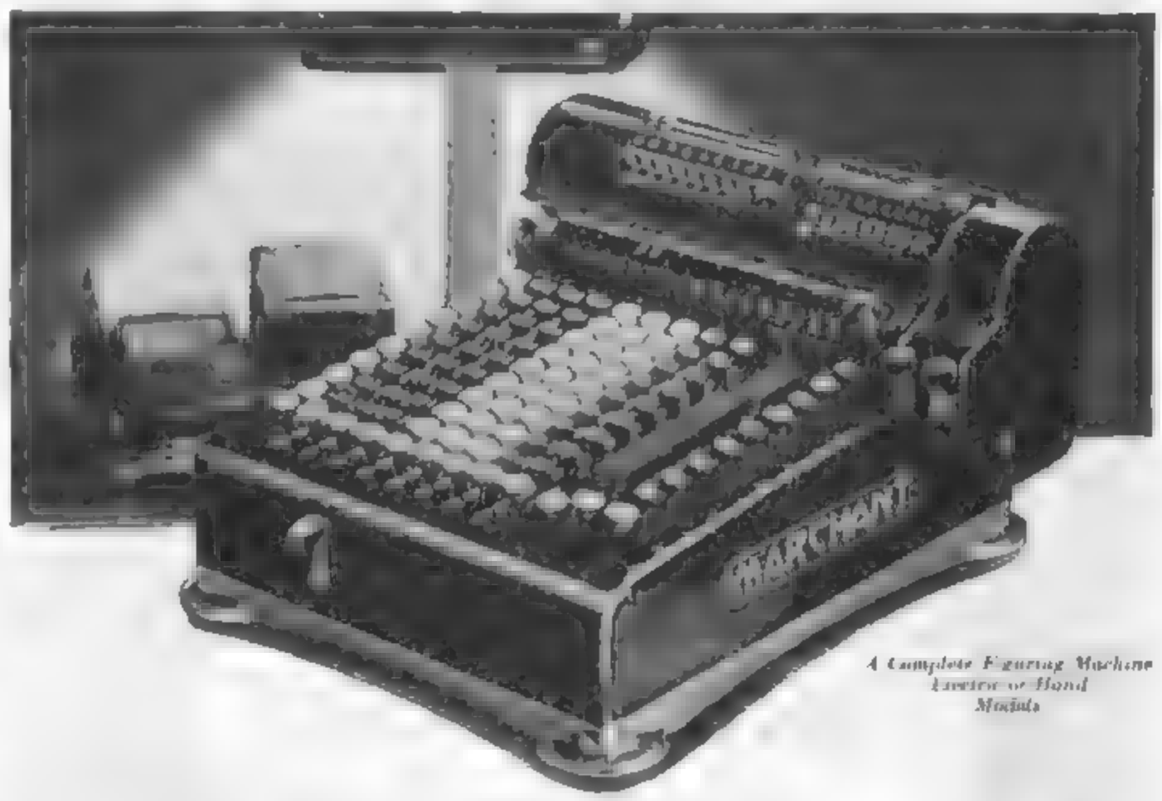

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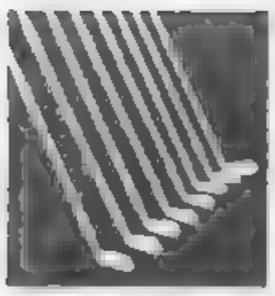

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VULCAN
Clubs of Character for Every Golfer

We may attribute this change to the beneficent workings of universal education or to the devilish forces of the typesetting machine, but we are confronted by a changed situation and an unchanging ideal. Then we have to decide a delicate question. Would the loss to national art and letters caused by a rigid censorship be more woeful than the loss to national morals caused by extreme liberty? Probably, in most cases we would arrive at a common-sense compromise, perhaps flattering ourselves that we had kept the spirit of liberty alive while saving the ethics of the nation's young. But actually we would be compromising our ideal in another sense: We would be admitting that it was a beautiful antique and not a working actuality of the present. We would have decided that the interests of the state are higher than the interests of the individual writer or reader; we would have placed ourselves definitely on one side.

In France, at the present moment, a small but influential fraction of the younger writers on public questions—including art, which is a public question there—has gone over to the side of discipline, against liberty. This is worth recording, because the movement is likely to have its repercussions over here. It indicates that some who have enjoyed the extreme of liberty have found it wanting; that they now seek authority and order, in fear of anarchy.

To the conservative this is a desirable change. He finds, for example, that in the past twenty years people have been encouraged to express themselves without any assurance that they were themselves worthy or even fit to be expressed; the self-expression of a homicidal maniac has filled newspapers which barely find place for the self-restraint and ordered mind of a great scientist. He finds that young people have been so drilled into assertion of their rights that they have forgotten the rights of others and have never learned the rudiments of duty. Himself brought up in a time of change, when rights and obligations were balanced in a struggle for domination, he fears the result. He fancies that the time has come to raise up harsher ideals.

Such a conservative has against him the tradition of liberalism, fortified by a great deal of ill-understood science, and exaggerated by the moral chaos which followed the war. The thing called the jazz age has given a sharp twist to the old ideal of liberty and translated it, as ages will, into its own words. In general the conservative has to walk softly, to pay tribute to the libertarian ideal at the very moment of belittling it. His best hope is to undermine the ideal itself, a little. He has to begin persuading a heady generation that people are as much themselves in what they omit as in what they put down, as expressive of their character in their refusals as in their acceptances.

Fifty years ago one read: "Learn to say no"; today we are all yes sayers, and it is a question whether we aren't saying yes to a great many too many things. Negation is, however, the current form of the devil—negation and self-denial which is a crime against oneself.

Which brings us back to Madame Roland. She was a great pioneer. She discovered that crimes are committed in the name of liberty too.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 30)

"What is it?" Mr. Highbinder smiled. "It is a collection of tattoots."

"Tattoots?"

"I coined the word, as the language still lacked one. Come; I shall show you my tattoots."

He took a silver whistle from his watch chain and blew a loud, clear blast. From the adjoining room, marked Art Gallery, there was a cry of "Stations!" and a sound of hurrying footsteps and murmuring voices. Then all was still. A voice called, "Ready!"

Mr. Highbinder flung open the doors of the gallery. What a sight met my eyes! On either side of the long hall stood a row of men, fixed and motionless, reminding one of a collection of medieval armor. But these exhibits wore no armor. Quite the contrary. They were living tattoots, and they were clothed almost entirely with the art of tattooing.

"Exhibit Number One," announced Mr. Highbinder, "is a Lao from Indo-China, completely covered with animal figures as on the Buddhistic monuments. Note the cobra winding about the neck and disappearing into the right ear. This example, of great interest to anthropology as well as to the study of primitive art, was imported by Mr. Highbinder at an expense of $15,000. Next we see a Polynesian tattooed with ochre and charcoal. A lovely composition. Something of the dreamy quality of Gauguin. Next ——"

But I shall not reproduce in detail the wonders of the exhibition. Enough that the whole rise and progress of tattooing was displayed. I lingered long over the primitives—anchors, full-rigged ships, and pierced hearts done with a Byzantine formalism not lacking in charm. I noted the first clumsy and self-conscious efforts at producing nudes. And at last I came to the work of the more radical modern designers. There was a beautiful reproduction of Whistler's Mother on the chest of a brawny stevedore, and an allegorical frieze of the Conquest of Human Suffering by Life Insurance which worked round and round a fattish gentleman whose soft white skin had been an inspiration to the artist. One realized for the first time that tattooing, scorned by many a supercilious painter and sculptor, is in reality one of the fine arts.

I often think of this scene, for as I write the news has come that Mr. Highbinder's collection of tattoots has been dissolved. How true it is that beauty is but skin deep! Two primitive works of art attacked each other with bread knives. A Corot twilight scene developed a bad case of boils. A portrait of the ascetic Saint Anthony ate himself all out of drawing. It was all very discouraging. So Mr. Highbinder gave up tattoots and went in for collecting obelisks, which are a lot less trouble.

—*Morris Bishop.*

Rank and File

MY SWEETHEART is a business girl
Who tends a new attractive file.
Though many beaus to her propose,
They land in her inactive file.

I plead with her to marry me,
To spurn her bill and letter file.
But though I grieve, she will not leave
Her creditor and debtor file.

She comforts me by saying, "Though
I run a never-ending file,
Don't wax too sad, for you, my lad,
Are in my active pending file."

—*Arthur L. Lippmann.*

To a Dominant Male

YOU to your eyes
Are very wise,
But not so kind.
You to my mind
Are childish—small—
Not wise at all,
But dearer far
Than wise folk are.
And to my mind
You are kind, kind!
I dare not let you know my
picture of you.
I let you think your cruelty
makes me love you.

—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

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and thereafter
Every 7,000 *miles*

The man who designed your car—the man who made your car—the man who sold you your car—the man who makes grease for your car—the man who greases your car

All these authorities advise you to Fry Flush your differential and transmission and repack with fresh clean grease today—now—and do it thereafter every 3000 miles.

The grease now in your gear cases has been there all winter. It has served its purpose. It is gritty and hardened and full of gear filings. Have your gears Fry Flushed today—remove all these destructive elements—and see the remarkable difference in the operation of your car. Adds untold mileage.

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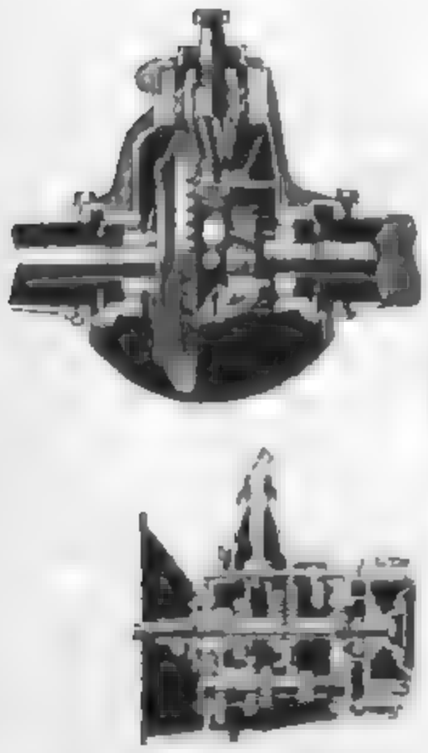

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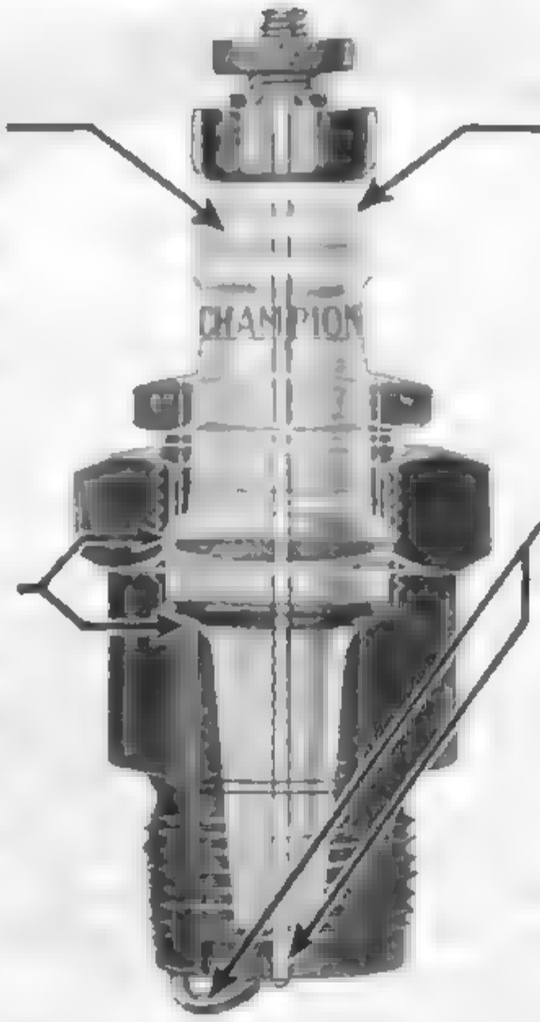

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Special analysis electrodes, which have been greatly improved to resist pitting and burning and assure a permanently fixed spark-gap under all operating conditions.

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Today, in a great measure, the high speed, high compression engine has been made possible by Champion's remarkable development, coupled with the improvements in fuel and the more scientific design of combustion chambers.

The modern engine, with its much higher temperature, far greater compression, and wider range of flexibility, imposes a much greater burden on the spark plugs.

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TOLEDO, OHIO

WHY CRIME WAVES?

(Continued from Page 9)

If we would cope with the organization of criminal gangs, it seems to me that the first step is to know just how these gangs are formed. For this purpose I am going to outline, step by step, the formation of a gang in a large American city to which, during a period of several months, many audacious and costly crimes may justly be attributed.

The coming of prohibition, it must be admitted, has further concentrated the criminal element in large cities. Almost invariably the criminal is a drinker and a carouser. It seems to be a part of his nature. He also finds delight in the defeat of any law. He likes to forgather with others of his ilk, and the convenient place to do this is the present-day speak-easy.

The result is concentration. Criminal meets criminal on a more common and more compatible ground. There is a broader and greater interchange of ideas between criminals. It was in such a speak-easy as this that the gang I mention was born. The principal character was a man who, to my absolute knowledge, has been in penal servitude.

He frankly admitted that he must use care in his future depredations, and his ambition was to secure some criminal without a record who might execute his own ideas. In the course of time four habitués of the place matched ideas. The more experienced criminal pointed out that through proper contact with the police department it would be possible for them, working together, to stage at least three daring holdups which would net them a fortune.

One of the men was very friendly with the proprietor of the speak-easy. He was thus able to get ready money with which to carry out his plans. The proprietor of the speak-easy advanced $4000. He then arranged for a detective to meet with the criminals with the idea of placing this $4000 in such a manner as to obviate immediate pursuit when the holdups were staged.

The Gang Grows

It is interesting to note that when the detective demurred, the proprietor of the speak-easy promptly threatened to disclose the fact that the officer had accepted from him hush money. The plans were laid and the first of the holdups executed with complete success.

There were, however, complications. It developed that the place robbed was in the precinct of another gang. This gang, too, had been paying protection and, it later developed, had planned to execute the holdup already described. Instantly loud complaint arose and double-crossing was charged.

Genuine warfare between the police and the criminal is certain to lead to results, and both police and criminal know this, though neither is ever able to say just what the result will be.

The first impulse, therefore, is to stop trouble. It developed in the course of time that the police ferreted out the perpetrators of the holdup and thus were able to determine the go-between, who was the detective.

It then behooved the detective to get certain officers so that they would not dare to proceed against him. The result was that the gang born in the speak-easy met with the gang operating in the precinct they had just violated, cut the profits on a reasonable basis and instead of four members, the gang wound up with nine.

They then proceeded to stage the second of the holdups planned, and the third. The power of organization had been demonstrated and the appetites of the robbers whetted. Their plans became all embracing. They decided that by bribing they could operate with a high degree of success and even higher degree of safety.

Sad as the tale may seem, that is the manner in which the gang was formed and that is the manner in which it operated until internal discord brought about gun fighting.

In relating these events I am perfectly sincere in my attempt not to take unusual cases but rather to cite instances which are commonplace in gang land.

I am frequently asked how prominent and able lawyers can afford to give their services to criminals who, it is known, are absolutely out of funds. Not by any conceivable stretch of the imagination could the criminal meet the fee which can justly be commanded by the lawyer who defends him.

My answer to that is that during the course of their criminal careers many criminals pay monthly tribute to the lawyer who will defend them should arrest overtake them. I have been told by some criminals that 15 per cent of every dollar they steal goes immediately to the lawyer to whom they will look for defense when the crash comes. This, I presume, is nothing more or less than an insurance premium, but the plan is pernicious indeed.

A Short Answer

I am told that a former district attorney in one of America's largest cities, when asked if crime was organized, responded, "Yes." When urged to express himself as to how such things were possible, he again answered with a single word: "Politics."

I do not know a detective who does not very sensibly hesitate before making an arrest and ask himself what the chances are that he is arresting the wrong man! I do know dozens of detectives and dozens of uniformed officers whose personal integrity is as stainless as I try to keep my own. They find themselves impotent in matching influence against the criminal-political gangs which infest our concentrated areas under the shadow of protection.

I repeat, however, that the situation is not hopeless. My object in preparing these two articles is to try to show, in the first article, just what the situation with the criminal is today. In the second, I am going to take it upon myself to point out certain moves which can be made which, I believe, will effectively curb the operation of the gangster.

I have no panacea with which to wave into existence a crimeless country. No one has that. My feeling is that the only value of the spoken or written word is the thought which it can inspire, and if the publication of these articles serves the purpose of making people think, or rousing them, perhaps, to a realization of just what the situation is, then the cure will be wrought by the concentrated thought and effort of our finer citizenship.

I am not a quoter of statistics. I have never delved into the psychological realms of the student criminologist, and I make no claim to distinction as a student of municipal government. Everything that I say is said for the simple reason that I know crooks. I think I know how they work. I think I know why they work. I know these things because the crooks themselves have told me. I know a great many detectives. I think I know how they work and how they think and what they try to do. I know a lot of criminal lawyers, and I think I know how they work and how they think. They may not themselves be criminal within the meaning of the law, but they live because of crime. So that the things I say are things which carry no personal significance whatsoever. One cannot associate with criminals and police, as I have in my search for story material, without realizing that seldom indeed is there a personal feeling between these men.

Harsh as it may seem, I am convinced that every criminal believes it possible for him to buy his way out of the hands of the law, whether he does it through a policeman, a detective, a prosecuting attorney or

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a criminal lawyer. He believes innately that somewhere along the line is the contact which will spring him from the toils. That is fair enough, because in so many cases it is true.

I also believe that a great many detectives are firmly convinced of the same thing and are, therefore, pretty careful about the type of man they arrest. I believe it to be a source of satisfaction to many detectives, when they book a criminal, to have that booking remain open for a period of twenty-four hours, so that they can ascertain just what political connection the arrested man may have.

These are the things which contribute to the successful organization of criminals.

I dislike to mention in these articles the prohibition law. I do so only because of its obvious effect upon criminal operations. It is true that it has concentrated criminals in our big cities. It is also true—undeniably true—that it has diverted into the hands of the criminally inclined large revenues from the illegal sale of liquor. These revenues, upon which no tax is paid the Government, are all too often used for the propagation of crime.

Rural districts have suffered through the depredations of criminal gangs organized in speak-easies, financed by the illegal revenue of bootleg whisky, and sent out like a foraging party to prey upon country banks and the stores and industrial plants of smaller cities. I think this trend will grow more noticeable as time goes on.

These excursions of crime are very carefully thought out and extensively planned. The equipment with which the crimes are executed is furnished by gangs in our bigger cities. The multiplicity of legal technicalities involving bail, extradition and a dozen other features of the legal mind is well known in advance.

The criminal goes forth with the protection of huge sums of money and damaging knowledge about people who must come to his rescue on demand. About the only risk he actually runs is that of a shooting affray in a quarrel over the division of spoils, or an attempt to get him and his damaging knowledge out of the way. That latter has been done, I am told.

"Where," it may be asked, "does the criminal secure his firearms? Under what pretext is it possible for the manufacturer of deadly weapons to place them within reach of the murderer?"

Mail-Order Gunmen

In the first place, for years past it has been possible to order firearms by mail. Again, laws in some of our larger states make it quite possible to offer on public sale the most destructive weapons the criminal can use. An excellent example of this may be found in machine guns.

In the city of New York I have seen these machine guns displayed in store windows. They might have been wearing apparel or furniture! Along with them were shown cartridge disks and cartridge clips to fit. Also the cartridges. I am advised that the laws of the state of New York permit the general sale of firearms with a combustion chamber in excess of ten inches in length.

In other words, the possession of an automatic pistol or automatic revolver under the Sullivan law is a felonious offense, but a crook can step into any store and purchase machine guns and sawed-off shotguns with ammunition to match. Compared to a sawed-off shotgun at close range, or a machine gun at almost any range, the average automatic pistol is no more effective than the heel print of a gnat on tempered steel.

In conclusion, it certainly must be obvious to any thinking person that the man who steals anything but currency must find a market for what he steals.

"Where," I am frequently asked, "do these crooks sell their stuff?"

The answer to that question is just about as well known to every experienced detective as is the answer to the question: "How much are two and two?"

Legally, the purchaser of loot is known as a receiver of stolen goods. In the parlance of the underworld, he is known as a fence. Without a single doubt, he contributes more to crime than any other individual on earth and, paradoxically enough, he is the most difficult of all criminals to bring to justice.

A great many fences cloak their activities under the guise of either a pawnbroker or a junk dealer. It must be admitted that the most honorable of pawnbrokers and the most honorable of junk dealers are innocently subjected, now and then, to the purchase of stolen goods. The law recognizes this, and it should recognize it. However, in its endeavor to protect the guiltless buyer of stolen goods, it has opened wide the door for the dishonest purchaser.

A Trap With Many Exits

For instance, it is possible in several of our larger cities for a thief to steal an article and promptly dispose of it to a dishonest buyer. He knows just where to find that buyer. The usual method is for the buyer to meet the thief on some street corner and take him to a secluded hotel room, the location of which the thief does not know in advance. There the fence strikes his deal, pays cash, and leaves with the loot. It is interesting to note that the thief who succeeds in getting 20 per cent of the fair value of his loot is an exceptionally fortunate thief.

Presume, now, that the thief is apprehended for his crime and confesses having sold the loot to the dishonest buyer. The police can go to the fence, find the loot in his possession, and arrest him as a receiver of stolen goods. However, there is almost no hope of convicting him in a court of law. The law says that guilty knowledge must be proved before a buyer of stolen material can be convicted. The fence takes oath that he had no guilty knowledge. The thief, under oath, may state that the fence did have guilty knowledge; even that he went so far as to tell the fence at the time the sale was consummated where he stole the loot.

However, if the thief has ever been convicted of a crime, his testimony is valueless without corroboration. What chance have we then to convict the fence? Virtually all of his illegal dealings are with habitual criminals with previous convictions against them.

Again, in the identification of stolen property, the law makes it tremendously difficult. In the case of a perfect diamond, for instance, identification in court is virtually impossible. The man who cut the stone, in other words, can swear that he did cut the stone—cut it in the exact manner in which the exhibit is cut—that it weighed the exact number of carats as the exhibit, that he firmly believes it to be the same stone. But he cannot swear that no one else ever cut a stone identically. This gives the suspect the benefit of the doubt and once again all the organization of police and prosecution can evaporate in the fumes of a nonsensical technicality. Naturally, the fence knows this and utilizes it.

Our criminal laws are so constructed that at every turn of the game the criminal is given the advantage. The law assumes nothing. Identification and corroboration are at times impossible, even though every logical fact points the way to guilt.

In the foregoing ways crime is organized. It is operating now at a high degree of efficiency. Its destinies are guided all too frequently by unscrupulous lawyers of great capability and thorough understanding of the law, and it is financed by large resources. As long as human nature remains human nature, this situation will not change. Until some definite steps are taken to curb the activities of criminals and criminal organizers, crime will grow. It is not feasible to legislate morals.

Something else, then, must be done and, if I may be permitted, in the next article I shall have a suggestion or two to make as to what that something should be. It positively is possible to stop this organized criminal activity.

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PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGNS

(Continued from Page 42)

temporary purpose as a Whig stop-gap, thinking members of the party were at a loss to know which way to turn politically, and saw themselves assiduously courted by Democrats and Republicans alike.

A convention of sorts, in September, finally ratified the Know-Nothing nominations of Mr. Fillmore and Mr. Donelson, and explained, a little pathetically, that "the Whigs . . . have no new principles to announce, no new platform to establish, but are content to broadly rest—where their fathers rested—upon the Constitution of the United States, wishing no safer guide, no higher law." They regarded "with the deepest interest and anxiety the present disordered condition of our national affairs—a portion of the country ravaged by civil war, large sections of our population embittered by mutual recriminations," and they traced "these calamities to the culpable neglect of duty by the present national administration." They also declared, "as a fundamental rule of political faith, an absolute necessity for avoiding geographical parties," and that "all who revere the Constitution and the Union must look with alarm at the parties in the field in the present presidential campaign—one claiming only to represent sixteen Northern states and the other appealing mainly to the passions and prejudices of the Southern states."

And they proclaimed that "the only remedy . . . is to support a candidate pledged to neither of the geographical sections now arrayed in political antagonism," and that "in the present exigency of political affairs we are not called upon to discuss the subordinate questions of administration. . . . It is enough to know that civil war is raging and that the Union is imperiled; and we proclaim the conviction that the restoration of Mr. Fillmore to the presidency will furnish the best if not the only means of restoring peace."

But to not a few Whigs, in the presence of the violent Black Republicans, these dignified lamentations of their party brothers were not adequate to express the danger of the times. Colonel Frémont and his group were, in their eyes, a menace to the Union, and it remained for the New Englander, Rufus Choate, to interpret the dread of many conservative men, Whigs and Know-Nothings.

On the Brink of a Volcano

"The first duty of Whigs," he wrote, "is to unite with some organization of our countrymen to defeat and dissolve the new geographical party calling itself Republican." The thing to be avoided was "the very ecstasy of . . . madness—the permanent formation and the actual triumph of a party which knows one half of America only to hate and dread it." If the Republican Party were to secure the government, "I turn my eyes from the consequences. To the fifteen states of the South that government will appear an alien government. It will appear worse. It will appear a hostile government. It will represent to their eye a vast region of states organized upon anti-slavery, flushed by triumph, cheered onward by the voice of the pulpit, tribune and press; its mission, to inaugurate freedom and put down the oligarchy; its constitution, the glittering and sounding generalities of natural right which make up the Declaration of Independence." And so, with countless other Whigs, "in these circumstances, I vote for Mr. Buchanan."

The Republicans did not help themselves by the virulence of their campaign.

"We see a political party," Mr. Fillmore said, "presenting candidates from the free states alone. . . . Can they have the madness or folly to believe that our Southern brethren would submit to be governed by such a chief magistrate? I tell you that we are treading on the brink of a volcano." And Mr. Buchanan believed that "should Frémont be elected, the outlawry pronounced by the Republican convention . . . against fifteen Southern states will be ratified by . . . the North. The consequence will be immediate and inevitable."

Secession, and it is unlikely that any sufficient Northern sentiment in favor of the prevention by force of such an action could have been discovered in 1856. And if the North professed to sneer at "the stale disunion threat," the step was being advocated throughout the South as the only possible result of Mr. Frémont's election. The South could not be expected to submit itself to the rule of an administration the support of which would have been drawn exclusively from the hostile North. There were Democrats and Whigs in every state in the Union, but in all the South Mr. Frémont was only to receive two hundred and ninety-one votes, from Virginia. Were he to be elected, the governor of that very state announced, "there will be a revolution," and he prepared to summon forth his militia. While Senator Mason notified Jefferson Davis, the Secretary of War, that in the event of a Republican victory "the South should not pause, but proceed at once to immediate, absolute and eternal separation."

The Pivotal States

The campaign went on in a blare of Frémont torchlight parades in the North. Rocky Mountain Clubs, Freedom Clubs, Pioneers with shiny axes—political clubs which marched from town to town, from one huge mass meeting to another—recalling the Whig processions of 1840—giving the famous new staccato cheer, distributing handbills, shouting for "Bleeding Kansas" and for "Free Labor, Free Speech, Free Men, Free Kansas and Frémont," drowning out the "Buck and Breck!" of the Democratic "Buchaneers" with the promise to "take the Buck by the horns."

The Democrats laughed at the Republican "shrieks for freedom," and made a point of decorum and quiet dignity. For the first time in a presidential election nearly one million dollars was spent by the contesting parties. A few days before the vote, the Independent, a religious journal at the North, appealed to all "Fellow Christians! Remember it is for Christ, for the nation and for the world that you vote [for Frémont] at this election! Vote as you pray! Pray as you vote!"

The result was really decided, in the pivotal states of Indiana and Pennsylvania, by the preliminary local elections in October. Pennsylvania, Mr. Slidell had been informed—and had passed the word on to Mr. Buchanan—"is the great battle of the campaign. And if any amount of labor and money will secure it, they should be expended." And whether or not the Republican cries of fraud and bribery in the state were justified, Mr. Forney, the chairman of the Democratic Central Committee, was willing to admit afterward that "we spent a great deal of money," although "not one cent selfishly or corruptly."

And it was to be remembered later, when Mr. Buchanan was urging the admission of Kansas into the union with a proslavery constitution of questionable validity, that the Democratic campaign banners in that important Northern state of Pennsylvania had borne the legend "Buchanan, Breckinridge and Free Kansas." As Mr. Buchanan himself explained to Mr. Forney, "the South must vote for me, and the North must be secured; and the only way to secure the North is to convince those gentlemen that when I get in the presidential chair I will do right with the people in Kansas. . . . I am not responsible for the Administration of President Pierce, therefore I will inaugurate a new system."

A "hot and heavy" fight, it appeared to Mr. Greeley. "There is everything to do [in Pennsylvania], with just the meanest

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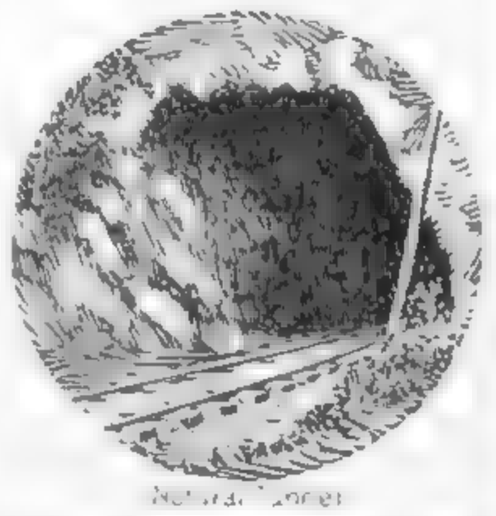

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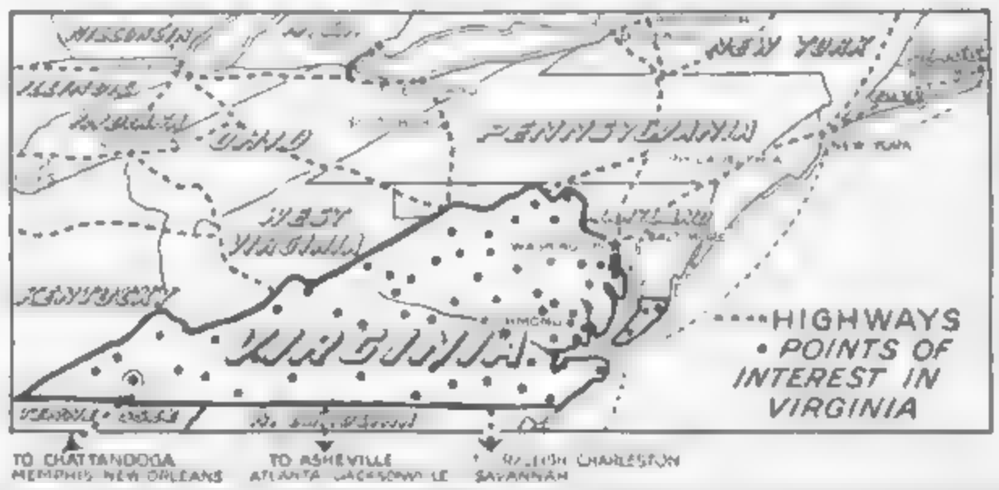

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set of politicians to do it that you ever heard of." And nine days before the voting Mr. Dana thought that the Democrats were "terrified and demoralized." Mr. Frémont would win, and "the tide is rising with a rush, as it does in the Bay of Fundy, and you will hear an awful squealing among the hogs and jackasses when they come to drown."

But instead of that, the crowds milling up and down the streets of Philadelphia on the night of the election heard that the Buchanan ticket had carried the state by some three thousand votes out of four hundred and twenty-three thousand cast. Pennsylvania was safe for the Democrats in November, and so was Indiana.

Mr. Fillmore carried only one state, Mr. Frémont eleven -the New England States, New York, Michigan, Ohio, Iowa and Wisconsin.

Mr. Buchanan was very optimistic. "The night is departing," he told his Pennsylvania friends, "and the roseate and propitious morn now breaking upon us promises a long day of peace and prosperity for our country. To secure this, all we of the North have to do is to permit our Southern neighbors to manage their own domestic affairs, as they permit us to manage ours. It is merely to adopt the golden rule." As for Kansas, "I congratulate you . . . that peace had been restored to Kansas. . . . We shall hear no more of Bleeding Kansas."

And in his letter accepting the nomination Mr. Buchanan had already said that "the agitation of the question of domestic slavery has too long distracted and divided the people of this Union. . . . This agitation . . . now seems to be directed chiefly to the territories, and . . . I think we may safely anticipate that it is rapidly approaching a 'finality.' The recent legislation . . . respecting domestic slavery . . . has simply declared that the people of a territory, like those of a state, shall decide for themselves whether slavery shall or shall not exist within their limits. The Kansas-Nebraska Act does no more than give the force of law to this elementary principle of self-government. . . . This principle will surely not be controverted by an individual of any party professing devotion to popular government."

So once again everything was settled, once and for all. And Mr. Buchanan could not foresee that his own practical interpretation of these brave utterances was soon to bring about the complete disruption of the Democratic Party. For whatever he might prophesy, they had not finished shrieking in Kansas, and Mr. Douglas had not said his last word on the subject of popular sovereignty.

AND OTHER VALUABLE CONSIDERATIONS

(Continued from Page 25)

Lovejoy, on that, lumbered over to the open window and called aloud: "Say, Mr. Wynne, this young lady thinks she'd like to take a look at your cottage. How about it?"

John Wynne turned and stared. Without any visible signs of elation, he made a few long strides of it back into the Maxon-Lovejoy one-room office. "You want to see ——"

"I want a small furnished house for the summer," said Miss Holland succinctly. "Mr. Lovejoy here tells me you have one to rent."

"Yes, I have." His lean tanned face underwent no smiling change. "You came, I suppose, to see Maxon?"

"He ain't come in," explained Lovejoy most unnecessarily.

"Well," said Mr. Wynne—after a moment of hesitation he drew out his watch and glanced at it—"I could run you out, Miss ——"

"—— Holland," said the lady.

"But I'm due now at the Estates. Still, we can telephone for a taxi to bring you back."

"Certainly," said she. "Thank you very much, Mr. Lovejoy, for letting me wait in your nice office."

"Aw, now!" Lovejoy laughed a little and felt unreasonably flustered by her smile.

John Wynne stood aside to let her pass out, looked a bit uncertainly after her, and turned back to astonish his fellow townsman. "Tell Maxon he will get his commission just the same, of course, if she takes it," he said, and followed her out to the car.

The rear seat of the humble flivver held an assortment of supplies from the cash-and-carry market, but Miss Holland stayed his hand when he would have cleared a place for her.

"Let me sit in front with you," she said calmly. She seemed a very self-possessed young woman. For the first time he wondered if she were as young as he had thought her. She opened the car door for herself, and then, on second thought, stood back for him to get in first behind the wheel. "How many rooms has your cottage?"

"Eight, if you count the sun parlor," he answered, and paused with his hand at the lever. "Perhaps you want a larger place."

She very definitely received the impression that he was reluctant to let the house, and wondered why. "On the contrary, I was just thinking that eight rooms is more than I need. Still, one need not use them all."

"You will want to use them," he said unexpectedly. A little of his aloofness evaporated with a sudden half-shy smile he gave her. "The seventh room is the cellar; the eighth the garret; playrooms," he told her.

A light of sympathetic understanding irradiated her face. She turned toward him. "That sounds like a new kind of house," she said.

"Well, I am a believer in using your whole space," said he. "Why not? I built the cottage on a slope, and the cellar windows are glass doors giving on the garden. The attic is constructed with a ventilated air space to be cool in summer. It's especially jolly on a rainy day."

She found herself puzzled to fit this remarkably designed house into the reported estimate of his character. But all she said was "You must have finished it yesterday."

His quick appreciation of this remark showed in his face. The mouth looked less grimly set.

Though his brief description of the place had prejudiced her in its favor, she was not wholly prepared to fall so completely in love with it at first sight. Set in a gentle slope of newly sodded lawn, the house looked comfortably settled, spread out over a generous area, and with the long roof line ever so faintly sagging from the twin peaks at the ends. Covered with wide shingles which had been cunningly aged, its quaint deep-set windows grouped in clusters, it had the appearance of brooding rather regretfully on its recollections of the American Revolution.

Her little exclamation of pleasure brought a faint stain of gratitude to his lean cheek. "It's a cheat and a sham, of course," he said with just the deprecatory tone in which a proud parent gingerly admits that the baby is a good child.

The roof of his own house showed across the orchard, which in another fortnight would be abloom in rose and white. She sensed at once that the cottage had been lovingly planned to fall into harmony with the ancient homestead.

"I suppose," she said very gently, "nothing would induce you to sell it."

"Nothing," said he in quite the same tone, and then he laughed. For a man who was easily called sour by his neighbors, he did it with an astonishing ease. "Don't you want to go inside?"

Miss Holland had a sudden—perhaps a cruel—whim. "I wish you would give me the keys and let me prowl around by myself. Do you mind? You can go on to your horrid Estates and leave me in possession. Of course I've taken it—on a ninety-nine-year lease. Tomorrow I shall see about having my life extended."

"But how about getting you back to the train?"

"As if it mattered! Perhaps I shan't go."

He yielded up the keys with a friendly smile. "Of course you know you are depriving me of a great pleasure," he said.

"It shall be something to be made up to you."

Decidedly, she was a young woman of a poised fearlessness. It came to him, as he drove away and left her there, that the little house had achieved its heaven-made tenant. He had shrunk from the thought of leasing it, once he had put the last finishing touch to the disposition of its furnishing. That mellow old maple highboy and its associates—he had been of a mind to take them all home again. Now he could trust them to her with a tranquil soul. The house and his knowledge of how it would please her had brought them along the road of friendly understanding as no ten years of acquaintance could have done.

Two hours later she wandered forth from those unusual cellar windows, half exhausted with a surfeit of delight. Had anyone told her there was such a house this side paradise, she would have set him down for a romancing fool. Who, for example, had ever rented a Chinese attic, with a red lacquer floor and goodness knows what of carved cabinets, yellow jars, jade-green temple dogs and black satin couches? Who before her had found a cellar with sunshine-colored walls, a brick floor and comfortable gay chintz chairs from which one had a view of even a future garden? How many transients had been blessed with slate drain boards in a kitchen whose walls and floor were one continuous smooth surface of gleaming pale-green tile? She could scarce believe that the mind of a mere man could have contrived so many comforts for a housekeeping female, from cedar closets and a sliding panel in the living room that secreted a trio of folding card tables and their family of chairs, to laundry elevators and a twelve-by-sixteen built-in bookcase over which two huge unframed panes of glass slid magically at the pressure of a button.

She walked through the unfinished terrain toward the orchard and sat down under an apple tree, to rest her head against its trunk and to remark aloud, "Of course I may be dreaming."

"You can't be dreaming with me here, you know," said a voice. Its timbre proclaimed it a very young voice, and she remembered the little millionaire brother.

"Come around here where I can see you," she said quietly.

An obedient movement among the trees near her puzzled her by its accompanying jingle, until the appearance of a small knight in fairly complete armor explained the chinking sound. The boy wore a splendid hauberk, made of shining new pot wrastlers, their rings interwoven to make an unbroken coat of mail from neck to thigh. That it was heavy did nothing to weigh down the spirits or the shoulders of a sturdy play boy. A pair of truly noble hose ended in leather boots with prick spurs, and a round cap of leather, braced with a metal band continuing down over the nose, covered his head. He was a little fellow, brightly colored of eye and cheek, veray parfit and gentil. As he drew himself up to his full four feet before her, by way of salute he smote his sword smartly against his wooden shield—it bore a remarkable family resemblance to the round top of a pickle keg. He then smiled, even laughed a little, and sat down near by.

"What is your name?" he asked, after the manner of children and catechisms.

"Camilla Holland," said she. "What's yours?"

"Crispin Wynne."

"Well, I think we both have very nice names," she said. "Have you been rescuing damsels in distress, or bearding the Black Duke, or merely tournamenting?"

"Lady," said he, suddenly falling into character, "I seek a fell magician who hath cast a spell upon my rabbits. Hast seen the foul fiend?"

"Not I, Sir Crispin. Gramercy, you affright me with the very word!" replied Miss Holland in a thrilling tone.

He beamed at her. "Have you had your luncheon?" he inquired in quite another century.

"I begin to be aware that I haven't," she said. "Your brother spoke of telephoning for a taxi to take me back to the village. Perhaps you could do that for me."

"Why don't you lunch with us?"

"Nobody asked me, sir, she said," replied the lady.

"I'm asking you."

"But suppose your brother didn't want me."

"Who—John?" cried out the youngster. "Why, he'd love it!"

This again was not much like the John Wynne of whom she had heard. "I'm afraid I ought not," she demurred.

"Come on up to the house and we'll ask him," suggested Crispin. "He'll be coming home soon from the Estates."

"I will come as far as the house," agreed Miss Holland, "but I can't stay. If he is there, I want to speak to him. If he's not, perhaps I may use your telephone."

"We are going to have waffles and honey."

"Well, I do think it's mean to tell me that!" Her laugh, ringing out, served to assure him that she did not mean it. It also served to steer John Wynne through the trees more pointedly in their direction.

"I am so glad you're still here," said the elder Wynne quite simply as he came upon them. "What ho, my liege lord! Goes all well at Pevensey?" Without the slightest sign of clowning, he lifted the sincerely dirty little paw on the back of his hand and touched it to his forehead. Camilla Holland felt herself staring. Well, it was as good a day as any other to be quite mad.

"Why, anything but well," returned Crispin with a true Shaksperean flourish. "There is a murrain on my cattle."

That, thought Camilla, would be rabbits. Oh, dear, how perfectly nice they were, these brothers! She saw John's face utterly changed from an earlier hour. And her heart, in flinging wide to expel with contemptuous force those things she had been told of him, unwittingly let in and closed upon this new John Wynne.

Crispin's rôle fell away as it had a habit of doing. After all, the verbiage of bygone centuries is an unwieldy thing in which to express one's everyday thoughts. "I want her to stay to luncheon," he said. "Her name's Camilla Holland."

Camilla Holland—the words struck like two bells in John's ears—ears that it must be said grew slowly crimson as his color rose like a sudden passing flame. Camilla Holland—the author of Tomorrow, Do Thy Worst!

There was no chance of refusal for her now.

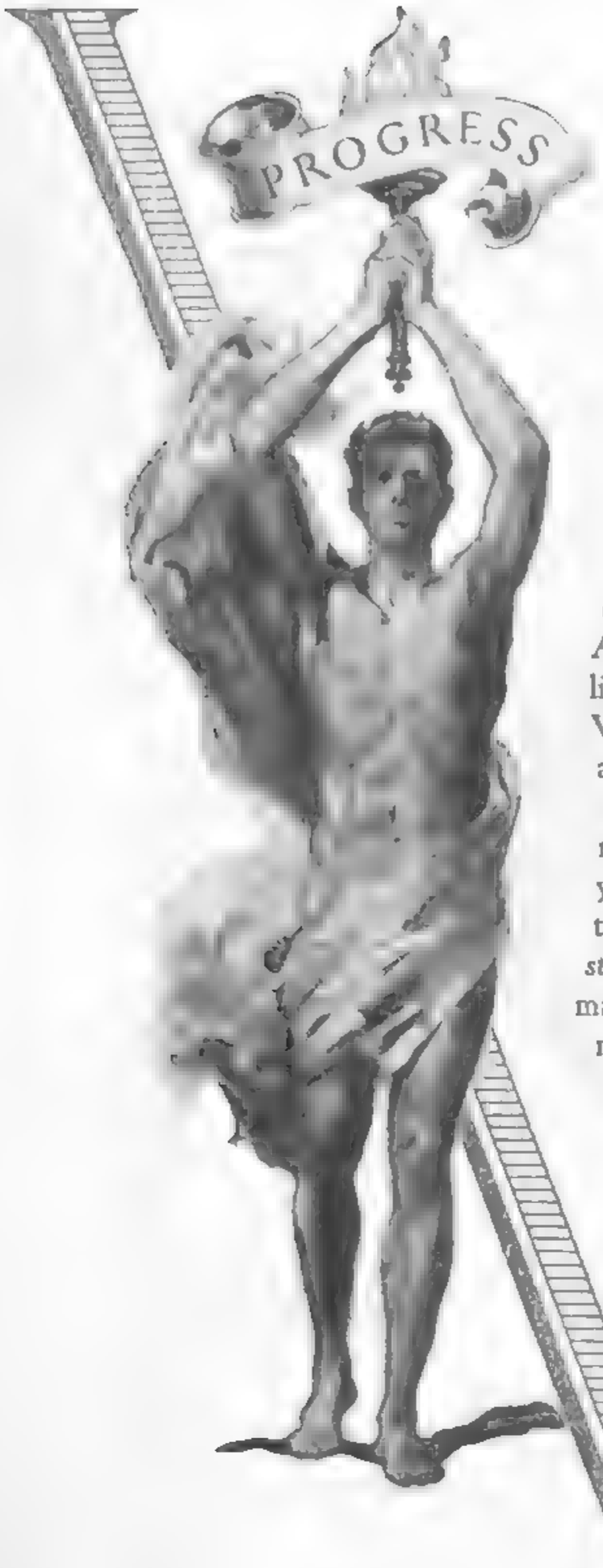
"If you really will take me in for a mere morsel I shall be very grateful."

"Goody!" cried the liege lord of Pevensey, and jangled away to command of his henchwoman from L'Hommedieu's Cove an extra portion of waffles.

It left John Wynne looking bravely and woefully at a fairly famous lady. "What can I say?" he begged lamely.

"My dear Mr. Wynne, you surely do not think me offended or hurt by your belief that my play is—what did you call

(Continued on Page 161)



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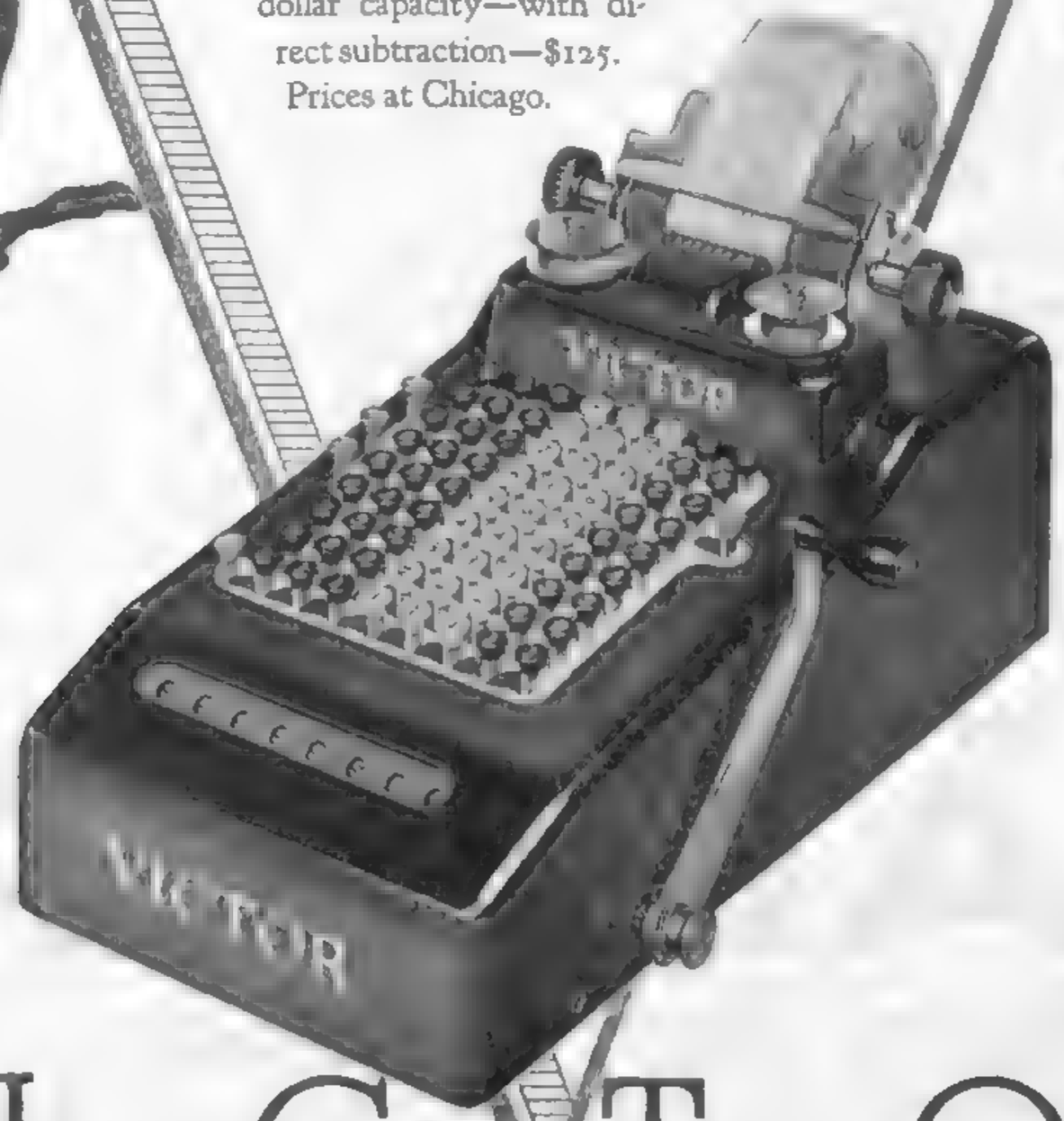

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(Continued from Page 158)

it?—appalling guff. Every critic in the city has said far worse. London calls it a joke. My consolation is that it has elicited a good long laugh."

He remained depressed. Even as she walked slowly beside him toward the house, his eyes were downcast, as was his spirit.

"Let me ease your feelings by telling you that nobody believed in it from the first. I think every manager in New York turned it down, and our first weeks of it were simply gruesome from a box-office point of view. The only thing that kept it going was that Morton Dodge, from sheer friendliness, let me make up the deficit of anywhere from three to four thousand a week out of my own pocket. They don't like to do that, you know."

"Why not?"

"Well, a failure hurts a theater. It is one of those queer things in the business. The public has a way of remembering that house as 'the place where they always have a poor show.' It can't be explained away. For me, I simply played a hunch that the thing would go if I hung on. It wasn't that I had any idea of my comedy as especially good, you know. Lots of better plays have failed utterly—and their authors have not neglected to rub this in, I assure you. Many of my most vehement decriers have written plays themselves."

"But that's just it!" groaned Wynne. "I am one of them. Don't you see that is what makes it so dreadful? How can you believe it was not just the meanest form of jealousy?"

She turned a look of pure surprise on him. "I don't believe anything of the sort," she said in dismissal of the topic. "Let's leave it at that. What interests me is that you write plays."

Wynne gave a little laugh. "In that, too, Miss Holland, you are unique," he said. "The lack of interest in my stuff is a universal failing. No, the cup of my humiliation is full."

"I wish you would never think of it again," she said with a touch of amiable impatience. "Have you a play now in the market?"

"I have one which is doubtless at this moment among Paisley's outgoing mail," he said idly. "Since you have forgiven me generously," he added, "tell me if you liked the little house."

Miss Holland accepted the theme and waxed eloquent. She sauntered at his side apparently intent upon assuring him that she had missed no detail of the labor-saving and happiness-promoting devices of his cottage. One would have said she thought of nothing else. But as a matter of fact, her mind was busily planning to see Paisley the moment she got back to town.

Crispin, liege lord of Pevensey, was a frequent visitor at the other house while Miss Holland was settling in. Having decided that no maid was worthy of that pellucid kitchen, she had determined to do without; but the place was so ready to step into that she had little more to do than unpack her linen and silver, her books and the trunks that carried her personal belongings.

"It's not as if I couldn't cook," she explained to Crispin. "And besides, in summer, one should live on salads, peaches, strawberries and cream. But if you and your brother will come over to high tea some day soon, I'll give you guinea hen à la King and pop-overs."

"Ye-um!" said Pevensey.

"How did you manage about your bewitched cattle?"

"I slewed the warlock," Crispin hardily announced. "Green steam came out of him when he died. It does, you know, out of witches and dragons and mermaids, and all the things that live in the mizz."

"In the ——"

"They live in the mizz—giants and wivern and dragons."

"Not just the place to be a census taker," thought Miss Holland. "Where is it?"

Pevensey set his sturdy feet apart the better to grapple with this question. "It's whereabouts they live," he expounded patiently but none too confidently. Apparently the matter had given him some moments of perplexity. "They don't belong in with birds or fishes or aminals."

"I see. A sort of middle place. You had to put them somewhere."

"Oh, not me!" he hastily denied, half shocked, half cheered by a return to the sure and certain. "The Lord, you know. He made heaven and earth, the sea and all that's in the mizz."

Camilla's eyes grew fond upon him. "I should have remembered it," she said. "And the giants and wivern—you've read about them, I suppose."

"John reads to me," he admitted. "It goes faster. Evenings, after supper. He reads and smokes his pipe, and we talk. It's very comforting."

"I'm sure it is." Something like a pang went through her at the thought of those evenings—John Wynne alone save for the brief companioning of the child. She had come to understand that faint bitterness that lay upon his lips, that withdrawal into a seclusion when his constricted world conceived him as counting pennies. One could not be long with this man without knowing how utterly absurd was the estimate that had been bruited of his character, were the charges he was too proud to refute.

She had not needed his own assurance, though it had come in the natural course of their rapidly deepening friendship. He did not, of course, know that she had even heard gossip about him. He had been led into it as they spoke of the extraordinary growth of the once little village, now a thriving nucleus of plate glass and brick shops about which spread a dozen romantically named developments of stucco houses in half-acre plots. In the midst of these lay intact the fields and woodland of the farm Beau Wynne had inherited from his forbears, needless to say at a date when no eager buyers waited to snap it up.

"One of these days," he supposed, "it will go, though I've managed so far to pay the taxes on it. They become staggering as the values soar. But I have always felt the place was half Crispin's, although it was left to me. I want him to have something"—there was that touch of bitterness on the mouth—"something from his father."

Camilla could see it in a flash—that long-repressed contempt of Beau Wynne, who had run around the world on his wife's money and his own good looks. It was on this scornful refusal to benefit personally by one dollar of that married fortune that the myopic townspeople had built their appraisal of John Wynne, pinchpenny and nest-featherer. He and the boy had lived within his own means.

"And I love the old place too," he was saying. "These picture-pretty houses that I build for the mortgage companies —— Well, you needn't laugh. It comes to that. I don't see myself in one of those plasterboard mansions. I am a plain man, and I like to be able to kick off my shoes without hearing the living-room ceiling fall. I fancy when Pevensey comes of age, he won't sell me up."

Crispin himself was unaware of his golden future. In his young world, with the adored big brother, with his suits of armor, his Sherwood Forest jerkins and Red Indian costumes, with the inhabitants of the mizz, and now this summer with the other house and the delicious lady, he moved serene, untouched by any knowledge of a day to come that should set him apart from the comforting things.

On some few days the lady went to town, and the hours, once amply filled without her, dragged slowly by for Crispin; and even for John Wynne, busied as he was elsewhere, her absence seemed to make the day long, stale and unprofitable. She herself made excuse to go only when necessary, although there were vastly exciting matters to attend to at the far end of the short journey.

She made a grievance, however, of Morton Dodge. "I declare to goodness, if you

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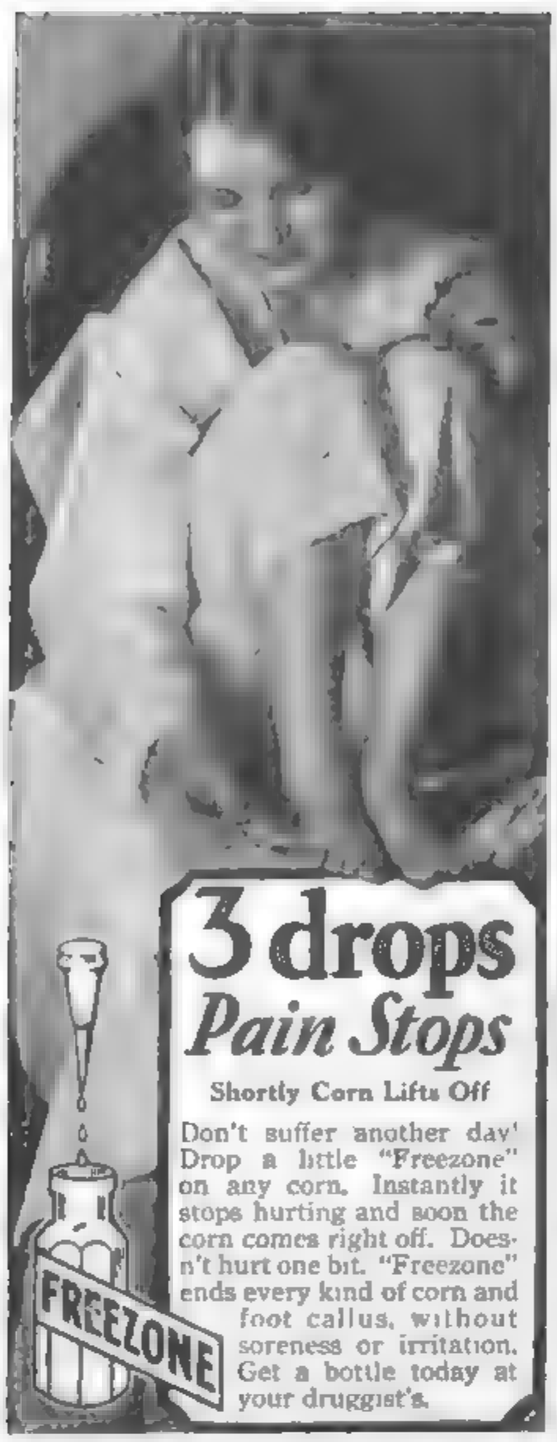
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"But confound you, woman!" Morton Dodge would cry. "I hate to see you going the way of all flesh to the devil. The minute you get a success, you go and buy a theater and start producing. And you'll drop your socks. They all do. You must have rolled up a couple of cool not to say icy million dollars. What more do you want? Go to Europe, why don't you?"

"Because I don't," she said.

"You know we've had the blackest season the theatrical world has ever weathered."

"I know you have it every year, my son. I bought the Sutphen Theater because I want it, even if I don't appear as owner."

"But what do you want it for?" he groaned.

"I'm too old to play with dolls, that's why," said Miss Holland cheerfully. "How can I lose? If a show doesn't pay me six thousand a week, out it goes."

"Like Kelly does!" said Dodge darkly. "I suppose you think Paisley and I have quit speaking."

Miss Holland did not turn a hair. "So long as he keeps my ownership under his hat, I don't care if the night creeps upon your talk."

"Have it your own way," said Dodge with waving arms. It must be said that in these days she usually did.

She returned from these visits to town eager to get back to her wonderful house. It was undoubtedly pleasant also to find John and Crispin working in her garden, or if it were raining, to gather them into her Chinese heaven for tea. There were times, like these, when John Wynne seemed to have entered into a carefree peace; at other times the sudden recollection of her wealth would drag him into outer darkness. It was impossible not to love her. It seemed to him he must have loved her from the first moment of time. But he was no Beau Wynne to wish to make himself pensioner of a rich woman, even if she could ever look on such presumption with anything but incredulous amusement. He could not keep away from her. It could do no harm to anyone but himself, and he counted the cost of burning as a small thing compared to the craving he knew to be near the source of all warmth. There was one insurance against fire, he reflected, that Lovejoy could not peddle.

Sometimes she put on a bibbed apron and cooked suppers that made it difficult to return to the fare, however wholesome, from L'Hommedieu's Cove. They ate sometimes in the legitimate dining room, sometimes in the sun room, or the cellar or the attic or at the settles before the living-room hearth. Except in what he called the play rooms, where he had allowed his imagination to run riot, Wynne had kept to the old Colonial fittings that the house demanded, and loving each piece of maple, pine and mahogany, it did not escape him that as the weeks passed their richness mellowed under her devoted care. He liked to see her books cheek by jowl with his own in that wall of shelves, where he had solved the problem of protection without intruding the suggestion of forbidding doors. It pleased him that she felt as he did about having to unlock and open a door to touch a friendly book. She felt as he did about many things.

If Wynne was a variable visitor—now simple, genial, sympathetic, now aloof, awkward and touched with gall—Crispin she was accustomed to see immutably serene. It was the more surprising, therefore, to find him one day in the orchard that lay between the two houses, sitting clad in Lincoln green, a bow and arrow idle on his lap and two large tears wet upon his cheeks.

"Pevensey—what?" she asked, dropping to her knees beside him in one rush. They were by now such pals she had no need to question him more indirectly. "Something gone wrong?"

"The most," began Crispin, vindictively exploding each syllable, "perfectly disgusting thing! It turns out that I'm rich!"

She had seen very few people weep for that. "My dear!" she said, if without complete understanding, certainly with truest affection. She patted his hand consolingly. So John had told him. She wondered why.

"You see, next year I must begin school," said Crispin, unconsciously answering her unspoken question. "And John thinks I ought to go to the very best school there is. Only that's in New York, he says."

"Oh, dear!" said Camilla. She saw it at a glance. It was the first division. John thought Crispin should be sent to herd with the other millionaires.

"And I don't want to go away from John!" wailed the child, suddenly breaking down.

Camilla did not offer any foolish advice about tears. "I should think not!" she said forcibly. "And I don't see why you should. Any school is good enough for a boy like you. Put you on an island with Mother Goose and you'd learn Latin from her. I see I shall have to talk to John about this."

Although her voice was menacing, the sound of his name on her lips was more than a joy to the man himself coming toward them. Before Camilla saw him, she had gone on: "We don't want to forget that John feels very unhappy too. I shouldn't wonder, Pevensey, if he wants to cry as much as we do."

"I can say that he does," Wynne put in as he cast himself down on the grass beside the child and flung an arm about the little figure. "You don't think I'm right then?"

"No, I don't," said Camilla stoutly.

"That is good news," said John Wynne. "I figure it out that it's my plain duty to see that Crispin gets every advantage of his birth."

"The best thing that ever happened to Crispin," Miss Holland laid down the law, her color a bit brighter, "was getting himself born your brother. That's what I think. Most children are sent to school to get rid of them, or because their own home is, obviously even to their parents, the last place in the world where they can learn anything they ought to know."

"I don't want to go away from John!" repeated Crispin, who was more interested in special cases.

"There's no reason why you must," replied this determined outsider. "John's not the fellow to shirk his responsibilities. It's a terrifying job to bring up a child, but that's not what is troubling him."

"No, it's not," agreed Mr. Wynne meekly. He felt like a little boy himself under her ruling.

"There's no school on earth, let alone New York, that could make up for his being away from you. You must not consider it."

"But when he grows up ——"

"But when he grows feathers!" was her obscure and impatient interruption. "I never expected to have a perfectly good day spoiled by such nonsense."

The boy's breast expanded with a sigh of relief under the eloquence of this unmistakable partisan. He did not believe he should ever grow feathers, but it was plain enough that Camilla Holland was on his side.

"I only thought ——" said Wynne. "You see, I've always planned ——"

"You haven't a coherent word to say for yourself," she pointed out severely.

"Yes, I have, too; but they're all unnecessary, because you understand without being told."

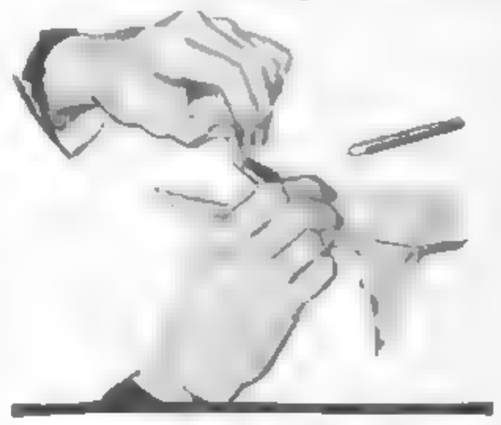
"I understand there's a streak in you that led you to believe that anything that hurt you like being cut in two must be good for you."

He smiled at her. "You do understand, you see," he said. "I was afraid my own inclination would keep him here against my better judgment."

"Was afraid!" echoed Miss Holland, with some content.

(Continued on Page 165)

How to start the day wrong



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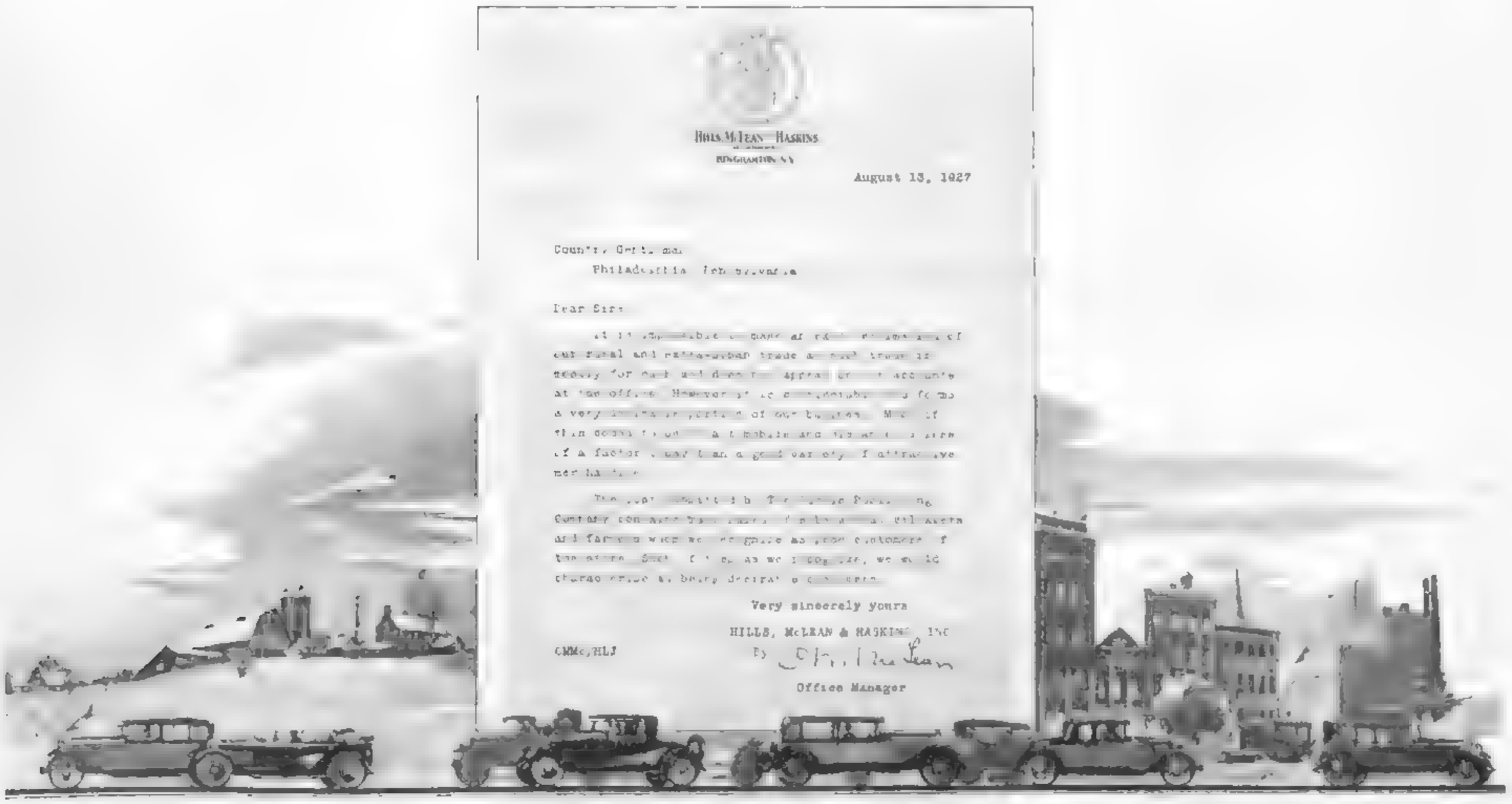

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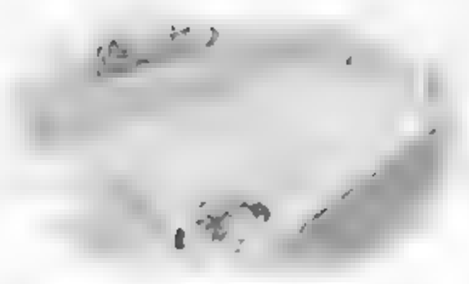

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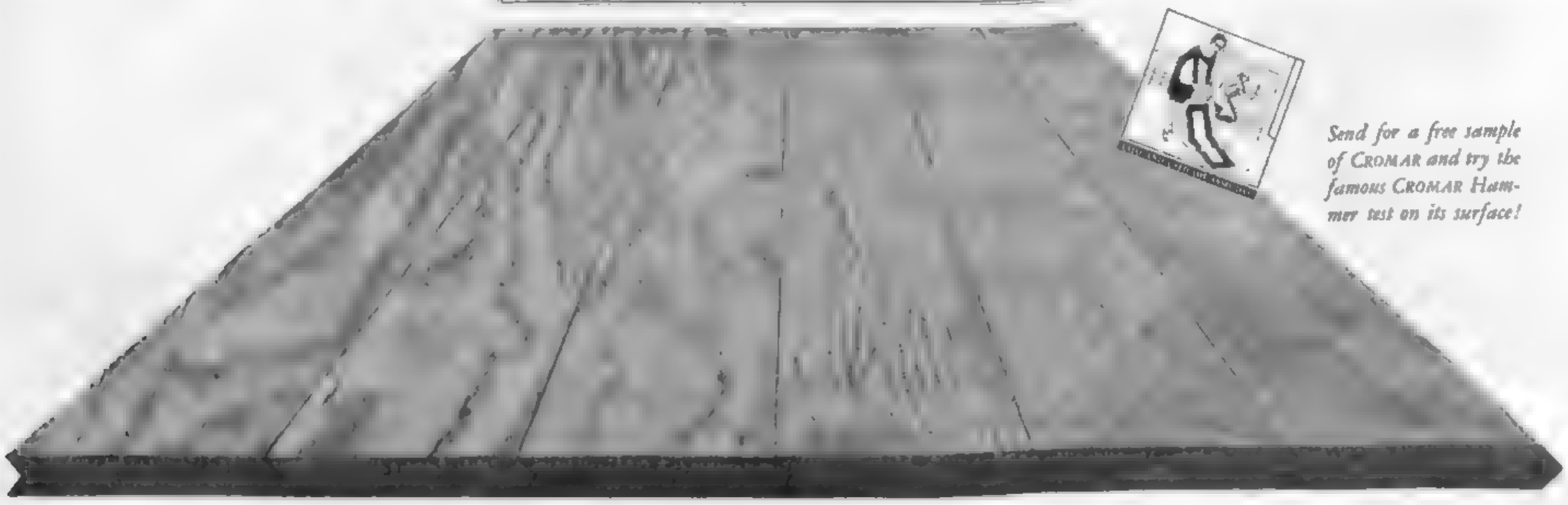

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(Continued from Page 162

"Yes, and perhaps I am. There's another thing too. I might be in New York a good deal this winter myself."

"Oh! Well, I don't see it even then. You can rack to and fro in the train and leave us here, can't he, Crispin? I won't have Pevensey brought up in a slum like New York for all the millionaires in Christendom. What are you doing in the city? Are you leaving the Estates job?"

"No," said Wynne. "But rather a weird thing has happened. Arthur Paisley seems to think there is something to that play of mine."

Miss Holland's candid expression of pleasure was quite unaffected by the fact that she was already aware of this. "I'm glad to hear it. But I don't care tuppence to hear a word about it until you tell me that Crispin shall go to school here, and to you—and me."

"But shall you be here?"

"Ninety-nine years," she replied. "We ought to finish him off by then."

"Well, Crispin, I said you should have the best in the world, and if it is going to be like that, you've got it," said John Wynne. "Put your hands under the lady's and give thanks."

"That being settled, I'm ready to hear about your play," said Camilla.

First and last, she heard a good deal about it as the summer progressed. If John Wynne were uncertain about its good fortune, from sheer modesty, Arthur Paisley was, in private confab with Miss Holland, no more confident, though he stood to lose nothing by its failure. Camilla was the one optimist.

"It's a better comedy than mine," she told Paisley. "Yes, ten years elapse while you tell me how little that is a guaranty of its success. But I got a public by simply hanging on like a bulldog to the slack of its pants, and I propose to do the same by Wynne's play. After all, you must let me have some excitement, since you all refuse to let me write another myself."

"Not till Tomorrow dies of old age," vowed Paisley. "Dodge forbid! It would be the end of your miraculous run —— No, I don't know why. But it would be. And the chances are your next will be a fizzle. I have a couple hundred bones that tell me so."

"Of coral made." Miss Holland brushed his gloomy foreboding aside. "You just get on with casting Green Cheese. This man Wynne is an innocent bystander and he will never suspect that I am back of it. He doesn't know I own the Sutphen, and if the beginnings of wisdom stir in him, you can let him think some angel is financing the leading lady."

"What is all this, anyway?" demanded Paisley, with the effrontery of an old friend. "Have you fallen for this tyro?"

"Your unfortunate vulgarity," remarked Miss Holland, "is less offensive in that I am aware you don't know any better. I don't see why I shouldn't have the fun of launching a new playwright."

"Fun! You'll drop your socks," he prophesied, as had Morton Dodge.

"Barefoot on Broadway," she suggested lyrically. "Well, see if you can get Gwen Haven for the lead. Farewell."

She would return from these secret sessions with Wynne's producer to find Wynne himself sometimes at peace, sometimes withdrawn into that silent depression that she could not always lift. Though she was no fool, she did not know that she lay at the bottom of it. John Wynne had been warped by one woman's fortune, and here was another come into his life to distress him far more deeply. It was ludicrous that all the people in the world except himself should be rich—for Crispin and Camilla were, indeed, the world to him. She found him sometimes regarding her with a moody question in his eyes.

"Haven't you any family or friends?" he brought out one day to her amused astonishment. "You are the most extraordinarily detached woman I ever knew."

"You see, I planned a very different summer," she told him calmly. "I expected to take a house, install a couple of servants and give my address to my friends. How could I know that it would be this house? There isn't a servant I would trust with your treasures, and when it comes to friends, haven't I got you and Crispin? Yes, I can claim a shred or two of family, but they are all in California. Why?"

"You are so much alone," he said inattentively.

"That's a pleasant change after my last few years in town."

"And are you happy here?"

She could feel her color rising under this question. John Wynne did not see it. He had turned impetuously away without waiting for an answer, flung away from danger. What would he think of himself, what would she think of him, if he should tell her that she made his happiness as well as his torment? It did not occur to him that there was no great justice in denying a woman her due meed of adoration merely because she had been blessed with worldly goods.

Crispin knew no such barrier to the outspoken love he bore her. His days, which had once been somewhat solitary while John superintended the erection of his houses at the Estates, were now spent with her in a mutually happy companionship.

The gardens and the fields went through their lovely progress from narcissuses to autumn asters, but the most notable change was the new path beaten through the orchard. John Wynne walked it with the feet of a pilgrim to a shrine or back with the lagging step of despair.

Green Cheese went on in early September, and during six weeks Miss Holland's receipts as owner of the Sutphen did nothing to swell her bank account. Under her advice, John Wynne remained away from the theater after the first inevitable changes had been made in his script.

"You'll get thin enough here," was the way she put it, though at the moment there appeared little likelihood of his doing that at her board. They sat in her living room, with a Pembroke table between the settles, candlelight glowing on three contented faces. Camilla had learned to make omelets in Mont St.-Michel, under Mère Poulard's eyes. And with the addition of home-grown mushrooms picked within the hour, artichokes that had ripened under glass bells in Crispin's own garden, peaches in clotted cream, little cakes that fairly dripped chocolate through their sponge, and coffee filtered in an earthen pot, there was small chance of a man's losing weight.

"How many dozen hot rolls ought Pevensey to eat?" asked Wynne. "It leaves us plenty of room for talk. I know I'm as nervous as a race horse." He glanced up at her. "There are moments when I couldn't call you calm, yourself."

"I want the play to go, just as much as you do."

"You couldn't!" he said intensely.

Camilla laughed and shook her head. It was not fear of the play's failure that made her edgy, but the wonder how Wynne would take it when he learned of her share in its production. That time would come, of course. She couldn't keep such a secret forever in the theatrical world. And if the play fell down rather badly, he must come to know that she had, if not quite dropped her socks, at least worn a hole or two in them. It would be a bad moment.

"I've been through just such days," she said. "It's carrying on that does it."

Carrying on did do it. In two months the paper in the house was making way for legitimate pasteboards, the undependable public had decided to acquire a taste for Green Cheese, and Miss Holland was at liberty to endanger her chances of coming to a good end by giving Paisley an imitation of a crowing hen.

"Them as has, gits," he growled in reply to her flaunting of her first week's due rental of the Sutphen Theater.

"You don't like to admit I was right. Small-minded, I call it."

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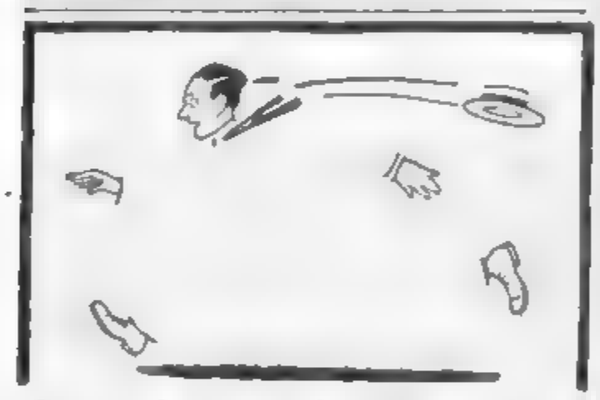

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"Listen," he assured her. "Nobody was ever right in this business. You can be wrong and you can be lucky—that's all."

Camilla laughed. But she went home feeling more tranquil. She might have a bad quarter of an hour ahead of her, yet not the insupportable pain of John Wynne's humiliation if the play had failed.

"Pevensey," she said, coming on him in her garden cleaning up the first fallen leaves, "have you ever seen John angry?"

Crispin sat on his haunches and wrinkled his brows in an attempt to recall such a phenomenon. "He calls the carpenters blastoderms sometimes," said he.

"An excellent word," she agreed, smiling. "I'm afraid John is going to be angry with me and I am terrified."

"Why, my goodness, John wouldn't hurt you!" cried Crispin.

"Oh, my dear, I am afraid I am going to hurt John!" She stood looking with unseeing eyes into his upturned face. Crispin could not understand how this silly girl, who was not so tall as his brother's shoulder, could consider herself capable of inflicting extensive damage. Miss Holland bit her red lip and sent a hunted gaze about the orchard. "Where is he?" she asked.

"He's burning rubbage," said the boy.

As Lovejoy had once seen, Miss Holland was a woman of swift decisions. "I have a worn-out secret to add to the holocaust," she said. Quite suddenly she had determined to tell John Wynne herself. It had come to her in that moment that she must not leave this revelation to the careless lips of others. Crispin scrambled to his feet as she made off purposefully down the path, trotting mutely in her wake. It is possible he went with some idea of being a protection in this momentous encounter, though to whom he scarcely knew. "John is going to be angry," was the thought that obsessed them both.

They found him standing by a bonfire of leaves and the débris of bygone flowers, an iron rake in his hands. He looked up as they came in sight, and all the light in his eyes was not a mere reflection of the flames. In hardy gray flannels, the collar of his shirt open at the throat, his head bare, he stood up a goodly six feet of manhood.

"This," said Camilla Holland to herself, "is going to be difficult."

"Come around to windward," he called to them.

Camilla could not pay heed to the blowing smoke. As it had come to her that she must do this thing, it seemed to her 'twere well 'twere done quickly. She came straight on to stand beside him.

"John Wynne," she said, "how much could you forgive me?"

Crispin crept close, aware of a terror that he did not understand. "I guess there isn't nothing he couldn't forgive you," he gulped.

Wynne saw an unexpected seriousness in her face, and his look changed to one of wonder. He did not glance at Crispin, but gathered him in closer with one arm. "Pevensey's right," he said quietly.

"I have begun wrong to ask you that," said Camilla. "Look here, I've got to get this over." She opened the bag that hung at her wrist and drew out a slip of greenish paper. "Do you know what that is?"

He gave it the merest flick of an eye. "It is a check," he said wonderingly. A grave smile curved his mouth. "The rent has already been paid," he said. "You are not trying to lure me into selling the cottage, are you? I won't do it, you know."

"No, the check is made out to me. Look at it," she said, and thrust it toward him. "John, dear, it is a rent check for the Sutphen Theater."

His hand stopped suddenly in his obedient gesture to take it. His look went to her face. She saw his very lips grow pale.

"There is so much I want to say to you, John. I could stand here and babble protestations. But when you look like that I can only want to cry. Won't you please try to understand?"

"I'm afraid I don't," he said in a voice that she could but just hear. "The Sutphen Theater."

"I own it." Camilla spoke with a brave desperation.

"You own it!" said John Wynne. He stared at the bit of paper in her hand and slowly the banished blood came back into his face. The flush rose painfully and ebbed again, leaving him gray.

So he had been carried to success in a woman's arms—this woman of all others! This very success that he had dreamed of as a humble tribute to lay at her feet had been given to him by her own hands. It seemed to him in that moment that it was more than he could bear.

The boy's wide eyes went from one white face to the other. His little heart beat fast with a frantic apprehension to which his ignorance could give no name. Something awful was going on in this dreadful silence. What was this queer little piece of paper that had brought agony into their garden?

"Who gave you that?" faltered Crispin, pointing to the horrid thing.

"John," said the girl with dry lips, and waited.

"John gave it to you?"

"Yes," she assented.

He could not understand. And his John just stood there with writhen lips and spoke no word.

Camilla swallowed the ache in her throat, tried twice to speak without making a sound, and then said in little more than a whisper, "I am sorry, John." She turned away and walked slowly off toward her little house.

Pevensey's royal heart broke at the parting. He flung his arms about the iron figure that held him and wailed "She's going, John!" And again, "John, she is going!"

The man seemed reluctantly to come back to life. "Go with her, Crispin," he said softly. "Stay with her. It is horrible that I should make her unhappy. I—somehow I am at fault in this. I will come in a little while. Go with her."

The child tore himself from his clinging and fled after her.

But John did not come. Camilla and Crispin sat in a highly involved embrace in the settle by the hearth where burned a small and early fire, their rôles oddly reversed, for where he had come to succor her, it was she who gave him comfort.

"It will all pass, Pevensey," she said as she stroked his poor little hot forehead. "You will see. You must not grieve. I did not mean to hurt John. I couldn't mean that when I love him so dearly, could I?"

"No," sobbed Crispin.

"You have both given me so much," she said—"the happiest summer I ever had. I only tried to give John a little —— It is not even a gift because it all comes back to me. And it is only John's pride that is hurt—it's not our John himself."

"It looked like John," said Crispin.

She smiled a little above his rough brown head. "I know," she murmured. "But you'll see it wasn't. I think," she added, as the little figure heaved to another passing sob, "we would better talk about something else. Suppose we plan a happy evening, and just make John come true." She bent and dried his tears. "We will cook a fine little supper and then you'll go and get him and bring him back to us, and then it will all go right."

"I'd like awfully to get him now," said Pevensey.

"Perhaps that's best." She lifted him as he rose and set him down. "I'll wait here till you come back. I am all comforted, and poor John is all alone."

Crispin's soft mouth tightened. "John said it were all his fault," he remembered. "I think he ought to say he is sorry."

She gave a little laugh. "Don't ask too much," she said gently. A little jet of clear happiness had begun to fountain in her slough of despond. It had sparkled forth with the very telling of her love for John. She smiled as she kissed Pevensey on the end of the nose. "Tell him we want him to come to supper."

Crispin's clarified attitude toward the man who had made the delicious lady sad

(Continued on Page 170)

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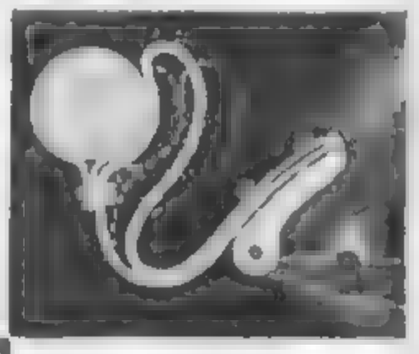

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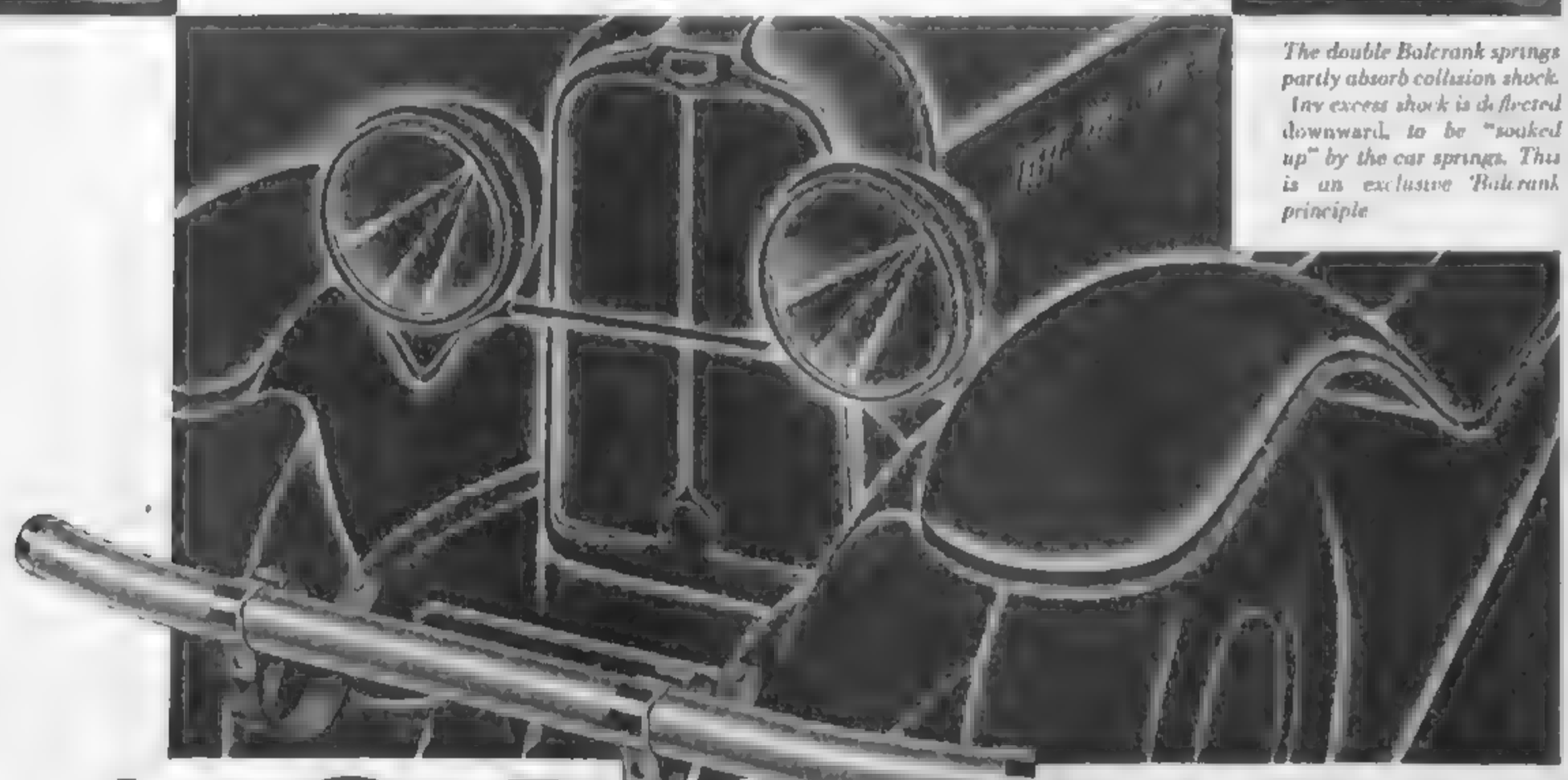

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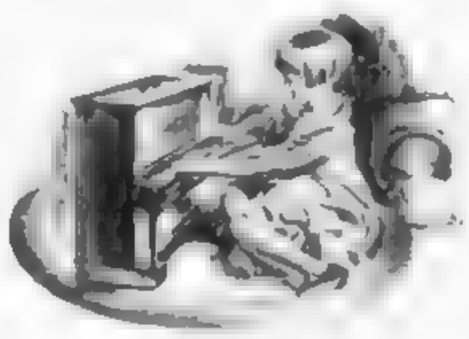

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Food . . . Shelter . . . Clothing . . . The soldier is *given* everything he *needs*

"Chow" three times a day. O. D.'s of the proper weight between his precious hide and old Boreas. Raincoats for wet weather, blankets for cold nights, and a roof—if it's only canvas—to sleep under.

Food . . . Clothing . . . Shelter . . . What else should any one of us want? Take a glance at the luggage of the average family that registers at the hotel for a week in town.

Do those bags bulge with the so-called necessities? Were those gaily flowered chiffons bought for protection? Were those gold-kid slippers chosen for long wear?

Was father's "Tux" brought along to guard his portly figure against the evening chill?

Was sister's embroidered silk negligee bought at the dictates of common sense—or fashion? Was Buddy's 'coonskin coat bought for warmth or scenery?

And will you listen to the order they give the waiter!

Need these things? Of course they do. They've always desired them. But now they have learned what to buy and how to buy it intelligently, largely from good printing. Leaflets have pictured what the well-dressed golfer will sport. Folders have portrayed in dancing colors what society will wear at Southampton. Good printing has opened vistas of lovely things that money can buy.

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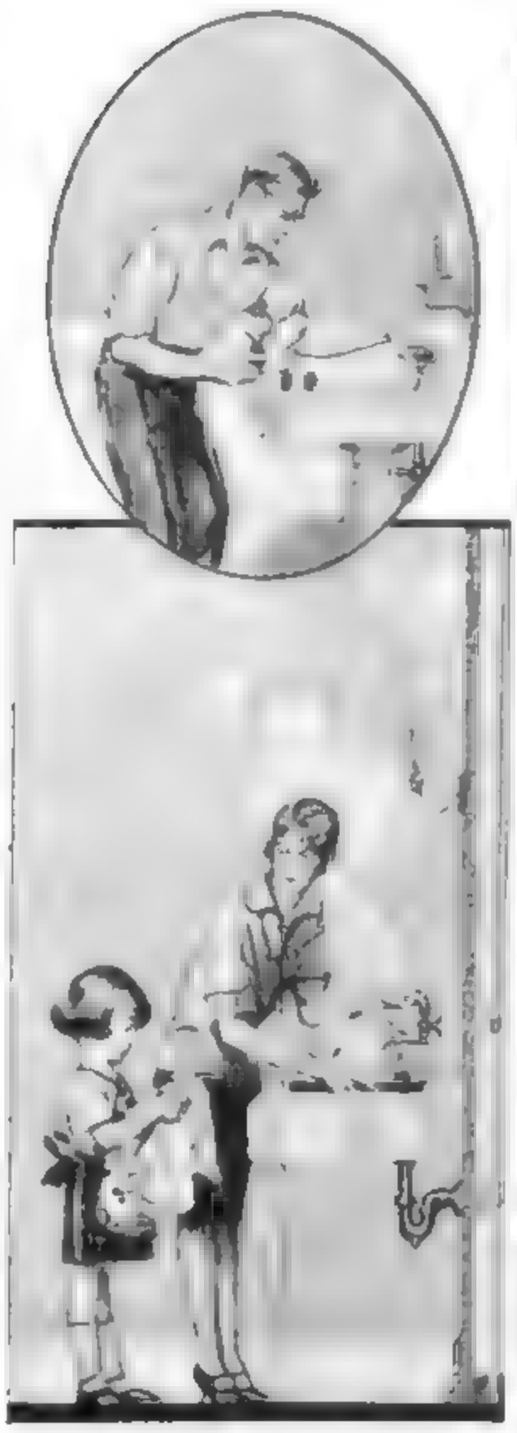
WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

"We cannot get water on the second floor when a faucet is open in the kitchen"



This is a common complaint when rustable water pipe is installed. In nine instances out of ten rust has formed in the pipe. Eventually rust will completely clog the pipe. Perhaps a leak and damaged ceilings. Then ripping out. Muss. Discomfort.

In homes equipped with Anaconda Brass Pipe this will not happen, because Brass Pipe *cannot* rust. No expense for repairs or replacements. No annoyance or discomfort.

If your house is average size, Anaconda Brass Pipe will save you $30 yearly.

Think of it—always a full flow of crystal clear water and enough saved each year to pay your fire insurance premiums, or the average annual telephone bill.

The economy and permanence of Anaconda Brass Pipe are winning thousands of new friends yearly—people who recognize the folly of temporary rustable pipe.

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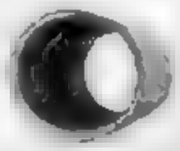

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(Continued from Page 166)

for even an hour showed on his small grim face as he entered his own house. He found John sitting in his usual place, the old pipe in his teeth, with no smoke drifting.

"I don't think"—so the lord of Pevensey dispensed the high justice and the low—"you should have ought to make us feel so bad."

"You're quite right," groaned John moodily. "I'm a poor winner. It takes a bigger man than I seem to be."

"Nobody meant to hurt you. She said so."

"I know it," admitted John humbly.

"I should think you'd know she didn't mean that paper you gave her to hurt you, when she loves you so dearly."

Pevensey could be severe upon occasion, but he was not prepared to have his chiding received with incredulity or with the welcome radiance that immediately followed. John suddenly got to his feet, his pipe falling to the floor, and tossed his arms out toward the boy.

"Come here!" He caught the little body to his shoulder. "Did she say that too?"

"Of course she did," said Crispin stoutly. "And she wants you to come to supper."

"Supper!" cried John in a tone that is seldom used on that homely word. Apparently he had no intention of waiting for that seemly hour. With Pevensey riding on his breast, he made two strides toward the door. Then unexpectedly he checked. "No! Wait!" said he. "I've another little paper here which will bring back her smiles. Her smiles, Crispin!"

"They are the nicest smiles we have," Crispin thought aloud agreeably as his brother let him slip down to his feet. John had the paper lying right there on his desk, a homeopathic cure for the one that had made all this trouble. Hand in hand, they hurried over to the little house.

"May I come in and be forgiven after hours?" asked John of that silent figure by the hearth. The sound of his happy voice brought her up standing with a beating heart.

His next question quite astonished her. "You haven't got a dollar handy, I suppose?"

"A dollar?" she wondered.

"I want it," said John Wynne.

Her little bag lay there on the table where she had dropped it. With a puzzled smile, she opened it and pulled forth one of its crumpled bills. John took it from her hand and slipped it into his breast pocket.

"In the presence of a wholly partial witness, Miss Holland, I'd like to give you this."

She accepted the blue-clad document with her eyes on his face, and then looked down. It was a deed to the little house.

"John—dear ——" she said softly.

"For one dollar received and other valuable considerations," he said, and letting go of Pevensey's hand took her in his arms. Camilla made no motion of protest—quite the contrary.

"But I can't take it."

"With all my worldly goods you can," said John. "Besides, you have got it. For one dollar—and don't overlook the importance of the rest—other valuable considerations."

"You don't mean my wretched theater!" she gasped.

"I most certainly do not," replied John Wynne.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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One, two—it's good for you,
Three, four—they all want more,
Five, six—it comes in sticks,
Seven, eight—the flavor's great!
Nine, ten—say it again—
It's Wrigley's!

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Here is a new and better Peppermint Flavor!

Wrigley's Double Mint has full-strength Peppermint flavor—lasting, luscious, refreshing.

It aids digestion, cleans the teeth, soothes the nerves.

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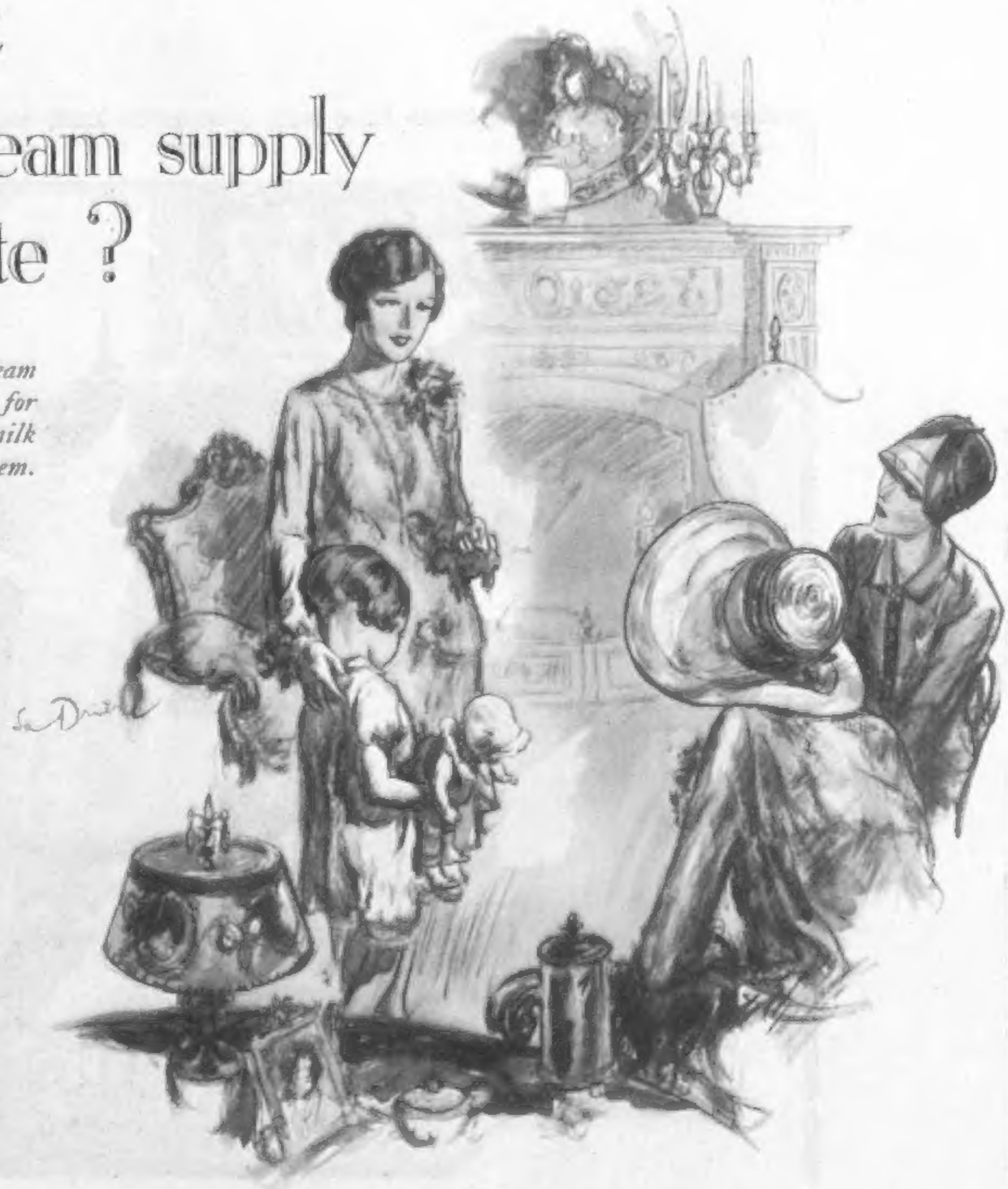
After Every Meal

Have you brought your cream supply up to date?



WE don't give children all the cream they will eat. It would be bad for them. We do give them all the milk they'll drink, and it's very good for them.

Many centuries ago people came to use cream because they wanted "richer" milk and knew no other way to get it. They didn't know then that they were getting in cream only *part* of the essential food value of milk—the butterfat—and losing the bone and tissue-building substances which make milk —*not* cream—the most important of all foods.

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We now have milk that is as rich as cream, but with a different and *better* richness—a richness in *all* the food substances of milk. It does what you want cream to do—gives extra richness in flavor, better consistency and texture. It does what cream can't do—gives the *whole-milk* richness which promotes health. With such milk—used in place of cream on their cereals, fruits or custards—you can make the children's food as "rich" as you please. The richer it is, the better it is. It will build for them sounder bones and better teeth and stronger bodies and better health.

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Evaporated Milk is pure, fresh milk that is made more than twice as rich as ordinary milk by taking out sixty per cent of the natural water. All the food substances of the milk are retained. It is homogenized so that the cream never separates. Then it is put in a sealed container and sterilized—protected from everything that could impair its freshness and purity—made free from anything that could harm health. It comes to your pantry as fresh and sweet as when it left the farm.

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Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk to every cream and milk use—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

EVAPORATED MILK

RICHER · SAFER · MORE CONVENIENT · MORE ECONOMICAL THAN ANY OTHER MILK

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION

231 SO. LASALLE ST. CHICAGO ILL

A super-expert in making mouths water

LIKE the odor of hot popcorn, the sizzle of bacon in the frying pan, there's something in the sight of a good baker's window to make a man hungry. Any man.

Slow down when you come to the next one. Feast your eyes. Cakes, pies, cookies and raisin bread fresh from the ovens.

And, now, Lenten bakings of Hot Cross Buns—the kind you'll place a standing order for. Hot Cross Buns generously filled with Sun-Maid raisins!

Now if the meaning of that isn't quite clear, simply do a little scouting in your own home kitchen. Taste some Sun-Maid Nectars from the red carton. Not ordinary seedless raisins, but seedless raisins with the fragrance, flavor and tenderness of vine-ripened *grapes!*

Look for the seeded raisins, too—Sun-Maid Puffed, in the blue package. They are not sticky as ordinary seeded raisins are. And they're far richer in muscat flavor.

The better bakers use Sun-Maid raisins. Wise in the ways of making your mouth water, they know as well the art of *satisfying* hunger.

GOOD BAKERS EVERYWHERE USE SUN-MAID RAISINS

Keep this PRICELESS RECORD *of their Childhood Days*

HOW fast they grow! Never the same from one day to another. Always changing . . . from babyhood to childhood, to adolescence . . . and then they're gone forever. It's the one problem every mother has to face.

. . in a Wonderful Movie that you make yourself

Don't let another day slip by without making this priceless record of your children. Keep them forever just as they are today . . . as they never will be again . . . in a wonderful movie that you make yourself.

You photograph them in action! Running . . . romping . . . laughing . . . living in their happy, carefree way. Today you can capture it all on a thin strip of film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of your darkened room.

Every little motion is there. Every gesture . . . every smile . . . every flash of personality . . . you get each expression, to enjoy over and over again in a movie on your own silver screen.

Just think of what this priceless film will mean to you . . . in three, in five, in ten years' time.

Home Movie-Making Simplified

The hard work is done. The months and years of research have passed. Now, thanks to the effort of Eastman Scientists, Home Movies are as easy to make as the ordinary snap-shot.

The camera is simplicity itself. No need to focus. No grinding crank. Just sight it either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside and the film slides quickly behind the lens. Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, every expression of individuality, is registered for all time on a thin strip of film.

Easy to show in your own home

Now comes the greatest thrill of all. When the films are taken, your work is done. We develop them for you at no extra cost, and return them ready to run on your own silver screen.

You simply place them in a Kodascope Projector . . . a remarkably ingenious device for throwing the moving pictures you have made on the portable screen that comes with your Ciné-Kodak outfit.

Just thread this projector and turn the switch. Then instantly . . . almost magically . . . your screen leaps into action. Home Movies have been simplified at last.

Official United States Government movies of the World War are also available. War Cinegraphs—200 feet per reel—$15 each. Special authentic war picture, "America Goes Over"—2,000 feet (an hour and a quarter showing), $150.

In addition, feature films with famous stars may be rented from a Kodascope Library.

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100- and 200-foot reels covering a variety of subjects . . . comedy, drama, cartoons, travel . . . are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per 100 feet, the reel becoming a permanent part of your film library.

Big Production brings low prices

Today, because of the tremendous production facilities of the Eastman Kodak Company, a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the familiar yellow box.

See the Ciné-Kodak display at your nearest Kodak dealer's. Also clip coupon below for interesting booklet.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Dept. SEP-3
Rochester, N. Y.

Please send me, FREE and without obligation, the booklet telling me how I can easily make my own movies.

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Address.....